October—December
1932

HOUND & HORN

VOLUME VI
NUMBER 1

CONTENTS

American Anarchy and Russian Communism, an essay by *M. R. Werner* 5

Difficulties of a Statesman, a poem by *T. S. Eliot* 17

The Tomb of Lenin, from a diary by *E. E. Cummings* 20

Two Poems, by *J. V. Cunningham* 61

The Captive, a story by *Caroline Gordon* 63

The Jerboa, a poem by *Marianne Moore* 108

Chronicles

Film: René Clair *Harry Alan Potamkin* 114

Poetry: Envoi: A Magazine of Verse *J. V. Cunningham* 124

Music: The Vienna Festival *Robert H. Pitney* 131

Correspondence: Hemingway, Radiguet, etc., from *Ernest Hemingway* 135

REVIEWS

"Crisis of American Capitalism," by J. J. Bonn
Lawrence Dennis 136
"Living My Life," by Emma Goldman
"My Life," by Leon Trotsky
"Rebels and Renegades," by Max Nomad
Clara G. Stillman 143
"An 'Objectivists' Anthology," edited by Louis Zukofsky
Yvor Winters 158
"Challenge to Defeat," by William Harlan Hale
Lincoln Kirstein 161
"The Correspondence of Jefferson and DuPont de Nemours," by Gilbert Chinard
"Correspondence Between Thomas Jefferson and Pierre Samuel DuPont de Nemours," edited by Dumas Malone
"The Educational Work of Thomas Jefferson," by Roy J. Honeywell *Frank L. Owsley* 166
"On Being Creative," by Irving Babbitt
James Luther Adams 171
Magazine Review: The Modern Quarterly *M. R. Werner* 195

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

M. R. WERNER is the author of *Barnum*, *Brigham Young*, and a history of Tammany. At present he is occupied in writing a record of revolutionary activity since 1848.

T. S. ELIOT, the editor of *The Criterion*, is the present incumbent of the Charles Eliot Norton Chair of Poetry at Harvard University.

E. E. CUMMING'S record of Russia will be published in the spring by Covici, Friede.

CAROLINE GORDON (Mrs. Allen Tate), author of *Penhally*, is the recipient of a Guggenheim Fellowship this year.

MARIANNE MOORE, the last managing editor of *The Dial*, has collected her poems till 1924 in *Observations*, The Dial Press.

HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN lectures at The New School for Social Research on the films as an art, industry, and social force.

J. V. CUNNINGHAM lives in California and has published verse in *Gyroscope* and the *Commonweal*.

LAWRENCE DENNIS is the author of *Is Capitalism Doomed?* (Harper & Brothers, 1932).

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN is the author of a *Life of Samuel Butler*, recently published by the Viking Press.

HOUND & HORN is published quarterly at Concord, New Hampshire, by The Hound & Horn, Incorporated. Publication Office, Federal and Nineteenth, Camden, New Jersey. Executive and Editorial Office, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Manuscripts **must** be accompanied by stamped return envelope. The editors take no responsibility for unsolicited Mss. Payment will be made on publication. Copyright, 1932, by The Hound & Horn, Incorporated.

EDITORS
Bernard Bandler II
Lincoln Kirstein
A. Hyatt Mayor

REGIONAL EDITORS
For the West: Yvor Winters
For the South: Allen Tate
Business Manager: Alan M. Stroock

HOUND & HORN

Vol. VI October—December, 1932 No. 1

AMERICAN ANARCHY AND RUSSIAN COMMUNISM

THE presence of social change in Russia has caused many people in America to wonder whether the economic distress in the United States will not result in a similar difference that will express itself in political and economic shifts of power. The motives of those who want revolution or who hope for it are many and mixed. Some whose lives are not rich in emotions are inclined to wish for revolution, much as a tight man longs for a debauch. Others hope for a revolution which will nourish their humanitarian impulses and bring concrete happiness out of their confused consciousness of wrong. In the face of the prevalent despair, everyone wonders. Only the communists, the most uncertain people in the world today, dare to be cocksure. They have a mythical road map to the future kingdom of a material god, and, in the figure of Karl Marx, they have a legendary Moses, who did not live to see the Canaan which they have not yet reached, but who, they are certain in advance, would have approved all of their turnings towards it. The communists insist that there is only one economic and political road around the world, and that, when the communist parties of the world have finally succeeded in their ambitious desire to control the vehicle, the one road to peace on earth and good will to-

wards men will be followed inevitably. Meanwhile, communists in the United States and in Europe, outside Russia, inspired as they are by the Third International for its selfish interests, attempt to apply everywhere the raw results of the Russian experience to conditions in their own countries, without consideration of national differences and international rivalries except to brand the one "bourgeois" and the other "imperialist."

The Russian experience is one which is filled with idealistic fervor, religious zeal, tragic horror and comic mistakes. It is arousing universal interest because it has brought to the surface all the frantic aspirations of man. Everyone watches the developments in Russia and tries to learn from them, for the Russians have exhibited openly the fine courage to suffer and the deep stupidity to submit. We in the United States are reading about, thinking and talking of, and listening to Russians because, in our pragmatic way, we wonder how much of the same thing is likely to be useful for us, or to happen to us while we are not looking.

Much can happen, politically, while the citizenry is busy with more fundamental or more trivial things: Witness the dictatorship of the prohibitionists, who wormed in their domination at a time when men, women and children were concerned in the World War. But not everything is done with politics, as the example of prohibition also indicates. For many years the brewers and the distillers on the one side were fighting a battle with the automobile manufacturers, steel merchants and ice cream makers, on the other. These latter wished their workingmen to be sober on Monday morning and wished them to save their money so that they might buy more automobiles, more homes and more ice cream. And it was only when the war deflected the balance by making conservation seem more important than pleasure, that the prohibitionists gained a nervous victory. Those in America who have good reason to fear the temporary harm

which can be done by political machinery, many of whom have always used that machinery against the community for personal ends, are worried that the communists may be successful for a time in the United States, and as time in their conception is money instead of eternity, they fear that they are trembling on the verge of extinction. They should look upon the bootlegger and be glad, for he, more than anyone else, is the symbol of man's irrepressible need to gain his desires. In Russia, too, there are bootleggers: bootleg peasants, who sell food stealthily, bootleg merchants, who turn up mysteriously with such rare commodities as soap, bootleg financiers, who offer roubles at ten to the dollar instead of the official rate of 1.94, bootleg politicians, who are found trafficking in forbidden Trotskyisms, and bootleg philosophers, who ponder their spiritual problems while Stalin commands.

We in America need fear communism only in so far as we feel guilt. If we are cultivating our gardens too much at the expense of our neighbors, we ought to keep guns in our houses. If, on the other hand, we are offering values, material or spiritual, for what we are getting, we shall suffer in the course of any economic or political upheaval, but we are likely to survive. The spiritual essence of the problem seems to me to be whether one is clinging to life expecting death, or whether one expects to live until one dies. In the first case, the communists will get you if you don't watch out, and in the second, it does not matter if they do.

Whether or not communism or any other social movement "gets" the United States, it is important to remember that there are great differences of temperament in peoples, which makes it likely that any revolution in the United States would take a different course from any similar movement elsewhere. One of the great blindnesses of Marxism lies in its uniformity, which is also a part of the imaginative strength of its appeal. To think that anything or anyone will capture the world, whether it be Marxism or Napoleon Bonaparte,

fires the imagination of men. But no one doctrine ever has captured the whole of this complex world, not even Christianity, for the propagation of which men also died rashly. Karl Marx was like the tyrannical Teutonic father of a large family of children by wives of different racial origins, who resents that they are not all amenable to the same rules and to the same education. Having painstakingly charted the evolutionary course of economics, Marx insisted with temper that all the children of nations must follow that course politically. That some were further developed than others in some ways and backward in other ways, that some lived in more fertile lands than others, were things which he took into consideration only in order to discover which would follow his theories first. By all his calculations it should have been England, the most highly developed industrial nation in the world, which should have had the revolution first. But it was Russia, one of the most backward industrially, but one of the most advanced spiritually, for Russia was soaked for centuries in religious traditions, which produced the modern social revolution. The world is too complex for the best-laid simplifications of the Marxists.

Dostoevsky once wrote: "The eternal goal of the whole movement of a people, every individual aim in every portion of its history, lies ever and alone in its search for God, in its impulse towards God—towards its own God, and absolutely towards its God, so that faith in this God as the one true God next becomes a symbol of the whole people. It has never yet happened that two or more peoples have had one and the same God. Every people has always had its own God. If there is a confusion of gods, then there is a confusion of peoples too, and they perish with their gods. But the stronger and greater a people is, the more completely its God belongs to it as its own. Every people has its own conception of good and evil, and of its own good and its own evil."

In the United States there is a confusion of gods, for there

is a confusion of peoples. The famous melting pot has left a spiritual residue, which is unable to congeal and form a bed for the materialist amalgam. We have never had an established church, nor, incidentally, have we ever had an hereditary aristocracy and a powerful and influential army. Dostoevsky wrote of the Russians: "Though our people is enslaved by its vices—more than ever, perhaps, at present—and though it lives in absolute anarchy, yet the worst rogue among us has never said: 'What I am doing is right.' On the contrary, he is always conscious that he is wrong, and sighs over it and knows that there is something good in the world which is better than himself and all that he does. Faith in the ideal is ineradicable in our people. . . . Every great people believes and must believe that the salvation of the world lies in itself alone, that it exists only in order to take the lead of all peoples and guide them towards the final goal appointed for all." Americans have the Messianic spirit, but it is based upon a materialist foundation, and whether there is any faith in the ideal in America is questionable. This very lack of faith produces the diffuse liberty which we enjoy and the opportunity for individuals to fashion their own ideals. Such individualism may be anarchical, but it is also a protection against a fanaticism unified by force of arms. It may be, after all, that we are far from a great people, and that our trend is entirely materialist and sentimental, which explains, perhaps, our spiritual poverty and our chaotic generosity.

In Russia there was the traditional Greek Orthodox Church, the hereditary Tsarist absolutism, and a landholding aristocracy, with slave labor and a military caste. The communists in Russia have taken the impulse for collective life which was inherent in the spiritual, economic and political development of Russia, as exemplified in the *artels* of the labor circles, the *mir* of the peasantry, the aesthetic and revolutionary groups of the intellectuals, such as the Russian bal-

let, the Moscow Art Theatre, the Russian Choir and the "cells" of the party members, and they have welded these communal moulds by force and by persuasion into a collective life. For the disconnected and discontented groups of the intelligentsia of labor and of the peasantry the communists have supplied a materialist philosophy and religion based on the precepts of Karl Marx. In the process they have been destroying much of great value to themselves, but they have gained in an ideal what they have lost in flexibility. And when the desire for more than common living and collective life transcends the needs of the moment, they may have a civilization, for the habit of religious domination can never conquer completely the need for spiritual freedom.

The Russian people has always loved and demanded a strong master, while the American people adores itself. The Russians have accepted dictatorship of a political nature throughout their history. America is too anarchical and too diffuse in its thought processes to make any but an economic dictatorship practicable, and recently the financial form of economic dictatorship, in the name of "a chicken in every pot," has burst of its own inflation. There have been sectional dictatorships in the United States, such as that of Brigham Young over the Mormons, but Brigham Young's dictatorship only lasted for the thirty years which it did because behind the political and economic domination was an established religious organization, and because the community over which Brigham Young ruled for a time was isolated economically. The transcontinental railroad, which the Mormons helped to build, was the death blow to Mormon theocracy, and though the Mormons became wealthy, politically they became a state of the United States and spiritually they sank into the position their hybrid religion deserved, that of a sect among many sects.

America may be incapable of social revolution, but she may also be incapable of despotism. While most of the world is

looking for a dictatorship, America and China alone seem to be anarchical enough to resist the domination of a coercive political force, while Great Britain and France appear to be too civilized by the traditions of personal liberty to submit to forms of fascism or communism. Even in this time of trouble we in the United States seem to exhibit no more drastic symptom than the vague realization of the need for a planned economy.

There have been other times in modern history when the world seemed ready for fundamental change, only to take satisfaction in political shifts. At the outbreak of the Crimean War in 1854 Alexander Herzen wrote: "All Europe has now reached the inevitability of despotism in order to preserve the existing political order against the pressure of social ideas striving to create a new order, towards which Western Europe, for all its terror and resistance, is being carried with incredible force. . . . We are present now at an amazing spectacle; even those lands in which free institutions have survived are striving for despotism. Humanity has seen nothing like it since the days of Constantine when free Romans sought to become slaves to escape civic burdens. Despotism or socialism—there is no other alternative. Meanwhile, Europe has shown a surprising incapacity for social revolution. We believe that Russia is not so incapable of it."

Since 1854 when Herzen wrote that remarkable statement, the nations of Western Europe have continued to show "a striving for despotism" and a "surprising incapacity for social revolution," and Russia alone has showed herself not incapable of such revolution. Japan yearns for fascism, and Italy has it; Germany wavers between dictatorship by the old military caste and dictatorship by boy scouts grown to vicious maturity. In England the state has preserved the freedom of the individual, and in France the individual has preserved himself from encroachment by the state. Both of these nations have suffered dictatorships in the past, and the examples

of their civil wars have taught them to guard their liberties. In the United States it also took first a revolution to break the political and economic control of Great Britain and a second revolution, popularly known as the Civil War, to break the political domination of the planting aristocracy of the South.

In the face of the prevalent depression of incomes and of hopes, people in the United States today are far from a revolutionary mood. Because of the contemporary Russian example, there is much talk of revolution, but little spirit for it. The communists go their traditional way, taking advantage of any distress, but more ready to kill each other for any deviations from Marx, Lenin and Stalin than they are to organize a programme of revolt and reconstruction. The pale, bewildered discontent of the liberal factions, shows flirtatious leanings towards communism, which does not want it, and the liberals left alone have not even the strength to express themselves with anything but a negative precision. Among the rest of the nation there is almost a unanimity of concern. The humble reaction of labor to drastic wage cuts and the patriotic attitude of the majority of the protesting Bonus Army are indications of a patience that is irritating to those whose only solution is violent change and bewildering to those whose guilt fills them with fear. A strong thinker who understood the needs of the American farmer and the American laborer, as Lenin understood those of the Russian peasant and the Russian worker, and who could fulfill definite promises to them, could create a stirring impression in the land, but there is no such thinker, because it is impossible to fulfill any such promises. Lenin had a great advantage from a revolutionary point of view in that he could turn over land from one class to another. The American farmer has land, and the most that could be offered to him would be a moratorium on his debts and state aid. Lenin was also able to offer the workers control of the factories in a country

which was in great need of industrialization. It is doubtful whether American workers want factories without markets. To the Russian the factory is a new toy of gigantic potentialities, because of the poverty of the country and its lack of development under the Tsarist regime. At best the American worker can only regard his "rationalization" as an exciting necessity. Some Russian workers feel what one imagines the first gold miners in California must have felt, a vivacious sense of novel growth. Some are enthusiastic, imbued as they are with the ideal of the brotherhood of man, in the name of which they give up material comfort for the hope of material comfort, and others are already tired of this parched materialism.

The American workers also have a difficult task. They have no ideal save that which they can fashion for themselves after work hours, except where industrialization has not completely destroyed all sense of craftsmanship. Their lack of class consciousness, which is so bewildering to the communists, stems from their ambitions to better their material position by individual efforts, and the present difficulties of accomplishing this end are the only sources of bitterness. The American worker is still doubtful whether by taking control of the means of production he will get more or less than the proportionately meagre share of the profits he has received in the past. Few in the United States feel the presence of villainy in any other form than that of stupidity. Hoover is blamed with the poor pity which his ineptitude calls for, and his rival for the Presidency has nothing fundamental enough to offer to capture the political imagination. The respect for the intelligence of employers and bankers has diminished to nothing, but they are treated with contempt as poor things who know not what they do, rather than with hatred. It is surprising that there is not more envy of those who still have wealth, but the absence of envy is due to the ambitious desire for emulation. Only when men realize that

they can no longer obtain more than their fellow men will they be willing to demand a more equal distribution. The most rancor in the United States today is cynical in response to sacrifices demanded by men who have never known poverty. For the rest, people are nervous, with a nervousness born of the clear consciousness that the men at the helms of every endeavor have no charts. In any case, it is clear that no party whose plans are dictated by people uninformed of local needs, sitting thousands of miles away in Moscow, can hope to gain power in the United States. The injustices of distribution have been made obvious enough to create a large following for philosophical communism. The political programme of such a philosophy, however, must be adapted to the needs and desires of the large American proletariat and equally large bourgeoisie, which merge into each other with such shadowy gradations. When enough members of the bourgeoisie have fallen into the proletariat, as Marx predicted they would, then there may be a revolution in the United States, but when that time comes, it may be discovered that that very process constituted the revolution.

There has been ever since the eighteenth century a large body of people who enjoy revolution for revolution's sake, and one suspects that much of the revolutionary leadership in the world has always been professional on the part of those who have lacked the ability to develop themselves and have substituted for it the desire to rule their fellow men. Whenever the revolutionist has the courage to turn the light of analysis on his own motives, he usually, as in the cases of Kropotkin, Bakunin and Emma Goldman, ends up as an anarchist, if he is a man of ideals. Marx and Lenin were men who enjoyed personal power more than they believed in liberty for their fellow man. Their disciples and their inferiors, not having developed themselves in the attributes of leadership to the extent of their masters, believe in action more than they do in power. Dostoevsky in *The Possessed* ex-

pressed his opinion of this kind of revolutionary activity:

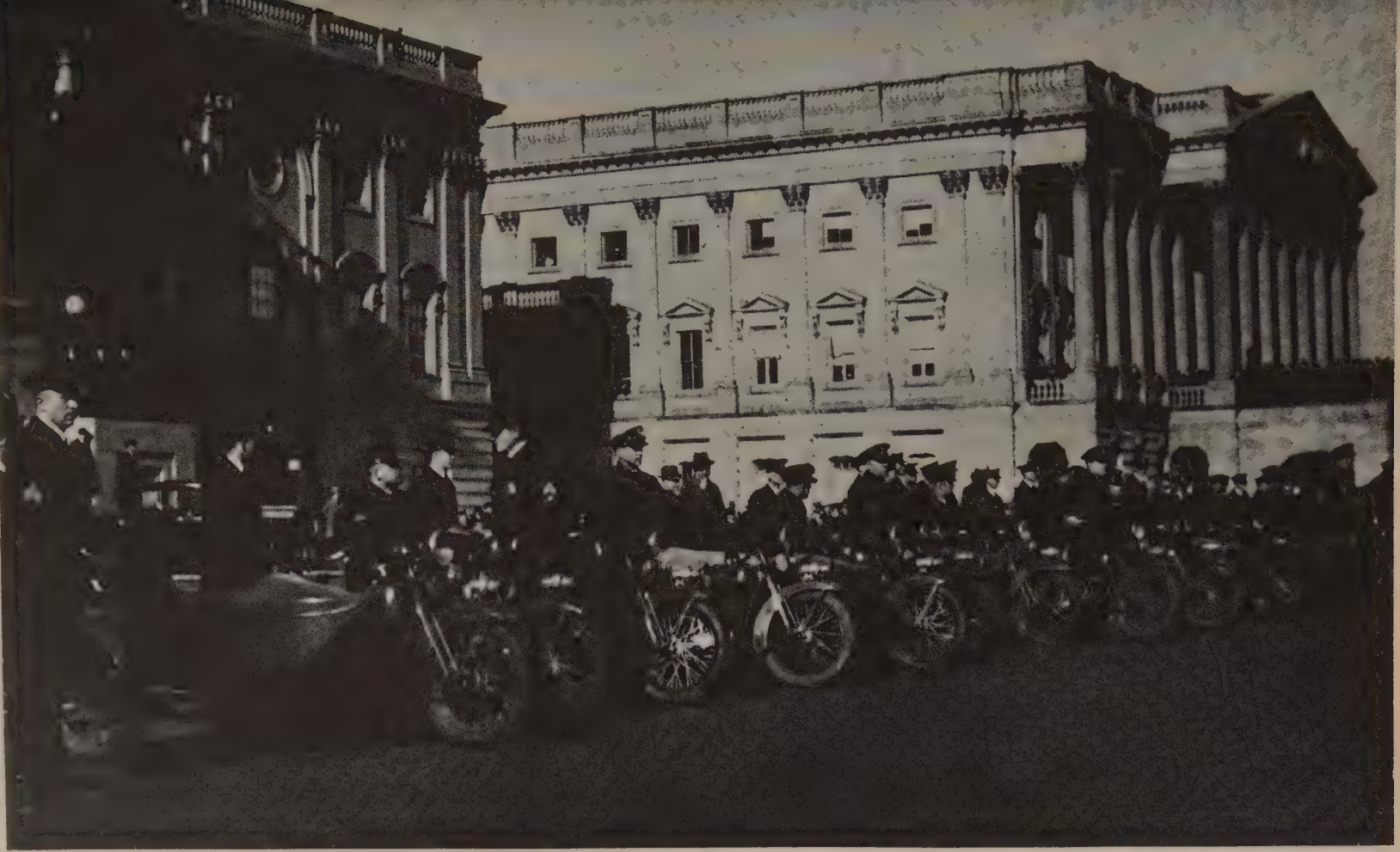
" 'Do you understand,' I cried to him, 'that if you have the guillotine in the foreground of your programme and are so enthusiastic about it too, it's simply because nothing's easier than cutting off heads, and nothing's harder than to have an idea. *Vous êtes des paresseux! Vôtre drapeau est une guenille, une impuissance.* It's those carts, or what was it? . . . the rumble of the carts carrying bread to humanity" being more important than the Sistine Madonna, or, what's the saying? . . . *une betise dans ce genre.* 'Don't you understand, don't you understand,' I said to him, 'that unhappiness is just as necessary to man as happiness.' *Il rit.* 'All you do is to make a *bon mot*,' he said, 'with your limbs snug on a velvet sofa.' "

When so many Americans are suffering hardships for the first time in their lives, and so many others are continuing to endure the misery from which they have been unable to escape for their entire lives, it may be that the cult of individualism, which in America has been deified into a sentimental hope, will have to be replaced by a more substantial co-operative ideal. Equality of opportunity seems to have receded more than ever into the realms of mythology, but those who would erase anarchical individualism entirely in order to make room for an authoritarian state-church would do well to consider what they are destroying unnecessarily in the effort to reconstruct. "The carts carrying bread to humanity" do not have to run over the Sistine Madonna, and it is significant that those who are driving the carts usually find it necessary to steer against the competition which they envy and which they fear. Those individuals, the pure scientist and the fine artist, produce results which the factory worker and the communist official must use or may love, and it would be the height of folly for those simple slave-drivers, the American capitalist and the Russian communist to destroy out of wanton envy what they require for nourishment.

In any case, whatever the economic yolk and the political

shell, men must hatch out their own tyranny and their own liberty. In Russia that revolt required a different set of circumstances, a different temperament and a different social organization for its success. In America men may revolt against the misery of their immediate circumstances, but a revolution will require the existence of an oppressive political evil greater than the impotence and corruption of our present party governments, and the prospect of economic achievement greater than the mere opposition to our present economic stagnation. In Russia Tsarist absolutism had to be overthrown before communist dictatorship could take its place. We have no political absolutism in the United States. In Russia the strangle-hold of the landlord and the bureaucrat had to be broken before agriculture and industry could be developed fully. In the United States our industry and our agriculture have been over-developed to some extent, and in the process our financial dictators have overthrown themselves for the moment. There are many ghastly evils to be corrected in the economic structure of the United States, and it may be that the only way to correct them would be control of the means of production by the workers and collectivization of agriculture. Perhaps these aims if they prove necessary can be accomplished without the violence of a revolution. It was Trotsky, the most professional of all revolutionists, and their keenest analyst, who once wrote of revolutions: "If they could be made to develop logically, they would probably be avoided." The error of many communists lies in their faith in revolution as an end in itself. They ignore the experience of Russia, which has been that the aftermath of revolution is reorganization. But, perhaps, logic is too much to expect of mankind, and it may be that violence is a necessary emotional preliminary to order, or, as Dostoevsky put it, "unhappiness is just as necessary to man as happiness."

M. R. Werner



RECEPTION COMMITTEE: HUNGER MARCH: 1931

WORKERS FILM AND PHOTO LEAGUE

CAMPAIGN SPEECH

WORKERS FILM AND PHOTO LEAGUE

COMMUNIST CONVENTION: 1932

WORKERS FILM AND PHOTO LEAGUE

SOUTH STREET: 1932

(COURTESY OF NEW YORK STATE TEMPORARY EMERGENCY RELIEF ADMINISTRATION)

WALKER EVANS

DIFFICULTIES OF A STATESMAN

CRY what shall I cry?
All flesh is grass: comprehending
The Companions of the Bath, the Knights of the British Empire, the Cavaliers,
O Cavaliers! of the Legion of Honour,
The Order of the Black Eagle (1st and 2nd class),
And the Order of the Rising Sun.
Cry cry what shall I cry?
The first thing to do is to form the committees:
The consultative councils, the standing committees, select committees and sub-committees.
One secretary will do for several committees.
What shall I cry?
Arthur Edward Cyril Parker is appointed telephone operator
At a salary of one pound ten a week rising by annual increments of five shillings
To two pounds ten a week; with a bonus of thirty shillings at Christmas
And one week's leave a year.

A committee has been appointed to nominate a commission
of engineers
To consider the Water Supply.
A commission is appointed
For Public Works, primarily the question of rebuilding the
fortifications.
A commission is appointed
To confer with a Volscian commission
About perpetual peace: the fletchers and javelin-makers and
smiths
Have appointed a joint committee to protest against the
reduction of orders.
Meanwhile the guards shake dice on the marches
And the frogs (O Mantuan) croak in the marshes.
Fireflies flare against the faint sheet lightning,
What shall I cry?
Mother mother
Here is the row of family portraits, dingy busts, all looking
remarkably Roman,
Remarkably like each other, lit up successively by the flare
Of a sweaty torchbearer, yawning.
O hidden under the Hidden under the Where the dove's
foot rested and locked for a moment,
A still moment, repose of noon, set under the upper
branches of noon's widest tree
Under the breast feather stirred by the small wind after
noon
There the cyclamen spreads its wings, there the clematis
droops over the lintel
O mother (not one of these busts all correctly inscribed)
I a tired head among these heads
Necks strong to bear them
Noses strong to break the wind
Mother
May we not be some time, almost now, together,

If the mactations, immolations, oblations, impetrations
Are now observed
May we not be
O hidden
Hidden in the stillness of noon, in the silent croaking night.
Come with the sweep of the little bat's wing, with the small flare of the firefly or lightning bug,
"Rising and falling, crowned with dust", the small creatures,
The small creatures chirp thinly through the dust, in the night.
O mother
What shall I cry?
We demand a committee, a representative committee, a committee of investigation
RESIGN RESIGN RESIGN.

T. S. Eliot

THE TOMB OF LENIN

Sat., 16 Mai

who summons? (If Virgil,what recuperation!) Early to bed and. (A telegram?) Anyway,must be out of this room by 12—why,it's the cheerful Deutschspeaking little comrade with my Russian permis de séjour;6½ roubles,and he actually doesn't want tip. . .danke schön, tovarich;now let the 3 letters do their worst

recuperation hell!(whatever's happened?could this comrade's ailment be perhaps myself?)Dirge after strictly unsolicited Dirge

"only two things in life really interest me:the creative instinct and companionship;but I find that they're incompatible,one seems to destroy the other"

then

"if I hadn't been so well educated,I might have known something"

crowned by .

"I never can know ALL of anything"
which grief somehow demoralizes the Metropole cuisine(respectful has left us large slices of cheese and no omelets) whereupon comrade better, with a shrugsmile reminding me of yesterday's inefficient voyage,telephones the cheese away and hithers missing eggs

I "wonder" gently "where this address might. . ." Sibyl's frown zooms(so,there we are! He's jealous;still jealous,albeit Joseph did his bitless bit).

"Go toward that red flag"And How worldwearily pointing. "You may have difficulty with the number." Sighs. Smirking"I shouldn't be astonished if Madame's girl friend gave you a room chez elle in" (bitterly)"return for certain favours——"

(very most truthfully,not now are and never have(as I live or breathe)been,or shall be,my favorite studies geography & arithmetic. . .1st;confoundingly manyapartmented court —brace of politely,if too grammatically,questioned young nonmen(giggling)indicate dark hallway;I pass through which to bump barest big room full of conversing female and male:the former glowers;male(miraculously linguistic)suggests "librairie" only a couple of doors away. . .2nd: irritatingly immaculate "librairie"—where a repulsively distraught neuter comrade idiomatically wigwavewags me next door. . .3rd:next door—busy-with-some-papers bisexual apparition who says"oben"(and I oben,encouraged by "dadada"

to almost an attic)with twain pseudo-tables,elbowed by twain nonmen. By fleshlessly mournful,by jovially fat. Bowing,offer my credentials to fat;who nods,grins

and(most eagerly)"are you a comrade?"quavers(in sheer Brooklynese) the mournful.

"American" I reply(her comrade face darkens).

Sit,commands jovially fat(even as quick footfalls become

Jewish cadaverous much frightened behind slightly askew spectacles he—"vous ne parlez pas francais?")

I do, sir.

Good. We've heard all about you from comrade—(i.e. Madame). Now concerning rooms:yourself most unfortunately doesn't belong to any organization.

"Byespar-teenee" I agree.

"Non"(hastily)"ce n'est pas ça". . ."(coughs)what I'm really worried about,to tell the truth,is your uncertainty.

My—?

Just how long are you remaining in Russia?(he with a certain careful casualness inquires).

Well(casually I and carefully respond)it's thus. I am married. Recently I telegraphed to my wife in Paris,but as yet I haven't had an answer. Now until I hear from her,the duration of my Russian trip must necessarily remain indefinite.

(Pause. . .dogmatic leers are swapped among the comrades. Then)—you mean you might have to leave after a few weeks?

Or possibly before.

Hm. And,as you may have heard,it's unbelievably hard to find rooms—

I've heard,sir.

Whereas in summer there'll be plenty of them.

Really?

Therefore what I suggest is this:prolong your visit. Plan to stay six months at least,preferably a year or two;earn a few roubles by translating,and spend your roubles travelling all over Russia. There is so much,so incredibly much,to see—

I understand.

—Also, to say(he adds thoughtfully). . .but suppose you dine with us (indicating jovial)at five o'clock this afternoon. Here's where we live.

Thank you most kindly.

Shall I write it in English also?

Perhaps you'd better.

(He does). When you leave,a comrade will go along and show you the exact spot ——

"Mille fois merci!"

—otherwise you'll never find it. "A bientôt!"

exit. And foots(feminine)teps. —Enter an almost(by comparison)attracting nonman. To whom promptly by jovial I'm presented,whereupon pull my best Russianless Russian greeting. . .roars of laughter from fat;even mournful cackles faintly. . .potchemoo?

Potamooshtoh—slumpily before me hovers no other than comrade decidedly Radcliffe helpmate:she who,with her pimply American embarassed-in-a-Russian-blouse stripling plus or minus comrade livid military tactician,bundlefully did depart the Hotel Metropole for a less sumptuous life

then comrade Kem-min-kz also laughs;and Radcliffe (nervously scratching)blushes and. . .feetsteps—"hello!" —enter(with a profound grouch)stripling(the blouse and all)immediately who,unto high heaven,announces that himself and spouse are changing their most recent whereabouts; this time because there's no running water,because the toilet smells terribly,and(in the immortal phrase of Crank Frowninshield)finally because something distinctly flealike picked her up today "in a streetcar" and

(feetfalls)"how"(me suddenly confronts a wee carrot-headed Englishman)"would you like half a room with an old lady,eh?"

I feel,look,surprised.

"It's dark" adds Clara "and of course there's no plumbing and you couldn't possibly write there."

"What could I do?"

"Sleep."

"How about the old lady?"

"The old lady? Why—are you shy?"

"Not pathologically."

"Then there's nothing to worry about,eh?"

"I should very much enjoy glimpsing the layout"(cheerfully,if guardedly.

"Any time at all. By the way:here's a French-English translation for you to look over"(and helpmate—the,it happens,translatrix—winces)"see you later!"

pause.

1 yell—"OH"(explodes)"I WISH i could stop SCRATCHING"(Radcliffe).

"WELL(stripling)"WHY don't you STOP then?" (dittos)&

feetfootstepsfall—agedly full tray appearing gravitates toward fat:now everybody's sampling dangerous cakes,delicious tea(and,if everybody's hungry,something or other like Mr. Khouri's kibbeh krass)very gracefully,and simply, which are administered by comrade jovial. Follows presently much faretheewelling:exeunt finally 3 unleashed roomhounds. . .1,at door,acquires weatherbeaten nonman with golden molars who("pahjahlstah")slumbers forth avant—resigned,unearthly—who floats(& we all)left;transcends a fence(past dumpcarts and horses and men)skirting a sandpile braves this lumbercluttered portal and (with me only) climbs;pauses;laying 1 how spectral hand upon thisthat rickety doorknob to now sepulchrally remark

here.

Thank you.

Please

(ghostly;remains)

—I descend:rejoin the waiting grouch and scratch. We turn(Americans 3)our faces toward luxury

"it's perfectly ridiculous that you should pay so much" (scratching). "I'll speak to the management:they must have a cheaper room. You know,in Russia one simply has to insist—"

"bully,you mean" grouch grunts

coyly(verily)at bar of judgment lurking:cutaway,specs(why not monocle?)& Palm Beach accent. Who myself amazes by giving helpmate a whole single entire full box of really-truly matches(surreptitiously she slips them to myself,who mucho sorely am in need). Argument And How. . . No, he hasn't any cheap room. And How argument. . . Yes, he has a cheap room

"—you see?"(she, to me)

which is 4 and isn't 5 dollars per day,with breakfast.

I(to Palm cynically):"is it good?"

He:"very good—I slept in it last night."

Whereupon nab both new room key and old,whereupon 3 comrades mount on foot to the old;whereupon I(comrade) chuck hurl heave and throw all earthly comrade possessions into my valise and into my knapsack and into comradeless comrade myself.

"Let's"grouch growls"make a parade out of this"cheerfully shouldering knapsack

"you've forgotten your soap"(she scratches)

and we all(the Americans Are Coming!)march down hall, incantationing Frankie and Johnny Were,to elevator—wherefrom these several poor merely Russians instantly are by another expelled without benefit of riposte

(softly)"I don't like that"(she scratches,rising)

"nor I"(rising)

"these"(snorting)"comrades"(gripes rising grouch)"certainly are goddam fond of their Wall Street. . ."

a grinning thickly antique nonmanbiddy,"klootch pahjahlstah?"opens—new's gooder than old;cosier,far less complicated,quite a whit smaller. . .view,too. Hahrahshoh. I whereupon pluck yank jerk and twitch possessions here there and nowhere;undo the shutness(it yields only a centimetre); salutingly thank scratch-grouch,Inc.;relax—

"come on with us to the Savoy for lunch" he opines "Their capitalist food is slightly better than the usual swill."

"Yes,please do"(scratches scratch).

"But I seem to have eaten a flock of lunches today—"

"Well,have a drink,then. The beer's almost real."

"Tovarich—your ideology!"

notwithstanding(And How)just as we're sitting(at a real table with a real tablecloth)comrade everybody objects—comrade somebody interprets:This restaurant,comrades,is for valuta holders

"and I,like a poor fool" blouse proclaims "have worthless roubles, hard won by teaching English to Russian truck-drivers—mphg!"

"Isn't the Savoy's rouble restaurant entrance next door?" she patiently(frowning)scratches.

Tahk. Flashy,too. A real coatboy takes my comrade head-gear. But(alas for poverty)the rouble restaurant is full. Full (And How)of all sorts conditions andsoforth of comrades—particularly who are grouped grouplessly around apparently something very similar to a(with real goldfish?)capitalist fountain . . . also,when our comrade trio asks to share this table with pair of previously arrived comrades,that(nyet!") waiter strenuously objects(The Lady Mustn't Sit With People)and grouch grouches . . . and(scratch)patiently argues . . . and(scratchscratch)argues . . . and(scratch-scratchscratch)finally

("you see?")

a very most headestwaiterest,truly-untruly resplendent in un-tovarich boiledshirt(with all the babylonian fixings)pomp-ously unropes large horrifyingly empty space(devoted,as I learn,to lucky valuta-holders)whither 3 humble comrades march;where halting,we collapse in luxe . . .

across,a not so unprepossessing if slightly sticky gent. Am introduced by grouch;but not to gent's(vis-à-vis)sleeping

dictionary(she's a little well dressed,very conscious of it. Looks, over & over, at her hands . . .)now gent's newspaper boosts—between her and himself—itself

bien sûr,Moscow isn't a city d'amour.

Shoving protestations aside,scratch&grouch Inc. make me a full plate of lunch from their own dainties. It I partially consume;wholly my beerful dollar beer . . . Grouch:

"yesterday,2 roubles"

—pointing to a quite incomprehensible item;waiter bows;a "3 roubles" diminishes

"parr-dohn . . ."

"The thieves"grouch snarls.

And "shall we walk?" she innuendos. "I love to walk . . . since we left your hotel,I've done a great deal of walking. As a matter of fact,every day I've walked in, from the suburb where we are now;with a wad of trulyreally American toilet-paper(to take advantage of the Métropole's modern plumbing")

. . .
etc.
locks
scissors
tacks
nails
etc.
screws
hinges
combs
etc.
garters
pipes
etc.
toothbrushes
(this is a market)

and a refined chap,whittling stickhandles;into which you insert old-Gillette-blades,thus producing the Socialist Soviet equivalent of a regular capitalist razor

and an armyish thug,unsuccessfully performing cardtricks

and a flyspecked booth full of soiledest(how onceuponatime)toys;but now they unprotestingly are Elsewhere—perhaps dead?(& O,the eyes of the silent beautifully bearded toyman)

this sewingmachine,broken

all surrounded by crowd,by mob,by multitude;by peopleless people engrossed by interminably errorless gestures of Buffalo Springfield rollerengine(immortal Marianne! . . . "if a butterfly" . . .)

Free trading. Absolutely against Marxian or whatever principles.Bootleg commerce. Tolerated by comrade regime, for its own comrade reasons

"I once bought a canopener here for a dollar and a half" she whispers shyly

(because a superb burst of wonderfulling rain)we blow ourselves to 8 minutes' tram ride. Impressed by her "see?" I catapult the comrades left and right—even so scarcely contrive a dismounting via frontend. Brief(less wonderfulling) walk. A slummy doorgate. 3 flights of(Grouch:"there's the elevator. It doesn't work")clambering—to dimly pigeoncote, comprising many audible comrades . . . through hole,into what least nook with bright paperless walls;peopled by worn tomes;wondrously disordered

"it's so messy" she(scratch)apologises

"well" growl grouches "anyhow we have two copies of one book by Jack Reed"

"since you're thinking of taking this room,comrade,you'd better see all the disadvantages right away. Unfortunately, somebody's just dumped water into our nemesis:ordinarily the thing stinks to Heaven . . ."

Then I'm manoeuvered to(not so bedless,considering)bed, where carefully protest that can't promise anything—although I'd much(of course)prefer this palace to half a wine-dark room with an old debbil lady . . . still,something(who knows?I don't)may turn up ——

"why not meet the proprietor? You needn't commit" scratching"yourself"

an(ominously afflicted with that quite uncanny mixture of timidity and pomposity which,thanks to Monsieur Potiphar, I now associate with "inner discipline")comrade. A very much comrade of a communist to be sure. E.g.,steadfastly refuses to talk prices—"only as a friend of my friend" naming the blousegrouch "would I think of accepting you here. But his father is such a great writer!" Yet under all—a sturdy,competent(if an American,one could say unimaginative;since a Russian,one cannot)chiefmechanic type(whose flowsy wife hides her redly running nose behind her pallid offspring's dutsy curls)endowed with some refreshingly direct aman'samanforawthat spirit. Me:"I wish I could speak Russian as well as you speak English."—"But I ought to speak English much better:it's such an easy language to learn!"

". . .Well my friends"(I subsequently inform scratchgrouch)"thank you both for your courtesy. A victim of the congenital incapacity for immediately deciding anything wishes you well,and begs to take his leave."

"It's really cleaner that it looks" mildly she encouraged (scratching)

"For GOD'S SAKE" he horribly shrieked "STOP THAT!"

now,and while impatiently awaiting tram,I experience my 2nd typically socialist phenomenon,viz.—hosing. (Moscow may lack amusements:but there's a public water supply. Rain may rain;but streets,of an afternoon,duly are and ceremoni-

ously wetted. Slyly into which collective function creeps how unmistakable the bogy of bogies:individualism)

this,if you please quite expressionless proletarian,aetat 5, starting with that singularly defunct old nonman whose socklets imply babyhood,herds mercilessly a group(including me)of comrade prospective tram clients hither and thither . . .some of whom escape with mud splotches below the knee while others are well goosed or patiently receive the thumbfurthered stream shoulder-high. But entirely nobody protests;not anybody is amused;absolutely everyone Elsewhereishly just simply doesn't somehow care

I move. To find myself stalked by(yet so gently,languidly, that reach nearest stop many seconds in advance of)tram; mistakenly whose backplatform I—for aria's sake—embrace . . .did I say mistakenly? a mightier word is needed here. . .

because,comrade,if you can imagine a cube,black and with silver edges;if you can visualize the gradual prodigious tumescence of this cube,whose substance meanwhile turns through greedy red toward fatal green while its six facets curl with some huge inner strain;if possibly you can picture this warped angry unshape stupendously disembodying,collapsing,homogeneously disintegrating,silently(irrevocably) blossoming into what sheer omnipotence of immeasurability; and if—now focusing on a mere moment of the miracle (glimpsing,without comprehending,some infinitesimally ultramicroscopic slice of never to be fathomed augmentation) —you can conceive dread universe within fearful universe within terrific universe of dissolutely outpouring most murderful corruption,of overwhelmingly ubiquitous putrefaction,of selfconjuring doomfully profound and abominably ejaculated obscenity; only then,O my gentle comrade reader, can(how imperceptibly)yourself begin(and very, very inconsiderably)to visualize 1 universal catastrophe of odour anonymously fathered by 1 fabulous denizen of 1 fabulously

overinhabited socalled tram's rear or back platform. . . .In which case,be it courteously said,you're a better comrade than comrade I.

(5 P.M.)

ring,chez fat & cadaverous. Pause

an oldish lively nonman yanks. Slamming! escorts briskly me(through chattering dimness filled with nesting comrades) into tranquility,where

—immediately

am slugged

with("Ca c'est beau!"I

cry)hue. Recovering,find comrade K muddily standing on 1 of

this bloodredness edge. . .alias blanket,draped over sofa

fat "neetchyvoh nyet!" welcoming protests jovially;oldish and lively(disappearing)gruntchuckles(the;offleaping, guiltily:visitor dusts me feetprints with my capless cap).

Sit,eat(fat beams). We won't wait for him(incredibly,I'm understanding). Our(with mutual bowings,wavings,pointings)selves arrange their distinguishable owners at this most painfully almost table not quite merrily decked for 3. . .

1st(the guest's only:a special token of esteem)course=glass,covered with paper, of yaoort. Jill meanwhile imbibes creamy cheeseyness

2nd=ribs of dense meat;bread;red wine(sweet,natural, also powerful;the same I'd quaffed chez madame Potiphar)

—arrives Jack,panting,sits(with a brief friendly nod)chews eagerly vast helpings affectionately lavished by his maternal spouse. Who seems a very human indeed person. Who frankly(in fluent Russian)volunteers that she doesn't like and that she can't understand poetry. Who(in French stuttering)likes only "la cirque,la musique,et les joujoux." And (obviously)the boyfriend. But obviously not novelist Sir Dry(erstwhile enthusiastically defined by the bride of Poti-

phar as "très gentil. Nous avons tous beaucoup bu,et puis il ne voulait pas aller chez lui. Alors,mon mari lui a fait un lit ici")whom Jill caustically dismisses

Pff! he writes big books; you could kill a man with them!

. . .yes,very human;yet(incredibly)who hasn't a particle of imagination.

I:Do you perhaps know my very good friend John Dos Passos? It was he who obliged me by sending a telegram of recommendation all the long way from somewhere in Mexico to the Russian embassy in Paris and I happen to think that his telegram really persuaded the authorities that I was worthy to be admitted.—She:Yes,I know comrade Dos. I like him. But I think he's strange("strahnyeh").—I:Why?—She:Well,when he was here, somebody gave him a doll; the doll was wrapped in paper;then comrade Dos tore out a little piece of paper opposite the doll's face;and when I asked him why,what do you suppose he said?—I:What?—She:He said, and seriously,"pour qu'elle peut respirer."—I (sub rosa):"Bis!"—She:And there was a child,who'd seen him tear the paper;and the child asked her mother Why is he doing that?and her mother answered So that the doll can breathe;"alors, l'enfant demandait:est-ce qu'il est fou, maman?"

3rd course=potatoes and beets(?)with heavenly goo
4th=vermicelli soup
5th="volaille"(I stop,reeling,after 5)
6th=cheese(?)
& there's absolutely excellent coffee,plenty of it. . .

this Ritzy banquet—its elements stylefully presented by lively encore chuckgruntling oldish—terminated,fat plumps herself on the colour;begins to embroider intricately a marvellous Ukranian "robe". The other gorgers,Jack and I, smoke Nords and converse. Jill(apparently far more oblivious to abstract ideas than she is ignorant of the French language)actually,I gradually notice,directs—indirectly

for the most part;sometimes directly(What does "usine" mean?Why don't you tell him suchandsuch?)—her Jack's every move;following our rickety train of thought a thought more closely than any ambulance-chasing lawyer pursues his accident. . .

d'abord,regular propaganda carefully intended to convert the Heathen. Having had enough of this crap from Monsieur Potiphar,I politely beg to excuse myself. Jack(Jill inspired)thereupon switches his attack—takes me into an adjoining room—brings forth all sorts of books made in Russia for popular consumption(very handsome they are too,I wish my Persian friend and setterup of poems were here)particularly stressing all the yth and worse rate pro-Soviet "grands écrivains américains"(who look much better And How in Russian)also innumerable mutterings of an orthodox red variety by comrade Gorky,Invisible. Comrade Joyce's Ulysses I presently discover for myself—in the original. I then make bold to ask cadaverous if he knows of comrade Pound,and cadaverous allows as how he's heard of that comrade;so comrade Kem-min-kz faithfully repeats that comrade's message

("tell them to read cantos" soandso at the Régence who,to my "have you any greeting for the Kremlin?" had replied thoughtfully(more than)glancing(very)keenly past himself into a luminous Everywhere of nowhere)

yea,and cadaverous promises to speedily do same. Certainly,I bookful of paintings by some Ukranian

("vous être peintre aussi?" Yes,comrade Vaillant-Couturier also raved over this peasant genius. He's like Rousseau,isn't he;but he couldn't possibly have known Rousseau. Of course,before the revolution nobody paid him any attention;for the Soviets were the first to begin collecting and preserving the work of our non-bourgeois artists and the Soviets discovered him;it was very hard because his paintings were on walls,on cafes,in bars,and frequently painted

over by subsequent decorators. Well well,I'll get you a copy of this book since you like it so much)

leads all the other indigenous brochures by several lengths

(. . .all the factories are feverishly interested in literature,you know;some of our poets,for instance,have a circulation of ten thousand copies)

Again try politely to depart. But no;indirectly directed cadaverous reassumes room 1,pours me a,to put it mildly, beaker of what luscious wine—and—comrade I have fallen, fallen And How;tumbled into exactly 180 minuteless minutes of "materialist dialectic" which(among other miracles) makes sun while the hay shines,opens the key of life with the lock of science,juggles(without dropping)the unworld the unflesh and the undevil,and justifies from soup to nuts the ways of Marx to man.

Feasts from which crumb of reason:

(1)AND MARX SAID

the ideology of any society is that of the dominating class.

(2)Art

reflects the social milieu of the artist. Comrade Kem-min-kz,living under a full fledged capitalist system and reflecting in his art the ideas ambitions impulses of the system,cannot possibly attain to that state of bliss which is spontaneously enjoyed by a proletarian artist. Item: the peasant art of Russia—a prerevolutionary specimen whereof was by comrade capitalist Kem-min-kz and comrade socialist Vaillant-Couturier separately admired—is now beginning to reflect collectivist tendencies.

(3)Beauty

(especially intellectual beauty)is indispensable to life. No;comrade Kem-min-kz was not exactly wrong in telling comrade Madame that he liked shining things; he just hasn't been here very long. When he's been here longer—long enough to master the social and economic principles involved—then comrade K will cease to judge Moscow

according to those superficial standards by which(most unhappily)his entire life has hitherto been capitalistically conditioned. Then he will joyfully acknowledge the beauty of that supreme ideal whose profound radiance transfigures even the ugliest comrade countenance. That for l'avenir. At present,the sadly blinded comrade K may be interested to learn that the communist party—ever mindful of the worker's inner being—was only prevented from renovating a particular section of Moscow(and making that section quite as "joli" as "joli" could be)by the sacred fact that each and every energy of each and every loyal comrade must,temporarily,be directed toward a sterner goal.

(4)Blunders

have occasionally occurred in the course of applying socialist principles to human beings;but an unintentional error fortunately involves its own remedy. Thus:the socialist state at first tried to force the ignorant peasants into collectivism. Since this only made the stubborn peasants more stubborn, communism abandoned coercive measures;and today the only converting force employed is the all important force of example(e.g.,individial farmers of a machineless peasant community notice that their collective farm neighbors not only accomplish more work but enjoy more leisure. Whereupon the wolves penitently beg to be admitted to the fold).

(5)Children

are the future citizens of the world. To their welfare—on which the perpetuation of socialism depends—the socialist state is primarily dedicated. This does not mean that,as capitalist rumour goes,a socialist child is protestingly torn from parental arms;it means that every socialist child is given full opportunity and in every way shape and manner encouraged to express him- or herself,unhampered by narrowing—because essentially selfish—parental influences. Children,as a matter of fact,prefer to leave the ancestral hearth because there are so many more distractions elsewhere. .There was at

1 period a perfect epidemic of runaways;not long ago,1 child left the following message:At home I feel like a bolshevik in a peasant community.

(6)Divorce

having been made easy,an immediate and inevitable result was abuse of the new freedom per socalled husbands who had been led by the nose for years and socalled men who had never been masters of their smallest wishes. All such temporary excesses seem insignificant,however,when compared with certain vast and permanent benefits resulting from easy divorce. Fundamentally,the permanent relations between men and women have been made healthier;and the lives of men and women are consequently happier. From a morbid or fear- relationship,founded on economic fetichism and mentally sponsored by a sense of guilt,marriage is becoming a healthy and spontaneous bisexual manifestation of social integrity.

(7)Home

is where the heart is. P.S.—a socialist heart is in the socialist state.

(8)Kitchen-

slavery is a thing of the past. Any normal woman,given a chance to extend her realm of influence,gladly abandons those monotonous household cares which have been arbitrarily associated with womankind for centuries. Unlike her bourgeoise sister,who is continuously threatened by that nonexistence which inevitably results from moral and economic impotence,a Socialist Soviet woman unrestrictedly shares with all her male and female fellows the proud duties and profound advantages of a conscious citizen.

(9)Marriage

though not any longer ecclesiastical,none the less remains a relic of atavism. The mayor(or whatever official performs a civil marriage)is better than a priest,of course;but the mayor must and will go,as priests already have gone,before

the socialist state attains normal humanity's sexual goal,viz. —if two people live together,that is a marriage.

(10)Motherhood

is a fundamental instinct. That no fundamental instinct must suffer repression is a scientifically demonstrable axiom. For the socialist state—whose aim is the economic and spiritual liberation of humanity—to attempt to repress a fundamental instinct would be not only ridiculous but criminal. What the socialist state attempts is something entirely different. On the 1 hand,the state educates its male and female citizens frankly and openly in the arts of sexual hygiene, birthcontrol,etc.,thus lifting sex from an abnormal to a normal plane,controlling disease,and combatting involuntary motherhood;on the other hand,the state removes the stigma of bastardy;and extends every protection to the prospective mother,who receives all sorts of special advantages and privileges(including vacation with full pay,etc.).

(11)Religion

has trod the path of all dead things;its disappearance being in no sense a result of any official persecution—for communism's only direct action against religion consisted in revealing to ignorant masses of humanity the predatory nature of the clergy's rôle—but a natural by-product of the instigation of socialist reforms. Religion's imaginary benefits were only a substitute—and a very poor one!—for REAL benefits;when the latter appeared the former disappeared. Take, e.g.the 5 day week:nobody who hasn't seen them with his or her own eyes can begin to imagine the 5 day week's miraculous effects. Even if you should now ask one of the few remaining "petit bourgeois" what day it is,he wouldn't know; he would only be able to tell you which number. And why was the five day week such a success? Because it gave MORE leisure to the masses(5 goes into 30 oftener than 7). So with all the other successful reforms:in each case,heaven becomes less necessary.

(12)Transition

is what the presentday visitor to Russia encounters. There could be no darker,no more tragic,mistake than to assume that Russia of 1931 represents the result of socialist endeavors. What Russia of 1931 really represents is an intermediate step—characterized by unimaginable contrasts—between classes and classlessness. If comrade Kem-min-kz returns in ten years,he'll find no class(I:You mean that I'd find one class only?—Jack:One class is no class,isn't it?)whereas today he may view with his own eyes localities where men and women are passing from feudalism directly into socialism;he may visit certain isolated districts whose denizens are now perfectly familiar with the airplane—which at first caused premature births and droppings dead—but have never yet seen a train or an automobile. Verily,verily,1931 is a crucial year;how lucky is comrade K to have arrived when he did!Imagine being privileged to behold a spectacle unprecedented in all human history:the world's first socialist republic fighting for her very life—at the frontiers,with capitalist neighbors;abroad,with England and the rest;at home,with neutrals! Incidentally,comrade Kem-min-kz had better remember(when comrade Kem-min-kz looks around him)that conditions in the capitol of Russia 1931 are comparable only to conditions in a beleagered city of the middle ages.

(13)Ultimately

the 2 great "petit bourgeois" desires—namely:to possess and to enrich—will completely disappear from the face of the globe. Already they are marching as to doom. Already, in one-sixth of this fair earth,is growing up a healthy and happy younger generation which simply does not understand those needless sufferings—sexual jealousy being one of the commonest—which afflict me and which afflict you and which afflict many,many other comrades of the older,older generation.

(14)Wealth

(in the capitalist sense)is nonexistent;for everything belongs to the socialist state,i.e.to everybody. That at present it's literally impossible to work for one's own profit may be readily seen from this fact:no worker,including comrade Stalin,can gain more than 350(360?)roubles a month;so soon as a worker earns a greater sum,progressive taxes give the surplus to all. But surely(the capitalist exclaims)this must result in a killing of initiative? On the contrary;this results in a birth of initiative. Why?—The answer,everywhere overwhelmingly evident,is:collective enthusiasm. "Quand je suis venu ici de Pologne, j'étais sûr que les ouvriers russes travaillaient par obligation. Maintenant je said que ce n'est pas vrai;et je vous jure que la seule force qui les fait travailler est celle de la propagande"—and,almost slyly—"Vous écrivez vous même:alors,vous comprenez la puissance de la parole"

explicit

Over and over again,during those hours(motifs whereof I hopelessly have hoped to more or less record)find myself standing before A Portrait Of The Artist As A Young Man;watching a certain Jesuit father move heaven and earth to persuade a certain Stephen Daedalus that he,Stephen,is fit for the holy task. . .which Stephen(forever,but only after meditation)knows is not true:only knows because of something around(under throughout behind above)him,or which is always the artist;his destiny. And although,when finally I escape—nearly ecstatic with talk—into the open air,cadaverous's eloquence unaccountably disintegrates,nevertheless my(breathing)self salutes Karl Santa Claus Marx,original if not only concocter of so invincible a thesis:and very thankfully,I marvel that such prophets as KM cannot be poets, that always they must depend upon mere reality,always must attempt a mere realization of themselves by others—

With what fatal consequences!for what could less resemble I wish that It is?less an alive actual tree than the "same" merely not dead tree,"successfully" which has been transplanted?less freedom than unfreedom,less dreaming than doing?. . .yet only the bravest fools have glimpsed that difference;with what eyes!

(now smell earth—no—it's parkless park:here and here shadows embrace;fondle:lovelessly).

For the immeasurable domain of The Verb is actually or imagining,which cannot ever be translated(and least of all resembles its reflection in a measurable system of nouns). For life is mercilessly not what anyone believes,and mercifully is life not what a hundred times a thousand times a million anyones believe they believe.

"May I" ask comrade deskman "be called tomorrow morning,please?"

"Certainly."

"May I order tomorrow's breakfast now?"

"Of course."

"Not merely,as you see,is my Russian feeble;but telephones terrify—"

"You can say French 'bureau' " he suggests mildly "then eat"

—Virgil,Virgil;why didst thou not tip me off? Here was I,timid,trusting to thy linguistics(whenever we both didn't trust to comrade better's)for eggs and for coffee and for toast;yea,verily,and for marmalade

"I may forget" the deskman comrade grins. "I will try not forget" he smiles

"goodnight"

Elsewhereishly "goodnight."

. . .O but this my roomless(with its speck of small far high view)room is welcome! (Almost I can receive possibly myself,here;almost can feel,invent;dream:possibly almost begin)—

12:30
stroll miles,buying a box of speechkih at 2 kopeks from an old man standing asleep beside a young man lying asleep

Sat. 30th mai

"What are you going to do?"

"Why,I was going to write"

"go with Mr. Cummings and help him out—he might not be" suggests that bourgeois mercifully "able to read the blanks"

"so" Queen Maryish. ". . .I don't mind"

("I think she does")I said at Nat,to Turk

"no-uh—" supershrug. Languidly embracing a large cylindrical limpness "well?"

"allow me"(K)"if you please"

Nat allowed. "I shall come-back" grimly

"there's a good comrade" twinkles the Assyrian

"may I ask"(shifting limp cylinder to his other armpit) my "where we're going?" self begs

airily whereupon she "to the drycleaners" answered,every inch a queen.

2:

comrades;

move,

a shop.

Yes;a real shop,tended by a really shopfaced(respectfully delighted)nonman,who welcomes Nat;burden:me. Various in all stages of disintegration stuffs lie,lean,lurch,where,there, everywhere . . . Begins Russianing. 15(with devious,with intimate,protests—with rages,explanations crammed)minutes. Meanwhile the cylinder becomes a quilt. Stolidly meanwhile standing—listlessly watching the now cordial the now furious protagonists—1 tiny tovarich. Whose dead right hand milks a dirty sofapillow. . . . Solemnly

"come"
& burdenless 2 comrades reenter sunlight

"this way" ½ directs dreamily
"when will it be ready" inquire
"which?"
"the quilt." Pause
("queel-tuh")she murmurs "that is the name in English? yes?"
and on and
"will you be able to get it soon?" I ask
"O yes"
. . . sunlight(over decaying streets,lazily over decaying comrades,over deadnoise)drooled
"how" K "soon?" ventures
(& regal she ½turned to his a perfectly expressionless mask)"in August"

. . . threatens us 1 immense ocherpillared mansion. Us swallowing,becomes many and littered—now echoing to clumpthumping smileless tovariches—corridors now into wearily which breathe unrooms nasty with fearhush. Queenly (1 particular fh finding)she enters;knavely I follow. Demandings. Officially gruesome slips of paper . . . Now (seated at chewed table,comrade K beside her)Nat toils. Nat's among nastiness pale voice lifts
"it says:when do you come here?"
& K consults this by-upsidedownoutinside-jottings-en(crazily)crusted notebookless. And facts disen(from smell feel taste look sound)tangle how painingly
"come."
At the not-shut portal of a roomless-within-unroom now 2 (bearing more even than before gruesomely official)comrades (slips of)wait
—now we enter. Approach sitting twain:a man,tarnished;

a nonman,worn. Nat,proud-erect,Russianizes quietly . . . To tiredly worn upglancing at me;to nervously tarnished downscowling on slips of

why did you come here alone(rasps tarnished. Nat translates)

for no good reason that I know of(and he gave me 1 mighty dirty glare. Then)why are you not with tourist-bureau?

because with tourist-bureau one generally finds the most objectionable type of being—

what do you mean,objectionable?

a great many things;such as something which the comrade would probably call bourgeois(Nat,translating:he says he means bourgeois)

but you would be with Americans

please:I'd rather be with Russians

(dirty glare number dvah)you do not like Americans? (almost can feel myself eyed by La Ferté's commission)

I like people(here the worn really smiles)

but not bourgeois people

how(angry)on earth could I possibly like bourgeois people?

(surprised)why not?

I'm a painter and a writer(softly enter dark bozo)

are you a member of the communist party?

"byezpar-teenee"(and smashed and dogs and a stove)

"potcheh-moo?"

"ask him" I tell Nat,laughing "why he isn't a painter and a writer?"

(she,blushing):he says he is an artist

(frown)have you seen anything while you've been here?

yes

how were you impressed?

I was confused

what did you like(frowning)most

probably the theatre
ah—so you came to Moscow to study our theatre?
("must I" helplessly ask Nat "have a purpose?"
"pair-haps" she unanswers coldly).
"Da" I say
. . . heroless can stop at Kiev if and(why are you going to Kiev?)only if he's out before the 10th. From us thanks and bows . . . At another not-shut portal of another room-less-within-unroom,23(count 'em)roubles depart. Bows and thanks from us

& when I hit aria,when I(not fearhush but merely deadnoise) again feel and am,find myself grazing a peculiarly emptied parkless,peculiarly little kino-theatre,peculiarly less little nonkino—burgeoining,both,fresh new much harsh paint. & among green trees bulge redcloth slabs:having or not some connection with
"here they give Rose Marie"
(that universal language!)"not really!" K exclaims(really seeming to recall how Paris was reeking with Rose Marie when he)
chin soaring "I am tired of it" Nat spake.
The sun dissolves. (Grey came over unworld.
But not cool)
"so:it's going to rain." The palely heavengazing Queen intones
"yes" peesahtel avers "mother nature is sorry to see me desert mother Russia—"
Nat flashed 2 ½s—"O!Americans are So egoTistical!"
"correct" agree cheerfully
"I"(stiffly)"have worked for Ameri-cans for years. But I nev-air fall in love with one" her royal boasts
"potcheh-moo?"
pause.

"I used" vaguely "to know"—exmentor of all things! "He was very kind to me"

pause

"but then"(almost)"he must have for-gotten me"(softly. pause).

"Are you happy here,Nat?"

looking "hap-py?" and(greyly)away "well. . .I'm spoiled" ½smile "I live at home,with my pa-rents." Solemnly "Too Much Love"

"that's the whole trouble with America" brightly said the perspiring K comrade

"what"

"Too Much" brightly "Love. That's what makes all the damned difficulties"

staring,dubious

"much better" brightly "to be hated"

—starting:nodding "Yes!" &(to herselfless)"that's right."

The brightly comrade sweating hoodoznik and the regal palely comrade translatrix not quite reach a certain doctor Chinesey comrade's when

"Who married YOU?" she smacked(YOU as in ape;possibly as in idiot)

"see?"

pointing. To a photograph—not a likeness,not an unlikeness. Nor abstract nor anecdotal. Not that Woman(not that Man)chez doll;chez unhe,that Tovarich suicide. (Remember?(crunched into alert)breathless a. . .troll:snarls "wunMo-Ment"—who labours underground;but whom occasionally I drag into le soleil,but who verysmilingly returns).

"Ohhh" Nat breathes

"feel" and "suddenly" are words. "Epic" is word. This on "my" table image—the buoyant,the firm—renders,impos-

sibly and only gives:Word(in beginning was;shall be in ending). . . .Human,the Word.

A face.

Head. . .

Rising—not(the invisible skull afloat upon the invisible column)from shoulders but from itself. A-3rd dark. Eyes. Capable perhaps of wonder?merely of bravery?

("what does she")Nat whispers("do?")looking("is she . . .an—actress?")

before our arrival,the ladyreporter of K's very favorite yellow journal telephones;the Nat queen(still awestruck,living in the dimension of Malkine's camera)ascends with me dreamily;dreamily essays in my behalf talktoy:succeeding, writes dreamily directions,streets,trams. . .all needless—for it so fell out that Assyrian's trustworthy American "social secretary" plans to drop in later this very afternoon;and she full well knows the yellow lady(in fact,tovarich,they're hand in glove)

"I" Turk now suggests "suggests that you permit my naturally honest pal to guide the unnaturally erring footsteps of peesahtel and of hoodoznik"

which suggestion both accept. With pleasure. Hastening now forth in search of

mail(nyet)

toys—and we shall come home with—

yestch. Spacelessly friend bozo has boxed them—a very fortunate procedure;considering that suitcase and knapsack together boast more unspace than even a 2nd class Paris-N coffin. Verily "mysterious" doesn't describe bozo's look,"occult" doesn't;neither does "arcane" when(climbing into my ear)he whispers

"I-want-you do-me a lit-tle fa-vor"

then—all around ourselves with horrifying care looking—
"look"
surreptitiously(guiltily)darkly sliding(toward comrade me) a billet doux. (Darkly)guiltily(surreptitiously)I turn billet over on billet's front(behold:tidy succession of English nouns,each accompanied by a number,e.g.

butter—2
sugar—4
cocoa—½
tea—1

wickedly I upraise inquiring eyes).
"Here"
villainously(passing from his right fist to my nerveless left hand a clump of roublerugs)he gasped. Nodded twice(gruesomely)
"twen-ty rou-ble"
"yes?"(I say)
"buy eight-een rou-ble some ko-pek"(hissing,at billet) "pay two bill to-gether."

Ah. . . .Now I understand! —I must visit the next alcove. For there's a counter at which(but only for valuta, that indispensable atrocity!)may be purchased reallyandtruly food. I must order so much,so many rouble's "worth" of, truly butter really sugar trulyandreally cocoa reallyandtruly tea;I must pay—with my truly own and really valuta—for same and simultaneously for my sundry gifts:then I must surreptitiously reestablish contact with bozo,guiltily confer upon bozo the valuta-bought groceries,darkly treasure 18 roubles plus some kopeks of the 20 roubles which bozo has villainously just given me. . . . All because only by such accumulation of infantile deceptions bozo will and bozo's family and perhaps bozo's friends really have something truly to eat—just for a change—in socialist soviet Russia. The worthless roubles,with which he's paying me for what he can't buy himself,our heroless may get rid of as best our

heroless may:18 roubles and some kopeks will(as I reckon) stake me to a few Marxian peevohs in soviet socialist Moscow or possibly even elsewhere

so,for the ist time in my life,I dabbled in high finance

(and bozo's lighting face!his almost tears;more than prayers;of gratitude. . .these no coin of any realm creates ever,ever destroys

street:a young nonman is selling forgetmenots.

Trustworthy was a "nice girl"(of 36 perhaps)with something static in her manner,in her eyes with something stopped;accuses promptly myself of not having made her acquaintance chez god(where trustworthy must have been a prettyish fluffily dressed ashblonde;now she's only herself And How). Trustworthy insists on paying her own way in the tramless.

We got off at Gogol's statue

walk(turn)turn(walk)turn

most should certainly never alone discovered have yellow's whereabouts—then 2 comrades climbed 3 flights of stairlesses:are then admitted by a genial oldful nonman to an,if you'll believe,actually colourful roomlet

yellow knows what yellow's wearing:this time it's chiefly 1 unsleeved blouse.

Announces that she's "adjusted"(methinks the lady doth). Follow anecdotes. . .our friend Sir Pickwick got in bad: suddenly told a large political gathering all about "me old friend Nic",who used to slap him(Pickwick)on the back and was "just like anybodyelse";whereupon all the good tovariches "looked down their noses" and "there was an hush". . . Exmentor,that "old woman", squealed on trustworthy to trustworthy's boss(the editor of a Moscow newspaper)ex-repeating,verbatim And How,a justified wise-

crack uttered to him(or her)by trustworthy in strict confidence. . . Etc.

toast has meanwhile appeared;also dates(which "came in the Zeppelin")also teacups and tea;also "cookies".

"It's mighty good to see colour" the mightily dateeating K exclaims,anent vivid here-and-here-placed landscapes

"why,Russians" said yellow "love colour! The only reason they wear dull dresses is that the dyes won't stay"

I said "I believe. And Russians also love textures. One evening my hostess and my host and myself were walking to a theatre;she wore a velvet eveningdress—"

("she certainly dresses,doesn't she" trustworthy muses)

"—and a tattered woman put out a long sharp hand:and, very worshipingly,touched;felt of,my hostess's robe. . .I haven't forgotten that toucher's smile"

"my father's arriving" yellow said,after a short pause "I'm worried"

"there are four censors" muses trustworthy "connected with my newspaper;and it's humanly impossible to please all of them"

"I'm afraid he won't understand the way I live" said yellow "you can't teach an old dog new tricks"

"once" trustworthy muses "something which I wrote was finally published. But nobody,including the censors,had the least idea what it was all about;because each of them had chopped it up to please himself."

"May I" I ask "ask you why you came here?"

"this is her second visit" yellow said

"yes" muses trustworthy "I came here originally because I believed in socialism." She added "then the system began to not matter;because I began to feel horribly homesick—never,never shall I forget the first time I crossed the border, going out of Russia! But everything in America seemed terrible;so I came back to. . .well,to recapture my lost illusions."

"Did you succeed?"

She smiled and shook her head "no. The other day I saw the American flag in a movie and I almost cried."

"They held an exhibition of paintings here not long ago" (yellow has suddenly relaxed)"and one of the pictures was a stilllife,representing a branch of an appletree—but what do you think the title was?'Apples in a Coalhose.' That's propaganda for you!"

("everything's a question of politics here" trustworthy muses)

"somebody else"(yellow's now quite at ease)"painted a picture of pigs. Well, that picture was barred from the exhibition. Guess why"

("not because it was badly painted" muses trustworthy)

"I should say not!" says yellow gaily. "That picture of pigs couldn't be shown because the pigs were dirty;and a picture of dirty pigs is demoralizing,because Mother Russia wants clean pigs"

("bigger better and" muses trustworthy "cleaner pigs")

"fortunately,however,a high official sustained the artist's plea"

"what" trustworthy inquires "was that?"

"the artist said that it was all a dreadful mistake" yellow said laughing. "He said that what he was trying to do was to prove how shameful and disgusting and vile and low and inefficient dirty pigs were. —No,really:and,believe it or not,the dirty pigs were accepted;along with his apology. I even saw them myself."

"How dirty were they?" K asks

"I'd give them E minus on dirt" she said. "Why,they weren't dirty. They simply hadn't washed behind their ears"

"were they" asks K "pigs?"

"nn-nn" she said "just trying to be"

("add probably not trying very hard,at that" trustworthy muses)

"are they very different" I wonder "—Russian and American pigs?"

"very"(end of yellow's 2nd phase)"here's an American pig" angrily pushing at me large clipping from favorite. A—smeared in clipping's midst—bumptiously tailoured physiognomy. . .cruel as only she who has exchanged being for having can be cruel;hard without firmness;unhonest;older than old. . ."read that." All about(not Russia)a mirror. In which cruel,in which hating,saw her own death reflected livingly. All about a surface impenetrable,or on which always occurred her own projected Without and Un- and Than. . . .The shocking immorality. . .I saved my husband's life, I got him something to eat. . . —"That's" sullenly yellow "My censor trouble. Imagine trying to write for a sheet which prints Her stuff!"

"You're no worse off than I am" quietly remarks trustworthy. "My censors even cut part of my translation of a Litvinov speech"

"but at least" desperate "you have the satisfaction of dealing with intelligence,whereas I'm up against stupidity!"

trustworthy shrugged "intolerance isn't intelligence. To be intolerant is stupid. I'm up against stupidity as much as you are—just a different sort of stupidity;that's all."

"a better sort than mine!" yellow flared sourly

"a far less excusable sort than yours" trustworthy rather gently said.

"How do you"(yellow whirls on)"feel"(K)"about this?"

"as I feel about thinking" who answers

"about thinking?—how do you feel about thinking?"

"it's a" peesahtel hoodoznikally feels "little like swimming in a straightjacket and a lot like making love through a telescope"

. . .on the tram back,trustworthy allows me to pay her fare.

Whom should for dinner magnanimous Harem have invited
but Darksmoothlyestishful(and Her husband
"more detective-work?" suspicioning I suggest
"we'll see. . ."
& what a dinner)
—they arrive late.

She looked like the tovarich devil:perhaps he even beat her up after that party?anyhow she is scared beyond belief of every one or-thing,she's most commonly and much too-clothed;she suffers(And How she suffers)from that ultimate despair of the spirit which even an impurely an unsimply prodigious headcold cannot quite symbolize

nor all Assyrian's gentleness nor Harem's gloating tact nor comrade Kem-min-kz's comraderie could rout that 1time sprightly eyeful from its nowish agonies of behavedness. That formerly eyeful but who(emptily eyelessly)cringes at each glance(at the glance marital,who imitates 1 now undead fly subsiding into glue)O marriage!

(. . .her father was killed by the bolsheviks. . .)

facefacefaceface
hand-
fin-
claw
foot-
hoof

(tovarich)
es to number of numberlessness(un
-smiling)
with dirt's dirt dirty dirtier with others' dirt with dirt of themselves dirtiest waitstand dirtily never smile shufflebudge dirty pausehalt
Smilingless.
Some from nowhere(faces of nothing)others

out of somewhere(somethingshaped hands)these knew ignorance(hugest feet and believing)those were friendless (stooping in their deathskins)all—

numberlessly
—eachotherish
facefacefaceface
facefaceface
faceface
Face
:all(of whom-which move-do-not-move numberlessly)Toward
the
Tomb
Crypt
Shrine
Grave.
The grave.
Toward the grave.

All toward the grave)of himself of herself(all toward the grave of themselves)all toward the grave of Self.

Move(with dirt's dirt dirty)unmoving move un(some from nowhere)moving move unmoving(eachotherish)

:face
Our-not-their
faceface;
Our-not-her
,facefaceface
Our-not-his
—toward
Vladimir our life! Ulianov our sweetness! Lenin our hope!
all—
(hand-
fin-
claw
foot-

hoof
tovarich)
es:to number of numberlessness;un
-smiling
all toward Un- moveunmore,all toward Our haltpause;all toward All budgeshuffle:all toward Toward standwait. Isn'-tish.

The dark human All warped(the Un-)toward and—face-facefaceface—past Arabian Nights and disappearing. . . numberlessness;or may possibly there exist an invisible,a final,face;moveunmovingly which after several forevers will arrive to(hushed)look upon its maker Lenin?

"pahjahlstah"—voice?belonging to comrade K. Said to a most tough cop. Beside shufflebudging end of beginninglessness,before the Tomb Of Tombs,standunstanding.

(Voice?continues)I,American correspondent. . .

(the toughest cop spun:upon all of and over smallest me staring all 1 awful moment—salutes! And very gently shoves)let the skies snow dolphins—nothing shall confound us now!(into smilelessly the entering beginning of endlessness:

—between these 2 exhausted its:a
bearded,and a merely
unshaven)now who emotionlessly displace themselves. Obediently and now we form a dumb me-sandwich. & now which,moves

3 comrades move;comrade before me(comrade I)comrade behind me. . .un-. . .and move. . .and un-. . .and always (behind comrade behind me)num-ber-less-ness

(at either side of the Portal:rigidity. Armed soldier attentioning)

—stink;warm poresbowels,millionary of man-the-unanimal putrescence. Floods up from dark. Suffocatingly envelopes 3 now(unmovemoving past that attentioning twain each

(& whose eyelids moveunmove)other facing rigidities)comrades

as when a man inhabits,for stars and moons,freely himself (breathing always round air;living deeply the colour of darkness and utterly enjoying the sound of the great sun; tasting very slowly a proud silence of mountains;touched by, touching,what never to be comprehended miracles;conversing with trees fearlessly and fire and rain and all creatures and each strong faithful thing)as when the man comes to a where tremulous with despair and a when luminous with dissolution—into all fearfulness comes,out of omnipotence—as when he enters a city(and solemnly his soul descends: every wish covers its beauty in tomorrow)so I descended and so I disguised myself;so(toward death's deification moving)I did not move

bearded's cap slumps off. Mine. Beardless's

. . .now,Stone;polished(Now)darklyness. . .

—leftturning:

Down

(the old skull floating(the old ghost shuffling)just-in-front-of-me in-stink-and-glimmer &

from)whom,now:forth creeps,hom(ething,timi)dly. . .a Feeling tenta-

cle cau,tiously &,which,softly touchtry-ing fear,ful,ly how the polished the slippery black,the—is it real?—(da)amazedly & withdraws;diminishes;wilt

-ing(rightturn)

as we enter The Place,I look up:over(all) us a polished slab reflecting upside(com(moveunmoving) rades)down. Now;a. Pit:here. . .yes—sh!

under a prismshaped transparency

lying(tovarich-to-the-waist

forcelessly shut rightclaw

leftfin unshut limply

& a small-not-intense head & a face-without-wrinkles & a reddish beard).

(1 appearing quickly uniform shoves our singleness into 2s)yanks bearded to the inside pushes to the outside me . . .& as un(around the(the prism pit)movingly comrades the move

(within a neckhigh wall

in a groove which surrounds the prism)

stands,at the prism's neuter pole,a human being(alive, silent)with a real rifle:

—comrades revolve. Wheel we. Now I am somehow(for a moment)on the inside;alone—

growls. Another soldier. Rightturning us. Who leave The Place(whose walls irregularly are splotched with red frieze) leave the dumb saccharine porebowel ripeness of stink. . . we climb & climbing we

're out.

Certainly it was not made of flesh. And I have seen so many waxworks which were actual(some ludicrous more horrible most both)so many images whose very unaliveness could liberate Is,invent Being(or what equally disdains life and unlife)—I have seen so very many better gods or stranger,many mightier deeper puppets;everywhere and elsewhere and perhaps in American and(for instance)in Coney Island. . .

now(breathing air,Air,AIR)decide that this how silly un-king of Un-,this how trivial idol throned in stink,equals just another little moral lesson. Probably this trivial does not liberate,does not invent,because this silly teaches;because probably this little must not thrill and must not lull and merely must say—

I Am Mortal. So Are You. Hello

. . .another futile aspect of "materialistic dialectic". . . merely again(again false noun,another fake "reality")the

strict immeasurable Verb neglected,the illimitable keen Dream denied

what crispedged flatness does a dexter comrade-hand meet in a sinister comrade-trouserpocket's darkness? 1 ticket(given by Turk as I fled toward another darkness,a different tomb). Blonde and mari,Turkess and Assyrian,are visiting a "musichall" near Something's theatre. I'm due to join them there(comrade Lenin permitting

and comrade Lenin—hearing the wholly miraculous words "American correspondent"—permits)

the lush with lounging comrades foyer recalls Shaving Hour in a pullman. Somewhat confrère and wholly that bourgeois emerge from a corner near a telephonebooth and

blandly "our poor sick" Harem said without batting an eyelash "guest came here with us;but when we found that the show began at eight-thirty(instead of at seven-thirty as we'd all thought)she went home with her nice husband"

"who'll return. And what" Assyrian "to do with one extra seat?. . .I'll try"(flowerbuyer

ten minutelesses)

"he answers nyet." —Comrade(addressing a shrivelled stranger with a huge gorillaface)here

it's too expensive(snortgrunts the gorillaface. Mucho cautiously,nay suspiciously,having surveyed 1 extra ticket)

where do you work?(Turk asks)

(shrugging)I don't

well(that bourgeois more than shrugs)here's the seat—(& 3 comrades invade the pleasantest theatre have yet beheld; leaving 1 comrade dazedly studying a crispedged flatness. Almost immediately enter mari:sits next myself;agreeable and halitosis. So has the(infinitely wretched and absolutely dragging)show. . .weary "gypsy" dancers, through split skirts waving most unlike legs legs,spiritless "gypsy" song-

sters and -stresses bellowing semioperatic atrocities—I recognize, with unglee,a pair of god's entertainers. . .next,an educational program of(apparently not for me alone)unmitigated dullness(even the whole audience protests rather feebly after 2nd entreacte)during which Assyrian disappears to 'phone hole-in-the-forehead and Turkess draws out hal

he's a busy man,hal is. Installing a new(to Russia)automatic railroad signal system. Which is much needed,it seems. For the cheerful Russians decided to replace wornout materials such as cables with other such as cables made by themselves. Result:an intricate ruination of the whole shebang. What do you know—out of every 50 chances to make a mistake,those greedy tovariches took advantage of 4(versus 1 mistake out of 10,000 chances in America). Hal stresses the point that foreigners who are called in to take charge of enterprises find themselves sooner or later helpless before communist doctrine:and they can't ask why such and such workers aren't paid more;and over all "experts" are "bee-essers" who hand out "bee-ess" ad lib,no matter what happens;and statistics,in this extraordinary country,have become a fetish

"you know how it is here" he sighs "they believe that if a four-cylinder automobile is running on two,it's fifty percent efficient."

"I actually" Turkess "had a communist say to me:we're turning out so many(I can't remember the number)tractors; what if they don't run?we're turning them out!"

"slightly to change the subject,why" K asks "did we have the leg stuff first tonight and then the enlightenment business? Was the latter supposed to make us forget the former?"

"my no" cried hal "a few legs don't mean anything to this bunch. Have you seen naked bathing?"

"no"

"you ought to look around" said hal

(who himself has not;I discover that he's merely heard—

from certain of his Russian associates—about places where men and women disport in the alto-,separated only by 2 yards of sand "and a rope";and a woman will take off everything and will cover her face with a piece of paper and will enjoy a nice quiet sunbath). We glide to marriage

"they've got that all sewed up" blonde's mari affirms "of course,it's not perfect—(nothing is)" he added darkly "but most of the husbands who find themselves divorced feel, well,relieved. . . . I know" dreamily "of a girl who divorced a man and married again;the second man moved right in—as her husband—and shared her room with the first"

"no news" appearing Turk murmurs. "Poor,poor world" . . ."why,do you realize"(I'm dangerously leaning on the pedestal of Lenin's huge black bust,which looks dangerously like Lenin's little pale doll. . .across this corridor dangerously looms comrade Stalin's effigy,the first I've seen—Assyrian and Harem are ½ listening to allhetup hal, ½ watching 3 uniformed ghosts who simply can't seem to leave our entrancing vicinity)"do you realize"(hal raves) "that there isn't one Russian engineer with more than what you and I would call a highschool education?look:suppose I, an expert,tell them This is the way this has gotta be done . . .know what they do?they go into a conference. Well now,why shouldn't we do it another way:that's how they talk. It does no good to tell 'em Say listen,I'm not just trying to gratify a personal whim,I'm talking from the experience of alotta wise people who taught me—d'y'suppose they'd believe that?huh?HUH?"

the haunting trio approached gradually. Less gradually the Turk soothed hal into silence. . .

now we're all going

"I've seen nothing native" says K "to compare with your charming lady"

"no" agrees halitosis gloomily

"who is Polish?"

he nods
"where are all these raving Russian beauties one hears about?I don't believe they exist"
"Sure they do. But they're Asiatic." He shrugged "the Poles are more refined. . .you know,more European"
"do you think she'll like America?"
"first she's going to Cambridge Ohio to meet" his voice squirmed "my folks. I tell her" he scowled "in America everyone will be flirting with her on the street. And" darkly gloomily shrugging squirming tragically scowling "she'll marry a millionaire!"

& momentously
"I've come to a truly"
pouring
truly Scotch "momentous conclusion—this land is run by two
classes:
by exjailbirds and by
shyster
politicians" Assyrian affirms.
("Strange") he said suddenly ("I'm only happy in three ways:when I'm drunk,when I'm effing,when I'm working")

E. E. Cummings

TWO POEMS

VELOX AMOENUM

hic in reducta valle Caniculae
vitabis aestus . . .

THE morning changes in the sun
As though the hush were insecure,
And love that piteously begun
Could never in the noon endure,

The noon of unachieved intent,
Grown hazy with unshadowed light,
Where changing is subservient
To hope no longer nor delight.

Now none alive will stir for hours,
Compassion will leave love unsaid,
While through the window masked with flowers
A lone wasp staggers from the dead.

Watch now, bereft of coming days
The wasp in the darkened chamber fly,
Whirring ever in an airy maze,
Lost in the light he entered by.

THE WANDERING SCHOLAR'S PRAYER TO ST. CATHERINE OF EGYPT

PAST ruined cities down the grass,
Past wayside smokers in the shade,
Clicking their heels, the fruit cars pass
Old crossings where the night is stayed.

Curved on the racking wheels' retreat,
Sweet Catherine! rise from time to come;
Number in pain the fruit car fleet,
And throw confusion in the sum.

The vagrants smoke in solitude,
Sick of the spittle without cough;
Not unabsolved do they grow rude,
Dying with Swift in idiot froth.

From revery, sweet saint, forfend
The ravelled faces of the park!
When questing cars at twilight's end
Cozen the eyes with chilling dark

And ashen embers drift, they write
More idly than the unlearned sun
Wheeling loud silence through the night
As headlamps where the twin rails run.

J. V. CUNNINGHAM

THE CAPTIVE

We were up long before daybreak and were loading the horses at first dawn-streak. Even then Tom was a mind not to go.

"This ginseng it don't have to get to the station," he said, "and as for the money it'll bring we can git along without that."

"We've been without salt for three weeks now," I told him.

"Thar's worse things than doing without salt," Tom said.

I knowed if he got to studying about it he wouldn't go and I was bound he should make the trip, Indians or no Indians. I slapped the lead horse on the rump. "G' long," I said, "I'd as soon be scalped now and have done with it as keep on thinking about it all the time."

Tom rode off without saying anything more and I went on in the house and set about my morning work. The children was all stirring by that time. Joe, he felt mighty big to be the only man on the place and he was telling 'em what He'd do if any Indians was to come.

"You better hush that up," I says. "Can't you git your mind off them Indians a minute?"

All that morning, though, I was thinking about what Tom had said and wishing he hadn't had to go. Seems like I was riding with him most of the day.

"Now he's at West Fork, "I'd say to myself and then after I'd done some more chores, "He'll be about at the cross-roads now or maybe Sayler's tavern." I knowed, though, it warn't much use to be following him that way in my mind. It'd be good dark before he could git home and my thinking about it wouldn't hurry him none.

It was around ten o'clock that I heard the first owl hooting. Over on the mountain it seemed like. Joe was in the yard feeding the chickens and he stopped stock still when he heard it and throwed back his head.

"You hear that, Mammy?" he said.

I knowed then thar must be something wrong with the call, or a boy like Joe wouldn't have noticed it.

I spoke up sharp, though. "I heard it," I says, "and I could hear a heap of other things ef'n I had time to stand around with my years open. How long you reckon it's going to take you to git them chickens fed?"

We both went on about our business without more talk, but all the time I was saying to myself that ef'n I could git through this day, git through this day and see Tom Wiley riding in at the gate one more time I'd be content to bide without salt the rest of my natural life. I knowed it wouldn't do to let down before the children, though, and I kept 'em all busy doing one thing and another till dinner time. It began to rain while we was eating our dinner and it rained a long time. After it stopped raining the fog settled down, so thick you could hardly see your hand before you. And all the time the owls was calling. Calling back and forth from one mountain to the other. My littlest girl, Martha, got scared so I made all the children stay in the house and play by the fire whilst I started in on a piece of cloth I'd had in the loom a long time and never could seem to finish. Red it was with a stripe running through it. I aimed to make both the girls a dress out of that piece before the winter set in.

By that time the fog had risen as high as the top of the ridges and the whole house was swallowed up in it. The children kept teasing, saying it was good dark now and couldn't they have a candle.

"Yes," I said, "we here all by ourselves and you want to go lighting candles, so they can't help finding the house."

One of the gals got to crying. "Who's coming?" she said, "Mammy, who you think's coming?"

I seen then I'd got 'em stirred up and I'd have to settle 'em for seems like I couldn't stand to be worrying like I was and the children crying too. I give them all a lump of sugar around and got 'em started on a play-party. I made out I had the headache and if they was going to sing they'd have to sing low. Hog Drovers it was they was playing.

> Hog-drovers, hog-drovers, hog-drovers we air
> A-courtin' your darter so sweet and so fair,
> Kin we git lodgin' here, O here,
> Kin we git lodgin' here?

I got 'em started to frolicking and playing and then I went back to my work. But I couldn't git my mind off something a man said to me once when we was out hunting on the Hurricane, and I made him go right in on a bear without waiting for the other men folks to come up.

"You're brash, Jinny," he said, "you're brash and you always been lucky but one of these times you going to be too brash."

Sitting there listening to them owls calling and wondering how much longer it'd be before Tom got home, I got to thinking that maybe this was the time I was too brash. For I knowed well thar warn't another woman in the settlements would have undertook to stay on that place all day with nothing but a passel of children. Still I said to myself it's done now and thar ain't no undoing it. And the first think I know Tom will be back and tomorrow morning it'll

fair up, and I'll be thinking what a goose I was to get so scared over nothing.

The children was still singing.

> Oh, this is my darter that sets by my lap
> No pig-stealin' drover kin git her from pap,
> You can't git lodgin' here, O here
> You can't git lodgin' here.

I got up and looked out the window. Seemed to me the fog was lifting a little. A man was coming up the path. I knew it was a white man by the walk, but I didn't know it was John Borders till he stepped up on the porch.

The first thing he asked was where was Tom.

"Gone to the station with a load of ginseng," I told him. "I'm looking for him back now any minute."

He stood there looking off towards the mountain. "How long them owls been calling?" he asked.

"Off and on all evening," I said, "but owls 'll hoot, dark days like this."

"Yes," he said, "and some owls'll holler like wolves and gobble like turkeys and ever' other kind of varmint. Jinny, you better git them children and come over to our house. Ain't no telling when Tom'll be back."

Just then an owl hooted and another one answered him from somewhere on top of the ridge. We both listened hard. It sounded like a real owl calling to his mate, but I was good and scared by that time and I thought I'd best go over to the Borderses. It was my judgment, though, that thar warn't any hurry. Indians hardly ever come round before nightfall.

I told John that if he'd wait till I'd fastened up the stock I'd go back with him. He said that while I was doing that he'd walk out in the woods a little way. He'd been looking all day for some strayed sheep and hadn't found no trace of them, but he thought they might be herded up in that gulley by the spring. He went off down the path and I

fastened the front door and went out the back way. I didn't fasten the back door but I kept my eye on it all the time I was worrying with the cattle. Joe, he was along helping me. The cow was standing there at the pen so I stopped and milked her while Joe went up in the triangle to look for the heifer. He found her all right and brought her up to the cow pen just as I finished milking. We fastened both cows up in the stable and Joe went over and saw that all the chickens was up and fastened the door on them. Then we started back to the house with the milk.

We were halfway up the path when we heard the Indians holler. We started for the house on a dead run. I could see Indians in the yard and one Indian was coming around to the house to the back door. I ran faster and slipped in the door ahead of him. Joe was right behind me. The room was so full of Indians that at first I couldn't see any of my children. The Indians was dancing around and hollering and hacking with their tomahawks. I heard one of the children screaming but I didn't know which one it was. An Indian caught me around the waist but I got away from him. I thought I have got to do something. I fell down on my knees and crawled around between the Indians' legs, they striking at me all the time, till I found Martha, my littlest one, in the corner of the loom. She was dead and I crawled on a little way and found Sadie. She was dead, too, with her skull split open. The baby was just sitting there holding on to the bar of the loom. I caught him in my bosom and helt him up to me tight, then I got to my feet. Joe was right behind me all the time and he stood up when I did. But an Indian come up and brained him with a tomahawk. I seen him go down and I knowed I couldn't git any more help from him. I couldn't think of anything to do so I worked my way over towards the door, but there was two or three Indians standing on the porch and I knowed there was no use running for it. I just stood there holding the baby while

the Indians pulled burning logs out of the fire on to the floor. When the blaze had sprung up they all come out on to the porch.

I made a break and got some way down the path but an Indian run after me and caught me. He stood there, holding me tight till the other Indians come up, then he laid his hand on my head and he touched the baby too. It seemed he was claiming me for his prisoner. He had rings on his arms and ankles and trinkets in his ears. I knew he was a chief and I thought he must be a Shawnee. I could understand some of what he said.

He was telling them they better hurry and git away before Tice Harman come home. Another Indian stepped up. I knew him. A Cherokee that come sometimes to the station. Mad Dog they called him. Tice Harman had killed his son. It come to me that they had been thinking all along that they was at Tice Harman's. I jerked my arm away from the Shawnee chief.

"You think you're burning Tice Harman's house," I said, "This ain't Tice Harman's house. It's Tom Wiley's. Tom Wiley. Tom Wiley never killed any Indians."

They looked at each other and I think they was feared. Feared because they had burned the wrong house, but feared too of Tice Harman. Mad Dog said something and laid his hand on his tomahawk but the old chief shook his head and took hold of my arm again. He spoke, too, but so fast I couldn't tell what he was saying. The Cherokee looked mad but he turned around after a minute and called to the other Indians and they all left the house and started off through the woods. Mad Dog went first and half a dozen young Indians after him. The old chief and I came last. He had hold of my arm and was hurrying me along and all the time he kept talking, telling me that he had saved my life, that I was to go with him to his town to be a daughter to him to take the place of a daughter that had died.

I didn't take in much that he was saying. I kept looking back towards the burning house, thinking maybe they wasn't all dead before the Indians set fire to it. Finally I couldn't stand it no longer and I asked the old Shawnee. He pointed to one of the young Indians who was going up the ridge ahead of us. I seen something dangling from his belt and I looked away quick. I knowed it was the scalps of my children.

2

We went up over the ridge and then struck north through the woods. I didn't take much notice of where we was going. I had all I could do to keep Dinny quiet—he warn't but ten months old. I let him suck all the way but it didn't do much good. We went so fast it'd jolt out of his mouth and he'd cry louder than ever. The Shawnee would grab my arm and say the other Indians would kill him sure if he kept that up. Finally I got his head down inside the waist of my dress and I helt him up against me so tight he couldn't cry and then I was scared he'd smother, but the Shawnee wouldn't let me stop to find out.

We went on, up one valley and down another, till finally we come out on level land at the foot of a mountain. The old chief made me go first, right up the mountain side. It was worse there than it was in the woods. The laurel and the ivy was so thick that sometimes he'd have to reach ahead of me and break a way through. My arms got numb and wouldn't hold the baby up. It was lucky for me I was crawling up a mountain. I would put him up ahead of me and then crawl to him and in this way my arms would get a little ease of the burden. The old chief didn't like this, though, and ever' time it happened he'd slap me and tell me to go faster, go faster or they would surely kill the baby.

We got to the top of the mountain, somehow, and started

down. My legs were hurting me now worse than my arms. It was going so straight down the mountainside. The back of my legs got stiff and would jerk me up every time I set my foot down, what they call stifled in a horse. I got on, somehow, though, all through that night and for most of the next day. It was near sundown when we stopped, in a rockhouse* at the head of a creek. The Indians must have thought they was too far for any white men to follow them. They made up a big fire and walked around it pretty careless. Two of the young Indians went off in the woods. I heard a shot and they come back dragging a little deer. They butchered it and sliced it down the middle, and slung the two haunches over the fire on forked sticks. The tenderer parts they broiled on rocks that they heated red hot in the coals. A young buck squatted down by the fire and kept the venison turning. Soon the smell of rich meat cooking rose up in the air. The juices begun dripping down into the blaze and I thought it was a shame for all that gravy to go to waste. I asked the Shawnee to lend me a little kittle he had and I hung it on a forked stick and caught the juices as they fell and then poured them back over the meat. When they turned brown and rich I caught the gravy in the little kittle and sopped my fingers in it and let the baby suck them.

The old chief, Crowmocker, smiled like he thought a lot of me. "White woman know," he said, "White woman teach Indian women. You make rum?"

I said I didn't know how to make rum, but there was plenty in the settlements and if he would take me back, take me just within a mile or two of the clearing I'd undertake to furnish him and his men with all the rum they could drink.

He laughed. "White people promise," he said, "You in your cabin you forget poor Indian."

* A rockhouse is not a cave but a place sheltered by an overhanging ledge of rock.

The Cherokee, Mad Dog, had been sitting there broiling the deer nose on a rock that he had got red hot in the flames. When it was brown he brought it over and gave it to me. Then he went back and sat down, sullen like, not saying anything. The fire shone on his black eyes and on his long beak of a nose. When he moved you could see the muscles moving, too, in his big chest and up and down his nekkid legs. An Indian woman would have thought him a fine looking man, tall and well formed in every way, but it frightened me to look at him. I was glad it was the old chief and not him that had taken me prisoner. I was glad, too, that the chief was old. I'd heard tell how particular the Indians was about things like that and I thought the old chief would likely do what he said and keep me for his daughter, but if it was Mad Dog he would have me for his wife.

I thought the meat never would get done but it finally did. The Indians give me a good sized piece off the haunch and I ate it all, except a little piece I put in Dinny's mouth. He spit it out but I kept putting it back till he got some good of it. Then I took him down to the creek and scooped up water in my hands for him. He'd been fretting because my milk was giving out but the water and the juice from the meat quieted him a little. After we'd both had all the water we could drink I went back up the hill and sat down on a log with Dinny laying across my knees. It felt good to have his weight off my arms but I was afraid to take my hands off him. I was feared one of them might come up and snatch him away from me any minute.

He laid there a while a-fretting and then he put his little hand up and felt my face.

"Sadie. . ." he said, "Sadie . . ."

Sadie was the oldest girl. She played with him a lot and fondled him. He'd go to her any time out of my arms.

I hugged him up close and sang him the song Sadie used

to get him to sleep by. "Lord Lovell, he stood at the castle gate," I sang and the tears a-running down my face.

"Hush, my pretty," I said, "hush. Sadie's gone, but Mammy's here. Mammy's here with baby."

He cried, though, for Sadie and wouldn't nothing I could do comfort him. He cried himself hoarse and then he'd keep opening his little mouth but wouldn't no sound come. I felt him and he was hot to the touch. I was feared he'd fret himself into a fever, but there wasn't nothing I could do. I helt his arms and legs to the blaze and got him as warm as I could and then I went off from the fire a little way and laid down with him in my arms.

The Indians kept putting fresh wood to the fire till it blazed up and lit the whole hollow. They squatted around it, talking. After a while half a dozen of them got up and went off in the woods. The light fell far out through the trees. I could see their nekkid legs moving between the black trunks. Some of them was dragging up down timber for the fire and some kept reaching up and tearing boughs off the trees. They come back trailing the green boughs behind them. Two or three other Indians come over and they all squatted down and begun stripping the leaves off the switches and binding them into hoops. An Indian took one of the scalps off his belt, Sadie's light hair, curling a little at the ends and specked now all over with blood. I watched it fall across the bough of maple. I watched till they began stretching the scalp on the hoop and then I shut my eyes.

After a while Crowmocker come over and tied me with some rawhide thongs that he took off his belt. He tied me up tight and it felt good to have the keen thongs cutting into me. I strained against them for a while and then I must have dropped off to sleep. I woke myself up hollering. I thought at first it was the Indians hollering and then I knew it was me. I tried to stop but I couldn't. It would start way down inside me and I would fight to hold it in

but before I knew it my mouth would be wide open and as soon as I'd loose one shriek another would start working its way up and there wasn't nothing I could do to hold it back. I was shaking, too, so hard that the baby rolled out of my arms and started crying.

The old chief got up from where he was sleeping and come over. He stood there looking down at me and then he lighted a torch and went off in the woods a little way. He brought some leaves back with him and he put them to boil in his little kittle. He made me drink some tea from the leaves and he gave the baby some too and after a while we both went off to sleep.

3

I woke with the old chief shaking me by the arm and telling me it was time to get up. I was still sort of light headed and for a minute I didn't know where I was. It was raining hard and so dark you couldn't tell whether it was good day. The Indians had built a fire up under the ledge and was broiling the rest of the venison. I laid there and I saw the light shine on their nekkid legs and the tomahawks hanging from their belts and I knew where I was and all that had happened.

The old chief untied the thongs and I stood up with Dinny in my arms. They gave me a little piece of venison and some parched corn. My lips was so swelled I couldn't chew but I swallowed the corn and I put the meat in my mouth and sucked it till it went away. I felt milk in my breasts and I was glad for the baby. I gave him his dinny but he wouldn't suck. He wouldn't hardly open his eyes. I thought that was from the tea the old Indian had given us and I was feared he'd got too much. He was still hot to the touch and I thought he might have got a fever from laying out all night in the rain. I tore off part of my top

skirt and I made a sort of sling that I put around my shoulders to carry him in and I made a cover, too, out of part of the cloth to keep the rain off his little face.

Soon as we had finished eating the Indians stomped out the fire and scattered the ashes so you couldn't have told there had ever been a camp there, and we started off through the woods.

We hadn't gone far before two of the young Indians left us. I thought they was most likely going back over the trail to watch if anybody was following us. I heard them saying that the folks at the settlement would be sure to send out a party. Some of the Indians thought it wouldn't do no good because the heavy rains had washed out the trail so nobody could find it. But Mad Dog said Tice Harman could follow any trail. I never knew before the Indians was so feared of Harman. They said he was the best hunter among the Long Knives, that he could go as far and stand as much as any Indian and that they would like for him to come and live with them and be one of their warriors. Mad Dog said now that the only thing was to go so fast and go so far that even Tice Harman couldn't come up with us. He said "O-hi-yo" several times and I judged they meant to make for one of the towns on the river.

It stopped raining after a while but it didn't do much good. It was level ground we was travelling over and the water was standing everywhere, so that half the time you was wading. I knew we was some place high up in the hills, but afterwards I couldn't have told what country I had passed over. I went with my head down most of the time, not seeing anything but the black trunks of the trees going by and the yellow leaves floating in the puddles. Beech woods we must have been in because the leaves was all yellow and little.

We went on like that all day, not stopping to eat anything except some parched corn that the old chief took out

of his bag and handed around to us still travelling. Late that evening we come to a water hole. One of the Indians shot a bear and we stopped and built a fire under a cliff. The Indians hadn't no more'n butchered the meat when two scouts come running into camp. They said that white men were following us, on horseback. The Indians all looked scared at this. Crowmocker stood there talking to Mad Dog about what we had best do. I went over and stood by them. Mad Dog said that they ought to kill the child and change the course, that they would have to go faster than ever now and I couldn't keep up, carrying the baby. Crowmocker showed him the sling I had made and said the baby wasn't no burden to me now. He said he had brought me this far and he was going to carry me on to his town to teach his women how to weave cloth like the dress I had on.

He told Mad Dog that and then he motioned to me and said "Go!" I started off, top speed, through the trees. Behind me I could hear the Indians stomping around in the leaves to cover up the signs of the fire. I went on as fast as I could, but every now and then an Indian would shoot past me. Pretty soon they was all ahead except the old chief.

We went down hill towards a hollow that had a little branch running through it. Mad Dog was in the lead, the other Indians right on his heels, jumping over down logs and bushes quick as cats. The old chief stayed by me and when I'd slow up getting over a log or fall down in the bushes he'd jerk me onto my feet again.

The branch was narrow but running deep with the rains. Mad Dog started wading down stream and the other Indians after him, single file. They hadn't slowed up much and the water splashed high. I could see their legs moving through the splashing water. The old chief by my side was breathing hard. I knowed he was winded but I thought he would wind quicker than the others. I thought I would keep moving as long as I saw the Indians' legs going on.

The Indian that was in front of me stepped in a hole up to his waist. When he come out of it he took two three steps and stood still. I knowed then that Mad Dog had stopped and I knowed he would be coming back down the line. I looked up but the sides of the gulley was too steep. I turned and ran back upstream fast as I could. I heard the breathing close behind me and I knowed it was the old chief and then there was a big splashing and I knowed Mad Dog was after me.

I left the water and ran sideways up the gulley. The breathing was closer now. I tried to run faster and I caught my foot in a root. They was on me as soon as I went down. Mad Dog grabbed me by both arms. Crowmocker got there a second after but Mad Dog already had hold of Dinny. I caught at his legs and tried to push them out from under him but he kicked me away. I got up and went at him again but he kicked me down. He kicked me again and then he went on up the side of the gulley till he come to a big tree and he held the baby by the feet and dashed his brains out.

I rolled over on my face and I laid there flat on the ground till the old chief come up. He pulled me to my feet and said we would have to run on fast, that the white men were following us on horses. I said no, I wouldn't go, I would stay there with my baby, but he and another Indian took me by the arms and drug me down the stream spite of all I could do.

We went on down the branch a good way. Towards dark we came out on the banks of a river. Water was standing halfway up the trunks of big trees. I saw the current, running fast and covered with black drift, and I didn't believe even an Indian could get across that raging river. But they didn't stop a minute. Crowmocker fell back and two young Indians took hold of my arms and carried me out into the water. The current caught us and swept us off our feet. I couldn't swim much on account of my clothes but the two

young Indians held on to my wrists and carried me on between them. The other Indians come right in after us. They held their guns up high over their heads and swum like boys treading water. I could see their heads bobbing all around me through the black drift and I couldn't see nothing to keep all of us from drowning. They managed to keep out of the drift somehow, though, and all the time they was working towards the other bank till finally we come out in dead water at the mouth of a creek. The Indians that was holding me up stopped swimming all of a sudden and I knowed then that we must have got across. It was so dark by that time that I couldn't see nothing hardly. I got out of the water as best I could and a little way up the creek bank. I fell down there 'mongst some willows. I saw the Indians come up out of the water shaking themselves like dogs and I saw them falling down all around me and then my eyes went shut.

4

The old chief woke me up at the first dawn streak. I heard him and I felt him shaking me but I didn't get up. As soon as I opened my eyes the pain in my feet started up. I touched one foot to the ground and it throbbed worse'n toothache. I knew I couldn't travel any that day and I didn't care. I turned over on my back and laid there looking up at the sky. It had cleared off during the night and the stars was shining. The sky was all a pale gray except for one long sulphur colored streak where day was getting ready to break. Behind me the Indians was looking to their guns and settling their tomahawks in their belts. I watched their heads and shoulders moving against that yellow light and I saw one of them take his tomahawk out and heft it and then try the blade with his finger. I thought that if I just kept on laying there that maybe he would be the one to finish me off and then I thought Mad Dog was quicker and would beat him to it.

The old chief was still shaking me. "Get up, Jinny. Day come."

"No," I said, "I ain't going to get up."

He took me by the shoulders and tried to pull me to my feet but I slimped back on the ground. I spoke to him in Shawnee.

"My feet bleed and I cannot travel. Let me die."

He leaned over and looked at my feet and then he called to one of the young Indians to bring him some white oak bark. When the bark come he boiled it over the fire and then he took the liquor from the bark and cooled it with more water and poured it over my feet.

The other Indians had finished scattering the fire and was starting out through the willows but Crowmocker just sat there pouring that stuff on my feet. I could feel the swelling going down and after a while I touched my foot to the ground. It didn't hurt nothing like it had, and I got up and we started off. He give me some parched corn and I ate it, walking. He said we would have to travel fast to catch up with the other Indians. I asked him if the white people was still following us and he laughed and said no white men could get across that river. I owned to myself that they couldn't and I didn't think any more about them coming after me. I thought the Indians would probably take me so far away that I'd never again see a white face.

We caught up with the other Indians towards dark. That night we slept in a canebrake by a little river. A buffalo was wallowing in the river as we come up. One of the Indians shot him. They butchered him there in the water and drug big slabs of the meat up the bank with ropes cut from the hide. We must have been in Indian country by this time. They didn't seem to think it made no difference how much noise they made. They made up a big fire to one side of the brake and they was half the night cooking the meat and

eating. I went to sleep under a tree with them singing and yelling all around me.

When I woke up the next morning they was having a council. They talked till the sun was high and then they split up into two parties. Mad Dog and three of the young bucks left us and swum across the river. The rest of us kept on up the bank. We travelled all that day through the cane and then we struck a divide and followed it into another valley. We had run out of everything to eat by this time except the strings of jerked meat that they all carried slung around their necks. We stayed two three days at a buffalo lick, hoping to kill some game but none came and we went on.

Most of the leaves was off the trees by this time and the nights was real cold. I knew it was some time in October that the Indians come and burned our house but I didn't know how long we'd been on the trail and I didn't have no idea what country we was in.

One morning we come out in some deep narrows just above where two creeks flowed together. A wild looking place with tumbling falls and big rocks laying around everywhere. I looked up at the cliffs over our heads and I couldn't believe my eyes. They was *painted*: deer and buffalo and turtles big as a man, painted in red and in black on the rock. Some of the young Indians acted like they had never been there before either. They would keep walking around looking at things and sometimes stand and stare at the pictures of wild beasts that was painted everywhere on the smooth rock.

The old chief took a way up the side of the cliffs, the rest of us following. The young Indians went up like deer but I had to pull myself up by the laurel and ivy that grew down in between the rocks. We walked along a narrow ledge and come to a rockhouse. It was the biggest rockhouse ever I seen, run all along one side of the cliff. The old chief uncovered an iron pot from where it was hid in a lot of trash

in one corner of the cave and showed me how to set it up on forked sticks. He said that I would have to do all the work around the camp from now on the way Indian women did and when the spring rains come and melted the snows he would take me to his town on the Tenassee and I would learn more about Indian ways and be adopted into the tribe in place of his dead daughter.

I thought if he took me there I would never get away and I had it in mind to make a break for it first chance I got. I got hold of two strings of jerked meat and I kept them tied around my waist so I'd be ready when the time came. I thought I would wait, though, and maybe I would find out how far it was to the settlements. I would lie there in my corner of the cave at night, making out I was asleep and listen to them talking around the fire. I heard them call the names of the creeks that flowed through that valley, Big Paint and Little Mudlick and further off was another creek, Big Mudlick where they went sometimes to hunt. The names was strange to me and I never could tell from their talk how far it was to the settlements or even which way to go. I had an idea that the place I was in was secret to the Indians, for it was a wonder to see and yet I had never heard any white body tell of it. I asked Crowmocker what the pictures of deer and buffalo and bear was for and he said they was the Indians' fathers and that I would learn about them when I was adopted into the tribe. Once he pointed some mounds out to me and said they was graves. He said that he and his people always stopped when they come this way to visit the graves of their fathers that was all over the valley.

A spell of fine weather come, late in the fall. Indian summer they call it. We looked out one day and bees was swarming on the cliffside. Crowmocker was mad when he saw them. He said it meant that the white people were coming, that when bees swarmed out of season they was running

away from the white people who had scared all the game out of the country and made it so that even bees couldn't live in it. I asked would the white people find their way into this valley and he said they couldn't, that it was a way known only to Indians, that if a white man ever set foot in it the great bear would come down off the wall and crush him in his paws. He said, though, that there would be fighting soon over all the land and a lot of bloodshed.

I knowed that was all foolishness about the bear, but I thought likely as not there would be fighting and I wanted to get away worse than ever. One morning I was down in the hollow by myself, gathering wood and I thought that was the time. Three of the Indians had gone off hunting and I knowed the others was laying up in the cave asleep. I didn't think anybody would be following me, for a while, anyhow. I started off, slipping from tree to tree and I got quite a ways up the hollow. I knowed wasn't nobody following me but I would keep looking back over my shoulder all the time. I got to thinking. I didn't have no way to kill no game and nothing to eat but them two strings of jerked meat. I didn't even know how far I'd have to go before I came to any settlement. Worst of all I didn't even know which way to take. Likely as not I'd starve to death in the woods, or freeze if the weather turned. I'd better stay with the Indians, where at least I could sleep warm and eat, if it wasn't nothing but parched corn. I picked up my load of wood and I got back to camp quick as I could and didn't none of them ever know I'd been away.

I never tried it again, but sometimes I'd sit there on the edge of the cliff and pick out the way I'd take if I did go. There was a ridge covered with black pines rose up right in front of the rockhouse. I thought if I could once get up there I could get down into the valley easy. I hadn't never been over there but I knew what the country would be like. I saw myself slipping along through that divide, around

the foot of the mountain and over some more mountains till I'd come out on a clearing. I'd slip up to some cabin, towards dark. They'd think I was an Indian at first, maybe, and then they'd see my eyes was light and they'd take me in and keep me till I could get back to my own folks again.

We stayed in that rockhouse a long time. The leaves all fell off the trees and one or two light snows fell but the real cold weather was late coming. The Indians hunted just enough to keep us in meat. They said the pelts was thin that year and not worth taking. Sometimes they would take me along to bring in the game but mostly they left me to work by myself. When cold weather set in we built big fires in the cave and it was warm inside like a house. When the Indians wasn't hunting they would lie around on buffalo skins and sleep. The smoke was terrible and the smell of Indians was all over everything. At first it bothered me but after a while I got so I didn't notice it.

I wasn't in the cave much, even in bad weather. I had to gather all the firewood. The Indians didn't have no axe and I couldn't get nothing but dead branches. There wasn't much down timber on the cliff-side so I'd mostly go up over the cliffs when I was hunting wood. There was a barren there, flat as the palm of your hand and covered with a thin kind of grass. It had plenty of trees on it but they was all twisty and stunted by the wind. The only sizable tree was a big elm. It was peeled for thirty or forty feet and had a rattlesnake painted on it, a monster snake coiling up around the trunk. You could see that snake from everywhere on the barren. I was feared to look at it. The Indians seemed to think a lot of it. Sometimes they would go up there at night and I would hear them singing and dancing and calling to the snake.

Somewhere on that barren there was lead mines. The Indians never let me go to them but they would go off and stay two three hours and come back with big balls of lead.

They made me smelt it out for bullets. I had to have a mighty fire. It would take me days and days to get up enough wood. I would heap it up in a big pile and then I would kindle the fire and keep it going for hours. When the lead melted it ran down through little ditches into holes that I had dug to form the bullets. It would take the lead a long time to melt. Sometimes I would be up on the barren from sunup to sundown.

I would sit there and think about my husband and my children. I would wonder whether Tom went out in the woods hunting ginseng the way he used to do and was he still looking for me or had give me up for dead. When I thought of Tom the house would be there, too, not burning down the way it was last time I saw it, but standing with the rooms just the way they always was. I could see both rooms plain, even to the hole that was burnt in the floor when a big log fell out one night. The children would be playing in and out of the house like they did. It was like they was all living; it was only me that was gone away.

I would think back, too, over things that happened long before ever I was grown and married to Tom Wiley. There was a man named Rayburn stayed at the settlement one winter. Lance Rayburn. A big, strong man and a mighty hunter. We ate bear of his shooting all that fall. He was handy with snares, too, and took over a hundred beaver down in the bottom. He courted me some that winter, sitting in front of the fire after the old folks was in bed. I laughed and went on with him but Tom Wiley had just started a-courting me and all the time my mind was on him more'n it was on the stranger.

Come time for Rayburn to pack up his pelts to take to the station he saved one out for me. Beaver, and extra fine and soft. He give it to my sister, Sarah, and told her to hand it to me when I come to the house. She made one of the children bring it down to the creek where I was boiling

clothes. I laid it there on the grass and I would stop and look at it as I went back and forth with my clothes and sometimes I would wipe my hands dry and lay them on the soft fur for pleasure in the feel. But all the time I knowed I wasn't going to keep it. When Rayburn come towards me through the willows I went to meet him with the pelt in my hands.

"Keep this," I said, "and give it to some girl where you're going."

"Don't you want it?" he asked.

"I ain't taking nothing from you."

He stood there looking at me and all of a sudden his eyes narrowed up like a cat's. "You're full young to be marrying," he said.

"I ain't too young to know my own mind," I told him and before I thought I laughed.

He come towards me and before I knowed what he was up to he was on me and trying to bear me to the ground. He was a strong man but I was stout, too, and I stood up to him. We was rassling around in the bushes quite some while before he got me down and then he had to keep both his hands on my chest. I laid there right still, looking up at him.

"What you reckon my pappy'll say when I tell him about this?" I asked.

He laughed. "I ain't a-feared of no Sellards that ever walked," he said, "but that Tom Wiley ain't no manner of man for you," he said.

"You can talk against Tom Wiley and you can hold me here till Doomsday," I told him, "but it ain't going to do you no good. I ain't going to have none of you no matter what happens."

His face kind of changed. Looked like it hurt him to hear me say it. He got up off me right away and he picked the beaver pelt up from where it lay in the grass and he throwed it hard as he could into the creek.

"It'll git to my girl that way fast as any other," he said.

I watched the pelt floating down the water and on to a rock and then off again. When I turned around he was out of sight and he was gone when I got back to the house. He stayed at the station a while and then he went off in the mountains hunting bear and wasn't never heard of again. Some said he was killed by wild beasts. A rifle and a cap that they said was his'n was found up in the hills. The man that found the rifle kept it but they give the cap to the Borderses. Wouldn't nobody wear it and Sally hung it up in the dog alley. I used to look at it ever' time I passed and wonder whether it had ever been on Lance Rayburn's head and was he dead or still living. And sometimes I'd wonder how it'd been if I'd married him instead of Tom, but I knowed all the time I wouldn't never have married nobody but Tom because he was the one I fancied from the time I was a chap, living neighbor to the Wileys, back in the Roanoke country.

I thought about Lance Rayburn and I thought about a lot of other folks that had come to the settlement and stayed and then gone on and wouldn't anybody know whether they was living still or dead. And I thought about people dead long ago, my old granny back in Carolina, ninety-eight years old and turned simple. She'd sit in the chimney corner all day long singing, the likeliest tunes!

"Pa'tridge in the pea patch she'd sing and call me to her and fondle me, liking gals, she said, always better than boys.

"Pa'tridge in the pea patch
Pickin' up the peas
Long comes the bell cow
Kickin' up her heels . . ."

"Oh . . . h, the bell cow," she'd sing and catch me by my little shimmy tail. "O . . O . . hh, the bell cow . . ." and hist me up over the arm of her chair. "O . . O . . .hh,

the bell cow, kickin' up her heels. Call the little gal to milk her in the pail."

I used to call those songs to mind when I had to go down to the lick for salt. It was a place I didn't like to go. A deep hollow with three sulphur springs and a lick that covered nigh an acre of ground. The biggest lick ever I seen in my life. The way was white with the bones of beasts and in between the piled up bones the long furrows that the buffalo made licking the ground for salt. I would walk down those furrows to the spring and fill my bucket with the salty water and go back up the hill to where my kettle was slung between two little birches. Sitting there waiting for the water to boil I couldn't keep my eyes off the bones. I would take them up in my hand and turn them over and over, wondering what manner of beasts they had belonged to.

Once I made myself a little beast, laying all the bones out on some lacy moss, the front feet stiff like it was galloping off in the woods, the hind legs drawn up under him. A hare it might have been or a little fawn. Or maybe a beast that nobody ever heard of before.

They was beasts come to that lick one time or another not known to man. Bigger'n buffalo they must have been. One thigh bone, I mind, longer'n I was and twice as big around as two good sized men.

I thought of a man used to be around the station, Vard Wiley, second cousin to Tom. Folks said he was the biggest liar in the settlements. He would stay off in the woods hunting day after day and never bring in no game except maybe a brace of wild turkies. And he told tall tales about a lick bigger'n any lick around those parts where the beasts come up in tens of thousands. He would lay up in a tree all day and watch 'em he said and not take a shot for wonder. There was beasts used there he said ten times the size of buffalo. He offered to take anybody there and show them

the bones and when they asked him why he didn't bring them back to the settlement he said couldn't no man carry them, nor no two horses.

Folks laughed at him and the children round the settlement used to sing a song:

"Vard Wiley's gone west, Vard Wiley's gone east,
A-huntin' the woods for a monster beast.

He'll make him a tent out of the wild beast's hide
And all the king's horses can stable inside.

He'll make him a wagon out of solid bone
And it'll take ten oxen to draw it home."

I called that song to mind and I thought how if I ever saw Vard Wiley again I'd go up to him and say I knew him to be a truth teller and all the people would laugh at me maybe, the way they did Vard Wiley but all the time I would be knowing it was the truth.

I thought, too, of other tales he told and of jokes he played. Of the time he borrowed my dress and sunbonnet and shawl and went and sat on the creek bank when the schoolmaster was in swimming. He sat there all evening with the sunbonnet hiding his face and old Mister Daugherty shaking his fist at him. "You hussy! You brazen hussy! Don't you know I'm nekkid?" and finally when he come up out of the water nekkid as the day he was born Vard took out after him and run him clean to the house. Old Mister Daugherty went around saying they was a woman ought to be run out of the settlements and Vard would talk to him and make out it was me. But Old Man Daugherty knowed wouldn't none of Hezekiah Sellards' daughters be carrying on like that. He was bound it was a woman from Ab's Valley.

I would think about 'em sitting there and arguing about how the hussy ought to be run out of the settlements and I would laugh all by myself there in the woods. Throw back

my head and laugh and then feel silly when the woods give back the echo.

I done a lot of work while I was with the Indians. It was hard on me at first but I got used to it. It was better after Mad Dog left us. The old chief was like a father to me and the young ones knowed I belonged to him and didn't bother me none. I slept off by myself in a fur corner of the cave and he would wake me up at daybreak and tell me what there was to do that day. He took pains to show me how to flesh pelts and cure them and he showed me how to split a deer sinew for thread and how to make a whistle to call deer out of birch bark and sticks. And after I got so I could sew skins good he had me make him a pair of leggings and trim them with porcupine quills, porcupine quills colored with some roots he got out of the woods.

It bothered him the way I looked and he made me paint my face the way the Indians did. Fixed me up some of the red root mixed with bear's grease and after I'd been putting it on my face for a while you couldn't told me from an Indian woman, except for my light eyes.

He'd stay in the cave with me sometimes all day, his buffalo hide wrapped around him so tight that his knees was up against him like a chair. He'd sit there and rock back and forth on his heels and talk while I worked. Down in the hollow the young braves would be practising their war whoops. He would listen to them and laugh.

"Our young men give the war whoop loudly to cover up their fear of the enemy. It was not so when I was young. There was joy in the war whoop then."

He said he was a chief but he might have been something better. He might have been a medicine man. He had the gift of it from his grandmother. His own mother died when he was born, he said, and his old granny raised him. He told me about how she would take him into the woods with her looking for yarbs and roots and how she knew where

everything grew and which roots would be good to take and which had no strength in them. He said that after I was adopted into the tribe he would tell some of her secrets to me but the Spirit would be angry if a white woman knew them.

I asked him wouldn't I still be a white woman after I was adopted into the tribe but he said no, the white blood would go out of me and the Spirit would send Indian blood to take its place and then I would feel like an Indian and know all the Indian ways and maybe get to be a wise woman like his old granny.

He told me about his youngest daughter and how she come by her death, following what she thought was a fawn bleating. They found her days afterward, three enemy arrows in her. Her death had been paid for, with three scalps of warriors, and he would say that he didn't grieve over her but I knew he did. I got to feeling sorry for him sometimes to have lost his daughter that meant so much to him and then I would think how I had lost all my children and my husband and I would cry, dropping tears on the skin I was sewing.

I got so after a while that the Indian way of doing things seemed natural to me. I thought nothing of seeing dark faces around me all the time, but in the night sometimes I would dream of white faces. White faces coming towards me through the trees. Or sometimes I would be in a house again and look up all of a sudden and all the faces in the room would be white.

One white face was always coming to me in my dreams: Tice Harman, the man whose house the Indians thought they was burning the day they burned ours. I always thought that if anybody came to save me it would be Tice Harman. I could see him plain in my dreams. A little man, wouldn't weigh more'n a hundred and twenty pounds, but he had a big head. A big head and a big beak of a nose and

long yellow hair down to his shoulders. His eyes was blue and in my dreams they glittered like ice. I would dream about Tice Harman and when I waked I would think what I'd heard said of him, how he could go further and stand more than any man in the settlements and how he loved to fight Indians better'n eat when he was hungry. I would think, too, of how folks said he would bring trouble on the settlements shooting that Indian down when there warn't really no use in it, and I would think that since it was him that brought all my trouble on me maybe it would be him that would get me away from the Indians. But time went on and nobody came, and after a while I got so I didn't think much about it.

One evening I was gathering wood on the cliffside and I heard a lot of whooping and hollering down near the mouth of the creek. The Indians come out from where they was sleeping back in the cave and stood looking over the falls. A long whoop came and the old chief put his hands to his mouth and answered it. There was more whooping back and forth and then Mad Dog came up the trail by the falls with about twenty Indians following him. They was painted for war and marched single file, all except the last six or eight. They was in pairs and in the middle of them a white man, walking with his hands tied behind him. A white man? A boy. Couldn't have been more'n eighteen years old.

I had to step out of the path to let them by. The dead branches rustled in my hands. The prisoner turned his head. He looked straight into my eyes. It was like he didn't know I was there. I spoke to him.

"I can't do nothing," I said, "I'm a white woman, but I can't do nothing. Christ!" I said, "there ain't nothing I can do."

He kept on looking at me but he didn't say nothing. They was hurrying him past. I dropped the branches and run

after them. Mad Dog called to one of the young bucks and he caught me and held me. I fought him but he held me till they had all gone up the path.

I went on to the rockhouse and kindled up the fire. After a while Mad Dog come down and told me to cook up some meat quick as I could. There would be singing and dancing he said; they would want meat all night long.

I looked at him. "A present," I said, "A present for Kag-ahye-liske's daughter. Give me this boy. He is not good for anything but to gather wood."

His eyes was fierce. "Boy?" he said. "He has this day killed my brother." Then he laughed and smoothed my hair. "Jinny," he said, "pretty Jinny."

I made out I had to see to the fire and walked away. I put some bear meat on to boil and I told him I would call him when it was done and he went on back up the path.

There was a moon coming. I sat there waiting for the meat to boil and watched it rise over the pines. Up on the barren the Indians was dragging up all the dead branches they could find into one pile. After a while I looked up over the rockhouse and saw the sky all light and I knew they had kindled the fire.

The stamping and yelling went on and every now and then a gun would go off. Then there was running around the tree. You could hear the feet pounding and the long calls. "Ai . . . yi. . . . Ai . . . yi. . . . Ai . . . yi . . ." One for each man that had died that day. And the sharp cry for the scalp taking. They would act it all out and the boy standing there watching. He was dazed, though; he wouldn't see it for what it was. He wouldn't know what they was doing, might not know what they was going to do. There on the path he looked at me and didn't know me for a white women. I ought to have found out his name and where he come from. I ought to have done that much. But he wouldn't have answered. And what good would it do his

folks . . . if I ever saw white folks again? Mad Dog's hand on my hair. "Pretty Jinny . . . pretty Jinny. . . ."

The flames shot up and lit the whole valley. The moon looked cold where it hung over the pines. I kept the fire up under the kittle but I couldn't sit still. I walked back and forth in the rockhouse, back and forth, back and forth, waiting for the shrieks to start.

They was a long time coming. I thought maybe it was already going on. Indians can stand there burning and not make a sound, and there have been white men that could. But this was just a boy . . .

The first shriek was long and then they come short and quick, one right after the other. I got over in a corner of the rockhouse and held on tight to a big rock. After a while I let go of the rock and put both fingers in my ears and then I was feared to take them out, thinking it might not be over yet. The Indians was still yelling and stamping. The young ones kept running down and grabbing up chunks of meat from the boiling pot and carrying them up to the barren. I could see the old chief's shadow where he stood on the edge of the cliff calling to the new moon.

When he came down to the rockhouse Mad Dog was with him. They stood there dipping meat up out of the kettle. Mad Dog talked.

"It is too much. For five hundred brooches I could buy a girl of the Wild-Cats, young and swift, a fine worker in beads. A girl like a moonbeam, daughter of a mighty warrior."

His eyes was black in the circles of paint. His tongue showed bright between his painted lips. The red lines ran from his forehead down the sides of his cheeks to make gouts of blood on his chin.

A devil. A devil come straight from hell to burn and murder. Three white men killed that day and the boy brought back to torture. It was him that killed them, him

that yelled loudest when the boy was burning. Him that set fire to my house and burned my children . . .

I saw him running through the woods, white men after him. I saw him fall, a dozen bullets in him. But he wouldn't be dead. He would lay there bleeding and look at me out of his painted eyes and I would go up and stomp on him, stomp him into the dirt . . .

My hands shook so I dropped the sticks I was carrying. I was up near enough now to hear all they was saying. Mad Dog was taking little silver brooches out of a buckskin bag. He poured them out in a pile on a rock and then counted them. The old chief stood there till he got through counting, then he swept them all up into a bag he took from around his neck.

"Brother," he said, "the woman is yours."

Mad Dog had left the fire and was coming towards me. I ran over and caught hold of the old chief's arm. I called him by his Indian name.

"Kag-ahyeliske, do not give me to this man. He has killed my children and burned my house."

He looked down at me and it was like he'd never seen me before. His face, not painted, was as cruel as the Cherokee's, the eyes bloodshot and the whole face swollen from the meat he had eaten.

"The war whoop drowns sorrow," he said. "This chief is my brother and a mighty warrior. He has this day killed three white men."

I hung on to his arm. "Keep me for one of the young men of your village," I said. "The Cherokee are old women. You have said so and you have promised. You have promised to take me with you wherever you go."

He shook my hands off. "A promise," he said, "to a white coward! Go to your work."

He turned around like he was going to leave the cave. I run after him and caught hold of his knees, but he broke

away. Mad Dog come and tied me up tight with thongs that he cut from buffalo hide, and then they both went on up to the barren where the other Indians was still screeching and stamping.

The screeching and stamping went on far into the night. The fire under the kittle went out and it was dark except for a little light from the moon. I laid there on the floor, listening to the Indians and thinking about how it would be when Mad Dog came down to take me for his wife. I laid there, expecting him to come any minute, but the singing and dancing went on and he didn't come and after a while I went to sleep.

5

The white boy that they had burned came to me while I was asleep. He came carrying a lamp that was made from the bleached skull of a sheep. The brain hollow was filled with buffalo fat and there was a wick in it burning bright. He came walking between the trees like he didn't have need to look where he was going. His hair was light like I had seen it when he passed me there on the path, but it was long, too, like Tice Harman's. His eyes were the same eyes that had looked at me there on the path.

I said to him what I had said there. "I couldn't do nothing," I said. "There wasn't nothing I could do."

He didn't speak, only made signs for me to follow him. I got up and walked after him. The rawhide thongs was still on me but they didn't bind any more and I moved as easy and as light as he did. He went down by the falls and clomb up over the hill to where the elm tree stood that had the big rattlesnake painted on it. He walked past the elm tree and struck out through the black pines that was all over that ridge. Sometimes he would go so fast that I couldn't keep up with him and then I would stand still and after a while I would see the light flickering through the

trees and I would go on to where he was waiting for me. We went on through the pine woods and started down the side of the ridge. I heard water running somewhere far down below. I thought that would be Mudlick creek but when I got to it it was a branch I'd never seen before. We crossed it and went on up a path through a clearing. There was little shrubs all around like the ones up on the barren and in the middle of them was a house. It was my house and yet it wasn't. White all over and the walls so thin you could see the light from the lamp shining through the logs.

People was walking around in the yard and sitting on the door step. They moved to let me go through the door, but they didn't speak to me and I didn't speak to them.

The men that was sitting in front of the fire playing draughts didn't even look up when I came in. I went over to the hearth and tried to dry out my clothes. I stood there holding out my hands but didn't no heat come. I looked at the logs and they was white like the timbers of the house and the same light came from them. I saw that the men playing didn't have no lamp and yet there was light all around them.

People kept walking in and out of the cabin, men and women and little children. I would go up to them and look in their faces but there wasn't nobody there I knew. I walked round and round the room. Every now and then the people would move out of the way and I would catch a sight of the walls. White, with patches of green on them. I put my hand up and felt one of the logs. It was round and cold to the touch. No log at all, but bleached bone. I knew then that all the house was bone, the floor and the walls and the chimney, even the table that the men was playing on, all made from the big bones down at the lick.

One of the men at the table stretched his arm out and pulled me over to him. He had on a beaver cap and his face under it was pale like he'd been in the woods a long time.

He looked at me and I saw it was Lance Rayburn. He sang, pulling me up over the arm of his chair:

"Oh . . . the bell cow, kicking up her heels,
Call the little gal to milk her in the pail . . ."

Fiddling started up somewhere and all fell to dancing. They danced to one of my old granny's tunes:

"They was an old lord lived in a northern countree,
Bowee down, bowee down . . ."

There was bowing back and forth and balancing and there was figures called, but wasn't no women dancing anywhere. I would see something going by and think it was a woman's skirt but when I got up to it it would be fur or feathers dangling from a belt and all the faces around was dark, not like they was at first.

The great flames went leaping up the chimney and all of a sudden I knew that they had built that fire to burn somebody by. I looked around for the one they was going to burn but he wasn't there. I said they will burn me next, and I saw what they would tie me to, the rattlesnake tree, going straight up from the table through the roof.

I went to the door and I saw through the black trunks a light flickering. I run and Mad Dog and the old chief was after me the way they was that day in the hollow. I thought they will kill me now when I go down and I run faster and then they was both gone away and I was walking through pine woods, the light flickering on ahead of me.

I walked on and come to a creek that ran along between wide banks of cane. The light shone on the water and made it light as mist. I stepped in, not knowing whether it was water or mist and I could feel it coming up around my knees, water and yet not water. I moved along through it light as the wind till I come to where the creek forked. I could see the two forks and the white trunks of the sycamores along the bank but I didn't know which way to go.

The light was all around me. I could see it shining on the reeds and on the little leaves of the cane and on the water where it broke on the rocks. Behind me there was voices talking.

"Jinny Wiley . . . Jinny Wiley, that was stolen and lived with the Indians. . . ."

And then it was the old chief talking to the new moon:

"The white people. . . . The white people are all over the land. The beaver makes no more dams and the buffalo does not come to the lick. And bees swarm here in the ancient village. Bees swarm on the graves of our fathers. . . ."

The light that had been around me was gone. It was shining now through the tree trunks down a fork of the creek. I waded towards it through the light water, the voices following and then they was gone away and I was standing at the foot of a high mountain. I looked up and I saw the light flickering at the top and I clomb towards it, pulling myself up by the scrubs and holly bushes.

I got up on the mountain top but the young man wasn't there. I walked out on to the edge of a cliff and he was by my side. He said "Look, Jinny!" and the flame of his lamp leaped up and lighted the whole valley and I looked across a river and I saw a fort. I saw the roofs of the houses and the stockade and the timber burned back over the rifle range and I saw men and women walking around inside the stockade.

I said: "I'm a-going over there," but the young man wasn't with me no more and the dark that was all around was the inside of the rockhouse.

6

When I woke up the next morning the Indians had a big fire going and was all sitting around eating. I laid there and made out I was still asleep. They had found trace of buffalo

down at the lick and was making ready for a big hunt. I thought maybe they would take me along to bring in the game the way they did sometimes, and then I heard Mad Dog say they would leave me tied up in the cave till they got ready to start for their town.

I was laying with my face turned up and I was feared they could tell by my eyes that I wasn't asleep. I give a kind of groan and rolled over on my side. I laid there not moving while the talking went on all around me. Once footsteps come over to the corner where I was laying and I heard something slap down on the ground right by me but I didn't give any sign and the footsteps went away.

I laid there so still that I went to sleep again with the talking and the making ready for the hunt still going on. I was waked up by a kind of roaring sound. At first I thought it was the falls and then I knowed the falls wouldn't sound that loud. I opened my eyes. The Indians was all gone and there was a big storm blowing up.

I laid there watching the pine tops lash back and forth in the wind and the dream I'd had come back into my mind as plain as if it was something that had happened. I thought it was sent to me on purpose to tell me that now was the chance to get away. I knowed that if the Indians come back with any game that night they'd feast high again and was more than likely to take me up on the barren and burn me like they done that boy.

I sat up. A piece of meat was lying on the floor right by me. That meant that the Indians would be all gone all day and maybe another day. If I could only get free of the thongs I might get a long way off before they knew I was gone.

There was a knife stuck in a crack of the rock where they laid the meat. If I could only get hold of that! I rolled over and over till I got to the rock and I managed to get up on my knees, though the thongs cut into me bad. I could

see the handle of the knife sticking up out of the crack and I laid my face down flat on the rock and tried to catch hold of it with my teeth. But it was too far down and all I did was get my mouth full of grit and sand. I gave up and laid down again. The wind wasn't as high as it had been, but the rain was coming down hard. It blew way back into the cave. I laid there with the big drops spattering in my face and a thought came to me. I rolled over to where the rain was pouring down off the roof and I laid there till I was soaked through. All the time I kept straining at the thongs and I could feel them giving a little, the way leather does when it's wet. I kept on, getting them looser and looser till finally I worked my way out of them and stood up free.

I listened and I couldn't hear anything but the roaring of the wind and the beating of the rain on the ledge. I tiptoed to the end of the cave and looked down the path. But I couldn't see any sign of living creature. I dug the knife out from between the rocks and I took the piece of cooked meat and a little kittle that the old chief had left laying around and I went off out of the other end of the cave and along the cliffside.

I kept to the path a little way and then I struck off through the trees down the hillside. The ground was wet and slid from under my feet in big chunks. I caught on to the trees all the way to keep myself from falling. When I got to the bottom I could look back and see where I'd come, as plain as if I'd blazed a trail. I knowed I'd have to strike water. I run in among some pines and come to a wet weather branch. I waded right in. It was swift water and full of holes. I would step in one every now and then and go down but I kept on as fast as I could. I felt all the time like the Indians was after me. I knowed they had gone south towards the salt lick and I knowed the whole cliffside and the barren was between me and them but all the time I felt like they was right behind me. When I looked over my shoulder

the top boughs of the rattlesnake tree showed from the barren. I was glad when I rounded a bend and it was out of sight.

When I come to where the branch flowed into the creek I didn't know which way to go and then I thought that in my dream I was following water and I struck right down the stream. It was harder going here than it was in the branch. The snows melting had filled all the dry weather branches and muddy water kept running in till you couldn't tell nothing about the depth. It was good I was going downstream but even then the current was a hindrance to me, reaching in and sweeping me off my feet sometimes into a hole that I would have a time getting out of. More'n once I was in danger of drowning.

I kept on like this all day. When it was drawing towards dark I crawled up on the bank under some cedars and I laid there and I ate a good sized piece of the cooked meat I had brought with me. The rain had fallen off to a light drizzle and there was some color in the sky, sign of a clear day tomorrow. There was a flight of little birds over the water and then round and round the tops of the cedars. Some of them lit in the boughs of the tree I was laying under. I could hear them flying in and out and the quick cries and then the twittering as they settled down to roost. It was dark under the trees but the streak of light stayed on the water. I laid here and watched it fade and I wished I could stay there where the cedar boughs was like a little house. I wished I could stay there and not run no more. I thought I would maybe sleep a few minutes and then I could go on faster. But when I shut my eyes I would think I heard the Indians coming through the trees and after a little I got up and went on again.

I tried wading some more but I couldn't make it in the pitch dark. I got up on the bank of the creek and pushed my way through the bushes as best I could. Sometimes the

undergrowth would be so thick I couldn't make it and then I would have to get down in the water again. All the way I was worrying about losing time following the bending and twisting of the creek, and then I would think that was the only sure way to get out of the hill country and I had best stick to water, spite of all the bending.

Some time during the night I lost my way from the creek and wandered in the pitch dark into a marsh that was all along the creek bottom. More like a bog it was. I couldn't seem to get out of it no matter what I did. I stood there bogged to the knees and I couldn't even hear the creek running, nothing but the wind soughing in the trees. And I thought what a lone place it was and if I came on quicksand as was more than likely I could go down and even my bones never be found. And I thought of how Lance Rayburn's bones might have been laying all this time in some hollow of the mountain and nothing maybe but squirrels or deer ever going near the place and it seemed to me I might better have stayed with the Indians. But I knew it wouldn't be no use going back now. They would put the fire to me sure.

I stood there and I heard some wild thing passing. Pit pat pit pat it went; feet falling on dry ground. I pulled out of the muck and made towards the sound and a deer or something broke through the thicket and went off through the woods.

I followed and come out on high ground, a slope covered with pine needles. I throwed myself down flat on my face. I must have gone off to sleep. When I come to myself light was growing through the trees and all around me I could hear twigs snapping and little rustlings. I got up quick, thinking it was the Indians coming and then I felt foolish, knowing it was only game stirring at break of day. I saw two deer go by, moving slow over the brown pine needles. The air was so still they didn't get a whiff of me till they was out of the thicket. The buck wheeled, so quick he almost

knocked the doe over and then they was both clattering off over the hill.

I went down to the creek bank and washed my face and let the water run over my wrists where they was scratched by the branches. I ate the last of my meat sitting there on a rock. When I got ready to go I found out that one of my strings of jerked meat had slipped off during the night. I couldn't hardly believe it at first. I stood up and felt all over my clothes time and again but it warn't there.

"Well," I said, "it's gone and they ain't no use crying over it, but I wish to God it'd a been the little piece."

I got in the water and started wading again. The creek was shallow for about half a mile and then it run into a bigger creek. The two of them run on before me and I didn't know which way to go. I stood there looking. The sun was up and it shone on the water. I watched the riffles break on the black rocks where the sun caught them and the place was not the same place I had seen in the dream and yet it was the same because of the light that was over everything.

I remembered the way I took in the dream. "Left I'll go," I said, "like it was in the dream and if it don't turn out right it's no fault of mine."

I went on, wading half the time. All that day I was thinking about something to eat. Seems like everything good I ever had to eat in my life come back to torment me that day. The smell of herring, cooking, bothered me most. I would see myself, a chap, back in the Roanoke country, broiling herrings over the coals the way children did when their mammy wouldn't give them anything else to eat between meals. I would go over it all, time and again, the herrings hanging in rows in the smoke house, like tobacco in a barn, and us climbing up on a slab of wood to get at them.

"Three," Dinny, that's my oldest brother'd say every time. "Three. You might as well get one apiece while you're at it."

I thought, too, about people wasting things, of a woman I knew used to give all her buttermilk to her pig and I thought how it was shameful to have no mind for them that might be starving. And I thought how if it could have that pig's dinner one time, or even a moldy piece of bread, the kind I'd thrown away many a time as not good enough for the dogs. And yet I'd been as wasteful as any of them in my day, worse, even, with game. I used to go hunting just for the fun of it. Seemed like there warn't nothing I liked better than sighting down a rifle. Warn't none of the Sellards or Damron boys a better shot than I was and I could throw a knife with the best of them. That time John and Dick and me and the two Damrons went to Sinking Fork on a big hunt I shot eighteen wild gobblers and when we loaded up and they was more'n we could carry it was me that said to leave them laying, that there warn't no use in breaking yourself down and the woods full of gobblers like they was. I thought about them gobblers more'n once that day and Lord, how I wished I could git my hands on a rifle butt just one more time.

I throwed my knife once or twice at some small game, mostly rabbits, but it was a rusty old thing and not fitted to the hand the way a knife has to be to turn proper. One rabbit that I hit square in the middle got up and skittered off like nothing had happened and I seed then it was a waste of time to throw at them.

Late that evening I come on some forward wild greens in a sheltered place on the creek bank. I went down on my knees and I gathered every shoot. I found some punk and I went up to a rockhouse on the side of the hill and I built a little fire way in under the ledge the way I'd seen the Indians do. I knowed it was craziness to build a fire but it might be days before I'd come on any wild greens again. "I'll eat," I said, "varmints or no varmints."

I put my greens on to boil in the little kittle with a piece

of the jerked meat and I sat there, thinking about how Indians would go up on a cliff to sight over the country and how the least little smoke curling up would be a sign to them. Once I was on the point of putting the fire out but I couldn't bring myself to do it. I feared to feed it much and yet I'd catch myself putting dead twigs to it. It was a long time before the bubbles started rising up in that little old kittle. I sat there rocking on my heels and talking to them.

"Bile," I said, "bile. God's sake, can't you bile no faster'n that? And me setting here starving."

I ate up ever' mite of the greens and I drank the pot liquor and licked the kittle and then I put out down the hill as fast as I could. I could feel my stomach tight under my waist band and strength coming up in me from the vittles and I run faster than I'd ever run before. It was dark under the trees but there was still light down the water courses. I thought how in some cleared place or in a town it wouldn't be dark for two or three hours yet and I saw myself in such a place, moving around and talking to people but staying always in the light. And I said to myself if I ever got into such a cleared place again it'd be hard to get me to set foot in the woods.

The creek I was following was a master tumbler. Straight down it went over big rocks and the water white everywhere with its dashing. Once I thought I would leave it and strike out through the woods again and then I thought falling water'd take me out of the hills quicker'n anything else and I'd best stick to it long as I could.

I went on and then all of a sudden I come upon something that froze my guts cold: the print of a foot by the water. I knowed it would be a moccasin but I stooped down and looked at it good. I told myself it might be a white man, might be a hunter wearing moccasins like most of 'em did but I went on a little way and there was three four foot-

prints in some wet sand and all of 'em was moccasins. I thought then the game was up or would be directly but I run on. I run on. I couldn't think of nothing else to do.

It was still light when I come out on a big rock by some little falls. I stood there looking and I couldn't believe my eyes. A broad river ran there before me and clearings here and there on the bank and right across from the rock I was standing on a fort: a blockhouse with a stockade fence around it and the timber burned back over the rifle range.

I got off the rock and I run down towards the water. A woman and some children was walking along outside the stockade. I called to the woman. She give one look at me and turned and run inside the fort, the children after her. I saw the gate swing to behind them and I knowed they had shot the bolt.

I tore off my petticoat and I waved it over my head and I yelled loud as I could.

"Let me in! Let me in, I tell you!"

I could see heads at the upper storey and one somebody standing up on a stump to look over the stockade. But nobody answered and there wasn't no sign of the gate opening.

I looked over my shoulder. The woods was dark behind me and they wasn't no signs of Indians but I knowed they'd be coming any minute. I felt like I knowed the place in the woods they was at now. I saw them trotting, trotting through the trees, one after another, the way they went.

I thought I'll have to do something quick or they'll git me sure, after all my trouble. I started in to swim it but I couldn't make no headway against that current. I saw I would be drowning in a minute and I swum hard and got back to shallow water. It come to me then that the folks in the fort didn't know who I was. I stood up in the water and I yelled, loud as I could.

"I'm Jinny Wiley . . . Jinny Wiley that the Indians stole."

The echo come back to me from the woods, but there warn't no sound from the fort. Then the gate opened a little way and an old man come out with a gun in his hand. He stood there looking at me and he turned around and said something to the folks in the fort and then he started down the path. I watched him coming down over the rifle range, an old man, gray-haired and feeble enough to a been my grandsire. I shouted at him.

"You can't do it. Send some young body over."

He stood on the bank and shouted back at me, his old voice quavering across the water:

"Where'd you come from?"

I jumped up and down and shrieked, top of my voice:

"God sakes, man, you going to let me die right here before your eyes? I'm white! White, I tell you!"

"All of 'em's gone but me," he said, "and they ain't no canoe."

"Make a raft," I told him.

He nodded his head up and down. I could see his old gray beard a-shaking. "You better be ready to swim for it," he said. "I don't know as I can git across."

He called to the women in the fort and they come and brought an axe. They was a dead mulberry tree on the bank and they went to work felling it. The old man went off in the woods and come back with some grapevine. When the tree fell it split into three logs and he tied them together with grapevine and then he and the women rolled them down to the water. They handed him two rifles and he laid them on the raft and started poling. The current caught him and he was going down stream. Yelling had started behind me somewhere in the woods. The Indians was coming.

I run down the bank till I got even with the raft and I swum out and clomb aboard. The old man poled hard. We got half way out in the river and then the vines begun to come loose and the raft was spreading apart. I knelt down

and held the logs together with my hands as best as I could. The old man fell down on his knees and started praying.

" 'T'ain't no use," he said, "we can't make it."

I looked over my shoulder. The Indians was swarming down towards the water. I knowed they'd be swimming directly. The old man was still praying. I took the pole away from him.

"Go on and pray, you old fool," I said, "I'm a-going to git across this river."

I put all the strength I had into it and we made some headway. The yelling was closer now. The Indians was in the water. A shot rung out. I hoped to God one of 'em was hit. I poled harder and I seen some willow boughs ahead of me. I reached out and grabbed hold of 'em and we pulled ourselves to shore.

We went up over the rifle range fast as we could. I looked back once. The Indians had left the water and was standing on the bank. I heard Mad Dog calling:

"Whoopee! . . . whoopee! . . . pretty Jinny!"

We went through the gate. I heard the bolt shoot home and I knowed I was inside the fort. I fell down on the ground and the women and children come crowding. The Indians was still yelling. I sat up and the high stockade fence was all around me.

"Lord God," I said, "I was lucky to git away from them Indians!"

CAROLINE GORDON

THE JERBOA

TOO MUCH

A ROMAN hired an
artist, a freedman,
to make a cone—pine cone
or fir cone—with holes for a fountain. Placed on
the Prison of St. Angelo, this cone
of the Pompeys which is known

now as the Popes', passed
for art. A huge cast
bronze, dwarfing the peacock
statue in the garden of the Vatican,
it looks like a work of art made to give
to a Pompey, or native

of Thebes. Others could
build, and understood
making colossi and
how to use slaves, and kept crocodiles and put
baboons on the necks of giraffes to pick
fruit, and used serpent magic.

They had their men tie
hippopotami
  and bring out dappled dog-
  cats to course antelopes, dikdik, and ibex;
    or used the eagle. They looked on as theirs,
    impallas and onagers,

the wild ostrich herd
with hard feet and bird
  necks rearing back in the
  dust like a serpent preparing to strike, cranes,
    storks, anoas, mongooses, and Nile geese.
    And there were gardens for these—

combining planes, dates,
limes, and pomegranates,
  in avenues—with square
  pools of pink flowers, tame fish, and small frogs. Besides
    yarns dyed with indigo, and red cotton,
    they had a flax which they spun

into fine linen
cordage for yachtsmen.
  These people liked small things;
  they gave to boys little paired playthings such as
    nests of eggs, ichneumon and snake, paddle
    and raft, badger and camel;

and made toys for them-
selves: the royal totem;
  and toilet-boxes marked
  with the contents. Lords and ladies put goose-grease
    paint in round bone boxes with pivotting
    lid incised with the duck-wing

or reverted duck-
head; kept in horns, buck
horn and rhinoceros
powders; and grasshopper oil in stone locusts.
It was a picture with a fine distance;
of drought, and of assistance

in time, from the Nile
rising slowly, while
the pig-tailed monkey on
slab-hands, with arched-up slack-slung gait, and the brown
dandy, looked at the jasmine two-leafed twig
and bud, cactus-pads, and fig.

Dwarfs here and there, lent
to an evident
poetry of frog grays,
duck-egg greens, and egg-plant blues, a fantasy
and a verisimilitude that were
right to those with, everywhere,

power over the poor.
The bees' food is your
food. Those who tended flower-
beds and stables were like the king's cane in the
form of a hand, or the folding bed-room
made for his mother of whom

he was fond. Princes
clad in queen's dresses
calla or petunia
white that trembled at the edge, and queens in a
king's underskirt of fine-twilled thread like silk-
worm gut, as bee-man and milk-

maid, kept divine cows
and bees; limestone brows,
  and gold-foil wings. They made
  basalt serpents and portraits of beetles; the
    king gave his name to them and he was named
    for them. He feared snakes and tamed

Pharoah's rat, the rust-
backed mongoose. No bust
  of it was made, but there
  was pleasure for the rat. Its restlessness was
    its excellence; it was praised for its wit;
    and the jerboa, like it,

a small desert rat,
and not famous, that
  lives without water, has
  happiness. Abroad seeking food, or at home
    in its burrow, the Sahara field-mouse
    has a shining silver house

of sand. Oh rest and
joy, the boundless sand,
  the stupendous sandspout,
  no water, no palm-trees, no ivory bed,
    tiny cactus; but one would not be he
    who has nothing but plenty.

ABUNDANCE

Africanus meant
the conqueror sent
  from Rome. It should mean the
  untouched: the sand brown jumping-rat—free born; and
    the blacks, that choice race with an elegance
    ignored by one's ignorance.

Part terrestrial,
and part celestial,
  Jacob saw, cudgel staff
  in claw hand—steps of air and air angels; his
    friends were the stones. The translucent mistake
    of the desert, does not make

hardship for one who
can rest and then do
  the opposite—launching
  as if on wings, from its match-thin* hind legs, in
    daytime or at night; that departs with great
    speed, followed by as a weight,

a double length, thin
tail furred like the skin;
  that curls round it when it
  sleeps "round"—the nose nested in fur, a hind leg
    at each side of the head—or lies lengthwise,
    in view, when the body lies

flat. Seen by daylight,
the body is white
  in front; and on the back,
  buffy-brown like the breast of the fawn-breasted
    bower-bird. It hops like the fawn-breast but has
    chipmunk contours—perceived as

it turns its bird head—
the nap directed
  neatly back and blending
  with the ear, which reiterates the roundness
    of the body. The fine hairs on the tail,
    repeating the other pale

* See p. 274 of *Strange Animals I Have Known* by Raymond L. Ditmars.

markings, lengthen till
at the tip they fill
out in a tuft and are
white—strange detail of the simplified creature,
fish-shaped and silvered to steel by the force
of the large desert moon. Course

the jerboa, or
plunder its food store,
and you will be cursed. It
honors the sand by assuming its color;
closed upper paws seeming one with the fur
in its flight from a danger.

By fifths and sevenths,
in leaps of two lengths,
like the uneven notes
of the Beduin flute, it stops its gleaning
on little wheel castors, and makes fern-seed
foot-prints with kangaroo speed.

Its leaps should be set
to the flageolet;
pillar body erect
on a three-cornered smooth-working Chippendale
"claw"—propped on hind legs, and tail as third toe,
between leaps to its burrow.

MARIANNE MOORE

FILM CHRONICLE

RENÉ CLAIR AND FILM HUMOR

RENÉ CLAIR is the likeliest directorial playboy of the western world . . . in the present ebb of film sportiveness. In his very first film, *Paris Qui Dort,* 1922, his talents for the rhetoric of humor, schematized humor, were apparent. In *Entr'acte*, film of dissociations born of the aristo-idiosyncratic dada, he presented a holiday of high hats in Luna(cy) Park. This picture has been the film of passion for the exquisites who have pronounced dada the word of wisdom and surreality the surpassing experience. It was Francis Picabia's idea, the idea of that Picabia who is, according to M. Ezra Pound, the arch-cogitator of modern life. The enthusiasts' attempts to make of it a satiric film fail, for satire must be edged with precision, and its aim must never be ambiguous. In this film the specific object of the thrust is indiscernible, because there is no objective; the picture is an oneiric procession of inconsequences, where unity is destroyed and never re-established. The main value of the film is its instructions to René Clair and as an index to the understanding of René Clair; it is the film of his complete self-indulgence toward which he constantly yearns. It is, for all its sophistication, a "primitive film," based, like fairy-tale and animated cartoon, on the phenomenon of metamorphosis.

Entr'acte is present in all of Clair's succeeding films. Since Jean Renoir, the son of the painter, produced the dream-episode in *La Fille de l'Eau*, the vision of slumber and somnambulism has played a perennial rôle in French film-fantasy. *Le Voyage Imaginaire* collected its wits in the auto-suggestion of the bank-clerk. *Un Chapeau de Paille d'Italie* (called here *The Horse Ate*

the Hat) has the recurrent image of the play within the disturbed fancy. *Les Deux Timides* bases its rhetoric on the parallelings of mental attitudes expressed physically. Clair's least successful film, his non-comic *La Proie du Vent*, is based upon mental aberration. *Le Million* is a "fantastic comedy" whose construction is as artificial as a dream; *À Nous La Liberté* is a diffused fantasy à la horseplay, though it wants so much to be satire. As for *Sous les Toits de Paris*, that is Clair's occasional complete romantic submission, a slumming tour in the idiom of a street-song, itself make-believe. This dream-*tendency* is symptomatic of French bourgeois aesthetic: Bergson says "Comic absurdity is of the same nature as that of dreams."

But whereas the other French directors indulge in fantasy by submitting to its control—the results being too often lugubrious—M. Clair manipulates the fantasy with tongue in cheek and fingers crossed. His fantasy in a sense mocks fantasy, as the *leitmotiv* is one of genial contempt for a social foible. The humor of a comic film is, in proportion to its completeness, threefold: farce, the humor of situation; comedy, the humor of character; satire, the humor of society. Clair's comic films include the three, but in his talking pictures he has declined in the third humor. His milieu, the French cinema, does not supply the impetus, and he himself is too self-indulgent to accept the discipline required by this third humor. Nor has the American movie provided the impetus for such humor in the work of the comedian—European in origin—who promised to bring this third humor in cohesion with the first: namely, Charlie Chaplin. Chaplin has never given us the socially quixotic film toward which his fun-play pointed. The introduction of Chaplin into this essay is not amiss, for Clair has frequently been compared to Chaplin. When he completed his *Les Deux Timides*, he found it quite correct to accept the suggestion of Miss Edna Purviance, Chaplin's most steadfast leading-lady, that Charlot receive a print of the film. The relation of Chaplin to Clair has been more casual than causal: the resemblance is generally due to the fact that both are active in the field of humor and go to first statements for their enterprises. Similarly the resemblance to *Mickey Mouse* which has lately been discovered in Clair is due to the fact that this animated cartoon is itself not epochal but a development of a first statement. It is true, however, that in Clair's latest film the parallels to Disney and Chaplin are more apparent; indeed the diffusive-

ness and evanescence of the Clair film, which I like to translate as *And Freedom for All!*, seem to remember *City Lights*: this I read as the augmentation of a fatal tendency in Clair, rather than as a beneficial influence through Chaplin. Both Clair and Chaplin, it may be added, have heretofore depended not at all on the caption or isolated gag for laughter; their last films are inferior in this regard.

These two men must be compared, if at all, only as directors. They are poles apart. A Chaplin film is the film of a *raconteur* who enacts a personal legend: it says "I." The humor of incident and the humor of society blend in this personality, the humor of character. A Chaplin film is as good as this personality, this eccentric, this "classic hobo," and as bad as the domination of this personality to the disadvantage of the integration. It is as good as *The Kid* and as bad as *The Circus*. Eisenstein once said he liked that Chaplin film wherein Chaplin was everywhere and yet nowhere, the film in which he does not appear but which he directs, *A Woman of Paris*. In Clair's films, Clair is everywhere and nowhere: his films say "They." But—the tendency to self-indulgence sometimes oppresses the "nowhere," or objectivity, with "everywhere," or subjectivity.

René Clair's films are not, being directorial comedies, dependent upon the tug of the individual comique. In America we recall our comedies by the comedians, and American film-comedy has deteriorated because there are no directors and no stories up to the talents of comedians like Raymond Griffith, Harry Langdon and Edward Everett Horton. The original dramatic source of a Clair film may be Labiche or Berr-Guillemaud; the scenario conception is Clair's own. His experience as novelist (author of "Adams"), journalist and critic aids rather than hinders the play of the literary idea awaiting conversion. The younger Frenchmen who yesterday spoke of the "intellectual" quality of Clair's work, are today complaining of that quality, and proscribing Clair with the vocationless substantive "An Intellectual," that dread term of isolation, social quarantine, which identifies the proscribed with introspective Hamlets and aspic Cleopatras. The complaint is twofold: the human performance is not warm enough; the pattern is too schematic.

These supposed faults are, within the category permitted by the subject-matter of Clair's films, virtues really. The films achieve humor by directorial composition, and the actors are part of

this arrangement. In the performance of the humorous film, rhetoric is paramount. Slapstick is rhetoric, the churlish rhetoric of the animate instrument, the actor. Clair, a good student, possesses the sense of tradition, along with the perspicacity for its manipulation. He develops first statements into principles, composition or rhythmic structure. In *Le Million* this edifice is slight though merry. Slapstick abounds in Clair's work, sometimes penetrated for its essential design and manipulated for its most effective arabesque. *Le Million* is the original chase re-devised, not literally but rhetorically. Clair has developed from automatism to principle. In his latest film, however, Clair's self-indulgence is too "exuberant"—too *Entr'acte*—and the burden of chase and kick in the pants weighs down an already confused and diffuse attack on—? Heretofore the chief shortcoming in the Clair idiom was in its very virtue: its rhetoric was somewhat blunted by unrhetoric players, whimsical enough and agile, even acute and appealing in a Mona Lisa blandness, but unrhetoric. Ideally this idiom demands a player with the sense of under- and overstatement dovetailing, that balance of litotes and hyperbole which informs the work of Clair at its best. Such a player was Raymond Griffith.

I recall a conversation with Jean-George Auriol, the young editor of La Révue du Cinéma. "Clair," I said, "needs an actor like Ray Griffith." "That's interesting," said Auriol, "Clair has tried to secure Griffith for his films. So has Henri Chomette." (Chomette is Clair's brother-in-law, known here for his direction of the de Beaumont "absolute" film, *Of What Are the Young Films Dreaming?* He has also directed after the Clair idiom.) The lack of a Griffith is, however, not an overwhelming loss, since the pattern of a Clair film carries the objects within it, characters included. Before "montage" was emphasized by the Soviet directors, it was a term in French ciné-currency. Clair wrote an excellent essay on "Rhythm," in which he characterized movement as dual: "exterior" and "interior." Exterior (external) movement is the movement of the performing objects. Interior movement is the movement of the film, the integration. He has placed his stress on this movement, the composed progression; it has been his determinant, in theory, and in practice—often but not always.

Therein lie his rhetoric of the instrument and his rhetoric of composition. They tie up with his sense of tradition. He re-

discovers the film at its source, goes back to the early devices of his countryman, Georges Méliès. In *Un Chapeau de Paille d'Italie* the groom awaiting marriage has been told by his butler that the soldier who awaits his return with the lady's hat has threatened to break everything in the apartment. A vision of furniture running out on all fours through the portals plays upon the screen. It is a reminiscence of the early days when Méliès, *le père du cinéma* or perhaps *le grandpère*, was making films around stories of ambulant kitchen-furniture. This reminiscence coincides with the period sense instilled in the film, the lighting, the actions, the by-plays, and the fantasy of a pasteboard horse in a garden of paper cut-outs. In another director, a Renoir or Cavalcanti, this last would have obtruded as a sentimentalism; in Clair it comments upon sentimentalism.

In *Les Deux Timides* Clair makes use of slow motion, reverse motion and stop-motion in one sequence. The young lawyer describes the blissful home life of his client sued for divorce. The screen is large with a close-up of the face of the attorney pleading his first case. The idyllic picture he draws enters as an image superimposed across his forehead. His face vanishes, and the idyll carries on. Again the tongue-in-the-cheek sentimentalism—in setting, garb and performance. The husband enters in slow motion, with a bouquet. The young lawyer forgets his lines. The husband is reversed in slow motion. The young lawyer repeats his lines. The image repeats the movement. Suddenly the image stands still, and then—it breaks, explodes off the screen, leaving the screen blank. The entire speech of the lawyer, and his stage-fright, are told without the presence of the lawyer on the screen. Instead of the literalness of the American movie, the instruments of the cinema are used rhetorically.

Later in the picture the rivals are pantomiming what they will do when either meets the other. The screen is split in half with the movements counterpoised and concurrent, but with each performer oblivious of the other. An old forgotten custom. The picture ends with a triptych, three panels. On the left the defeated suitor in bed, on the right the elder "timide" in bed, in the center the newlyweds in bed. The left goes dark, the right goes dark. The film is a narrow central panel collecting all eyes mischievously upon the couple in bed. The groom presses the button, the panel goes dark, and with it the film. This is one of the few instances of a film ending with the end, with itself.

Sous les Toits de Paris, Clair's first audible film, was less schematic than his silent ones. America received it as the first picture of a European "genius," but America had had, not long before, the opportunity—if limited—of seeing a Clair film, his testimonial, *La Tour,* to Eiffel. Here again his use of a simple device for structural effect is at work. He succeeds still photos of the Tower in process of being built—at higher and higher levels—so accurately timed as to impart a sense of actual growth. And by precise angles, he conveys height, weight, and solidity. It is a brief, sensible acknowledgment. The scheme of *Sous les Toits,* I see it, is one less of achievement than compromise. I was with Clair when he was filming *Les Deux Timides.* Next door Jacques Feyder, now with Metro, was completing a picture. "Our best director my friend Feyder," said Clair. I did not agree; the Belgian Feyder, who has made the best film of domestic tragedy *Thérèse Raquin,* is too much the chameleon. And moreover his comedy, *Les Nouveaux Messieurs,* is not without Clair's influence. Feyder was then leaving for America. Clair was hostile to the idea, because he was at the moment hostile to sound in the film: "It is the death of the film." I could not agree. I told him the Brazilian at work in France, Alberto Cavalcanti, awaited sound-effects eagerly, although he was not prepared to accept speech. Clair was wholly ill-disposed toward any interruption in the *film muet.* As time went on, he must have recognized that the inevitable is ultimately correct, and compromised by working out a modest compound in which sound is used in an elementary way as parallel and synchrony. Clair by his compromise has effected a simple arrangement, wherein silence is an integer.

In his second talkie, *Le Million,* Clair moved back to his more personal idiom. Rhetoric enters the compound. He has found this rhetoric in the occasional lapses of the sound-mechanism. For instance, in the burlesque of the opera, the singers reach a high note. No sound issues . . . after the caesura, a screech. Hollywood conventions from the musical film supply another bit of rhetoric repeated in different measures: the march of the creditors to Michel's room. The song, for all its improbability, becomes a plausible incident because a plausible structure, sustained from beginning to end, has been prepared to incorporate it. From slapstick and terror-film has been borrowed the collapse of the chandelier when the tenor reaches the top-note to prove his identity.

These are churlish and quotidianal enough movie-isms but they become aloof and winking-elegant in the Clair arabesque.

Le Million was sustained and fully realized; however, so slight an idea built entirely on a beginning-to-end chase could be sustained without hardship. In the *Liberté* film Clair, probably appreciating with others the need for a maturer thought, does not control the thought, first, because he has not clearly "divined" it, and second, because of self-indulgence in antics. The confused "divination" results from an epidemic condition in the French, and the world's, muddle class, and from Clair's own chronic deficiency: he is, regretfully, not "intellectual" enough. He is betrayed by his self-indulgence. A friend of mine has said that Clair is too much the amateur, and that is true. While his amateurism endows his film with a personal affection, it also makes it sprawl impulsively: chase and tomfoolery are not meted out according to the structure's needs but according to impulse.

In his two best silent films, the straw-hat and timid soul features, the environment was specific, provincial (even though possibly Parisian) France, the people detailed explicitly, the rhetoric operative in behalf of the idea. That preciseness should have been developed to an improvement of Clair's third humor, the humor of society; such improvement would have enriched his first and second humors. Clair, in his latest film, sought this improvement in satire, but the only clear attack is upon his *Entr'acte* windmills, the high hats of the bourgeoisie, so that again the emphasis seems rather on foibles than on fundaments. For the first time he almost deteriorates into moralizing, though he'd have have his film answer the "moralists," and to rescue himself from it he seems to be kidding his own heart's delight—the abstraction and platitude "liberty"—with an extravagant idyllism at the termination of the film. Clair is quoted as having said in London that the film had not turned out as he had expected. Seeking a responsible idea he produces an irresponsible manoeuvre. In a cablegram to his American distributors he states his intention, and its components criss-cross each other just as in the film:

"*À Nous La Liberté* is not a film for the serious folk. If you believe that work is the only important thing in life do not go to see *À Nous La Liberté* but send your children to see it. There would have been fewer unemployed today if the moralists had not created the religion of work yesterday. We ought to work to live but it is stupid to live merely to work. If work were well-

organized, if the machines were at the service of man this film would have no sense. . . . " The French word is "sens," direction; alas! for all of M. Clair's directorial skill, the film is as directionless as the thoughts in the cablegram, vagueness and vagary, naïve platitude. It sounds, more plaintive, though, like the pompous John Cowper Powys saying laziness will dispel the depression; and goes back to the papa of dada, Tristan Tzara, who hated America because America extolled work. As an analysis of the crisis it might be an extravaganza on Stuart Chase, or in fact a strict visual-motor rendition of Mr. Chase's samurai-mexico counterbalance. Coming from a Frenchman it is an abstraction purely, a Gallicism: the French are farthest from adventurism of all folk; and this "run-away-from-work" theme, detected in two recent films, *Cain* and the Clair opus, mean something falling-apart in the social fiber of France. The thoughts expressed become more decorative than conclusive. Clair kids rationalization, and in this does he mean to kid capitalism or communism or both? (the film has foolishly been called communistic; it lacks any such positive conviction); the factory is handed to the workers—is he joshing social-democratic fancy, the boss, the worker, the factory?; rationalization now frees the worker to go fishing—is he riding rationalization, the notion that the machine will ultimately "liberate" man, work or liberty?; the rich auto kids the libertarians on the road, who is kidded?; the last kick in the pants, the exaggerated idyllism—is this poking fun at liberty or the notion that work is all? And all the incidental fooling—uncle-and-niece; prison efficiency (how easy it is to run away from jail); how easy it is to upset the belt (is this a thrust at Ford or possibly a suggestion of sabotage); Clair kids the new factory but uses it effetely in his decoration (the atelier-instinct of the French artist); kids love, bureaucracy, flunkeyism, and offers the solution of wanderlust (provided it's summer of course) and then—yes indeed M. Clair is "exuberant," irresponsible. His self-indulgence upsets his apple-cart and the apples run in all directions; can't he handle ideas after all? Unfortunately the present French society, just emerging from a deceptive self-complacence, cannot offer Clair the necessary discipline, unless Clair is willing to identify himself with that portion of the society which can give him the instruments of criticism instead of platitudes. Clair probably was finally provoked into making this last film by Pabst's *Die Dreigroschenoper*, but he did not learn enough from the Ger-

man picture: its purposefulness, its conclusive central motif, the minor elements contained in the major development, an exact downright idea and lyrics of content, no overaesthetic delight in the "primitive." Pabst experienced the idea with comparative thoroughness in relation to a social environment; Clair dealt with abstract notions apart from a concrete social reference. One accepted the discipline of the idea to be converted into the form; the other put the cart before the horse, and let the form separate itself and send the idea into detours. One exemplifies a positive direction in art and society; the other a negative. And this is regrettable: Clair is gifted and able; he needs the guidance, not of cult, but of sincerity.

A sincere appraisal of Clair might have indicated to him his own tendencies and at what point he would need to combat the social hindrances to his tendencies. That Clair should have drawn upon Labiche is nothing fortuitous. As Filon says, Labiche had "raised the French farce almost to the level of the comedy of character and manners." That "almost" is significant: Bergson, whose favorite example of "Laughter" is Labiche, omits him from the consideration of "The Comic in Character." Clair is the Labiche of the cinema. He has rendered Labiche's *bourgeois*, "essentially mediocre in his vices and in his virtues," standing "half-way between the hero and the scoundrel, between the saint and the profligate," in terms of his medium—gesture and cross-reference and horseplay—of cinema. It was a mistake to exaggerate Clair's achievement in the film of the leghorn bonnet. He comprehended the principle of "circle of discovery" inherent in the farce-comedy, the constancy of relation between a character and some physical property, he knew where to go for his mechanism, but the film was not an achievement calling for superlatives. Rather there should have been indicated that, although he was, like Labiche, "something better than a public *amuseur*," it was folly to place him, as yet, "on a level with Molière." From Labiche Clair should have turned to do, not necessarily Molière, but a Molière. Perhaps the coming of sound has disturbed that progress, and now in the *Liberty* film he expresses a wish to go beyond foible of man and woman as foil to generic ideas. Clair has been quoted several times as disliking Soviet pictures: they are for him ulterior, *trop d'idée*. But the pressure of ambient doubt must have forced him into idea. This idea he did not assimilate; even within his platitudinous cablegram there is an alternative of thesis

that might have tied up his thoughts: "if the machines were at the service of man. . . ." But for Clair to have appreciated this clause as more than an abstract or linguistic hypothesis would first have required that Clair yield his bourgeois affiliations. There is a difference between petulance (fault-finding) and satire (criticism), between naming a few characteristics—effects—and attacking causes—structures. Clair needs a re-education, not primarily in technique, but in subject matter. He has, on the whole, been faithful, often militantly so, to art as against commerce. Within this fidelity he should develop a clearer and even livelier understanding of the art of social humor—satire. This is important not only for himself but for his pivotal position as a source for other directors in Europe and America. Clair must advance beyond the *imbroglio*, nor will the substitution of "liberty" for a straw hat or a lottery ticket suffice. Nor is it enough at this difficult moment to think of the *bourgeois*—the middle citizen—as one who will earn the contempt, not of future society, but of past. It was really from that point of view that Labiche, for all his vaudevillism, disdained (not very thoroughly, to be sure) his own class. Marcel Proust's Swann, when angered at the Verdurins, could think of nothing more devastating than: "Upon my word, these people are sublime in their smugness; they can't really exist; they must all have come out of Labiche's plays!" For Clair, too, these people "can't really exist"—that is a view from the past—but Clair is not Proust and therefore his acceptations are not so defined. In that he is, in this bewildering period, the middle citizen *soi-même*; when he can look upon that middle citizen through other spectacles than the haze of "leisure"—which he reads infantilely as hoboing—there will be less "exuberance" and more zest, less impertinence and more wit. What is required of Clair is volition rather than a spontaneity which is inimical to schematized humor, especially as it rises to the third category. A volition, clarified of prejudice and unprobed provocation, will not only direct the shafts but time them too; in other words, Clair, by improving his social criteria (since he is fundamentally a humane person), will improve his technique, already keen. Then, perhaps, he will see more than high hats worn by upstarts, and treasury notes floating in the wind—he will see more than extravaganza where satire is wanted.

Harry Alan Potamkin

man picture: its purposefulness, its conclusive central motif, the minor elements contained in the major development, an exact downright idea and lyrics of content, no overaesthetic delight in the "primitive." Pabst experienced the idea with comparative thoroughness in relation to a social environment; Clair dealt with abstract notions apart from a concrete social reference. One accepted the discipline of the idea to be converted into the form; the other put the cart before the horse, and let the form separate itself and send the idea into detours. One exemplifies a positive direction in art and society; the other a negative. And this is regrettable: Clair is gifted and able; he needs the guidance, not of cult, but of sincerity.

A sincere appraisal of Clair might have indicated to him his own tendencies and at what point he would need to combat the social hindrances to his tendencies. That Clair should have drawn upon Labiche is nothing fortuitous. As Filon says, Labiche had "raised the French farce almost to the level of the comedy of character and manners." That "almost" is significant: Bergson, whose favorite example of "Laughter" is Labiche, omits him from the consideration of "The Comic in Character." Clair is the Labiche of the cinema. He has rendered Labiche's *bourgeois*, "essentially mediocre in his vices and in his virtues," standing "half-way between the hero and the scoundrel, between the saint and the profligate," in terms of his medium—gesture and cross-reference and horseplay—of cinema. It was a mistake to exaggerate Clair's achievement in the film of the leghorn bonnet. He comprehended the principle of "circle of discovery" inherent in the farce-comedy, the constancy of relation between a character and some physical property, he knew where to go for his mechanism, but the film was not an achievement calling for superlatives. Rather there should have been indicated that, although he was, like Labiche, "something better than a public *amuseur*," it was folly to place him, as yet, "on a level with Molière." From Labiche Clair should have turned to do, not necessarily Molière, but a Molière. Perhaps the coming of sound has disturbed that progress, and now in the *Liberty* film he expresses a wish to go beyond foible of man and woman as foil to generic ideas. Clair has been quoted several times as disliking Soviet pictures: they are for him ulterior, *trop d'idée*. But the pressure of ambient doubt must have forced him into idea. This idea he did not assimilate; even within his platitudinous cablegram there is an alternative of thesis

that might have tied up his thoughts: "if the machines were at the service of man. . . ." But for Clair to have appreciated this clause as more than an abstract or linguistic hypothesis would first have required that Clair yield his bourgeois affiliations. There is a difference between petulance (fault-finding) and satire (criticism), between naming a few characteristics—effects—and attacking causes—structures. Clair needs a re-education, not primarily in technique, but in subject matter. He has, on the whole, been faithful, often militantly so, to art as against commerce. Within this fidelity he should develop a clearer and even livelier understanding of the art of social humor—satire. This is important not only for himself but for his pivotal position as a source for other directors in Europe and America. Clair must advance beyond the *imbroglio*, nor will the substitution of "liberty" for a straw hat or a lottery ticket suffice. Nor is it enough at this difficult moment to think of the *bourgeois*—the middle citizen—as one who will earn the contempt, not of future society, but of past. It was really from that point of view that Labiche, for all his vaudevillism, disdained (not very thoroughly, to be sure) his own class. Marcel Proust's Swann, when angered at the Verdurins, could think of nothing more devastating than: "Upon my word, these people are sublime in their smugness; they can't really exist; they must all have come out of Labiche's plays!" For Clair, too, these people "can't really exist"—that is a view from the past—but Clair is not Proust and therefore his acceptations are not so defined. In that he is, in this bewildering period, the middle citizen *soi-même*; when he can look upon that middle citizen through other spectacles than the haze of "leisure"—which he reads infantilely as hoboing—there will be less "exuberance" and more zest, less impertinence and more wit. What is required of Clair is volition rather than a spontaneity which is inimical to schematized humor, especially as it rises to the third category. A volition, clarified of prejudice and unprobed provocation, will not only direct the shafts but time them too; in other words, Clair, by improving his social criteria (since he is fundamentally a humane person), will improve his technique, already keen. Then, perhaps, he will see more than high hats worn by upstarts, and treasury notes floating in the wind—he will see more than extravaganza where satire is wanted.

Harry Alan Potamkin

POETRY CHRONICLE

ENVOI

WITH the September issue *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* closes its twentieth year and because of financial difficulties it is doubtful whether the magazine will continue beyond the next six months. The most famous of the "little magazines" and center of the late New Poetry movement, its fame and accomplishments are sufficiently well known that we can offer now a provisional estimate. Throughout, it has been edited at Chicago by Miss Harriet Monroe who felt that poets should have a trade journal of their own, that they should participate in the patronage extended to the other arts, and especially that poetry deserved the public prestige which could be secured by popular support. As the public for poetry became more numerous and appreciative, she said, the work produced would grow in power, beauty, and significance. "To have great poets there must be great audiences, too", reads the motto from Whitman which has appeared continuously in the magazine.

She attracted a reasonably large audience and printed poetry as reasonably great as one may expect of any period. However, of the poets who were mature when she began in 1912—Yeats, Hardy, Bridges, Sturge Moore, E. A. Robinson—only Mr. Yeats appeared extensively. The first years, 1912 until 1919 when Pound resigned as foreign correspondent, were made important by the early work of Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, W. C. Williams, Marianne Moore, H. D., Wallace Stevens, Robert Frost, and the one great

mature poem of Agnes Lee, *The Statue in a Garden,* and of E. A. Robinson, *Eros Turannos*. Some mature work of these poets continued to appear through 1922, and with it the very early poems of Louise Bogan, Yvor Winters, Glenway Wescott, and the University of Chicago group. However, when after 1922 a certain quantity of mature poems by her "great poets" became available, Miss Monroe printed nothing but minor poetasters and downright bad poets. "You are possibly five percent better than *The Century*", wrote Ezra Pound, and she did not believe him. The public press editorially announced the death of the New Poetry, and Mr. Kreymborg took to writing sonnets. No editor can print all the better work of a period nor keep all her better contributors, but Miss Monroe passed over the finished work of almost all the better poets whose reputations she had made. We believe, questions of taste aside, that her critical presuppositions were partly responsible for this condition.

The first, October 1912, issue of *Poetry* appeared the 23rd of September that year. Miss Monroe had been complaining of the neglect of poetry to H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, Chicago literary man, who replied: "Perhaps it's up to you. If you choose to undertake it, I believe you can get a hundred men and women in Chicago to give fifty dollars a year each for five years." With a managerial ability that seems incredible, she soon had a yearly endowment of five thousand dollars, and has kept practically the same list of guarantors throughout the years.

Turning to circularize the poets, she wondered "with some misgivings whether they would respond as gracefully as the guarantors." But she received immediate support, and among the earliest to answer was Ezra Pound who offered from London to keep Miss Monroe "in touch with whatever is most dynamic in artistic thought—as much of it as comes to me, and I *do* see everyone that matters." With Pound's support the success of the magazine was assured. Equally responsible for its importance, however, was Mrs. Alice Corbin Henderson, the first associate editor, and, indeed the history of the magazine is a history of sub-editors. When Pound resigned in 1919, Mrs. Henderson was only a nominal editor, and the first phase was past. The presence about the office of Emanuel Carnevali, Glenway Wescott, Janet Lewis and others of the young Chicago group, kept it alive for a while, but we may date the end of the second phase and of the magazine's importance with Mrs. Henderson's final withdrawal at the

close of Poetry's tenth year, in 1922. Then followed as associate editors Marion Strobel, George Dillon, and Jessica Nelson North, whose poetic taste was probably responsible for much that was printed from 1922 to 1929. The fourth and last phase has been the attempted come-back in the past few years under the assistant editorship of Mr. M. D. Zabel, which we will discuss later.

In summarizing her own view of *Poetry's* first ten years, Miss Monroe has said: the magazine "gave an organ to poets who were separating from the old tradition. By introducing the imagists and such other independents as Carl Sandburg and D. H. Lawrence and Vachel Lindsay, by presenting foreign poets . . . and by encouraging an experimental spirit and certain new austerities of technique, the magazine exerted a definite influence." This is a very accurate, impartial statement. Briefly, *Poetry* established the reputation of the New Poetry—a phrase which Miss Monroe accepted as difficult to replace with any form of words more exact.

The "new" is self-consciously different from the old, and this usually connotes a changed social view. One could have revolted against the commonness of bad poetry in 1912 by writing poetry better in quality, and this is what, primarily, Pound and the imagists desired. However, they disliked London literary society and, for a time, had affinity with Sandburg, Masters, and Lindsay, who were, in general, political liberals dissatisfied indiscriminately with the ideals of traditional agrarian society and the evils of the capitalist system. It is better to be vulgar than affected, Ford Madox Ford had said, and, identifying the affected with the traditional, they placed a value on vulgarity. Pound wanted poetry to catch up with the times by mastering the technical accomplishments in the poetry, especially French, of the previous fifty years. Sandburg, Masters, Lindsay, and we may add Lawrence whom I should like to admire, having little regard for the niceties of technique, for these were of the academic world of tradition, also wanted poetry to catch up with the times, but they meant by this that poets should become self-conscious of their environments. The expatriates, in a way, dramatized their environment by obvious exile; the middle westerners by assuming the typically social as the typically human. They sacrificed, with Whitman, the individual to the typical, as all social writing must do since it is concerned with the salvation of the many rather than the one. In Carl Sandburg the illustrations are not the precise, concrete images asked by Imagism; they are as much

social types as the villains of melodrama—"I have seen your painted women under the gas lamps luring the farm boys", for example—and are used for the same purpose, the manipulation of general emotions. To give the case history of village characters as though their social aspects possessed absolute value, as in Masters' Spoon River, is a journalism which lacks the usefulness of sociological statistics; to render a particular human emotion, as does W. C. Williams whose work is more stridently contemporary than any of the above poets, is and has always been the business of poetry.

The man of particular emotions will, in political life for example, see particular corruptions and stupidities or subscribe to a particular program, but he knows that men and affairs will always be about the same. The social writer, the class-struggle-ist, whatever party he may belong to, wishes to excite a general emotion against a general class of people, not in the hope of achieving particular ends, but of inaugurating a "new era". Thus the social writer distrusts art, eventually, and despises technique. Finished work is adequate, not exciting. The "new austerities of technique", of which Miss Monroe speaks, only appear as austerities in contrast with the looseness of the middle westerners; how poets could practise a more austere technique than Hardy, Bridges, and Sturge Moore is hard to understand. But the middle westerners never learned to write; they were concerned with what Miss Monroe says is "in the deepest sense the poet's business—of seeing our national life in the large—its beauty and glory, its baseness and shame." The poet's material was no longer an immediate social situation which he accepted, but rather that formless entity, the Spirit of America or the Spirit of the Age. We complain, here, that Miss Monroe concurred in these principles.

Everyone knows the history of Imagism. Pound, H.D., and Richard Aldington agreed on the simple principles of good style —direct treatment, waste no words, be rhythmical. The distinctly imagistic thing was probably an emphasis on brief poems and on the suggestion of complex emotional states by precise, concrete images without obvious allegory, although, this, too, is a common stylistic method. They called themselves a school and published an anthology to which W. C. Williams, among others, contributed. Then Amy Lowell appeared and put the movement on a business basis. She imported some good talent, D. H. Lawrence, and Pound and Williams withdrew. Rumor maliciously

relates that Miss Lowell once said, "I made myself a poet, but the Lord made me a business man." And the Devil made her a literary politician. Abandoning their early principles, except for H.D., and ballyhooed by Miss Lowell, the Imagists became famous and helped make formlessness fashionable.

This formlessness became identified with free verse, since most of these poets used the new metres. In academic circles, today, free verse is identified with expansive self-expression and both are generally approved. No good verse, of course, is either free or expansive, but here I should only like to point out a few technical distinctions which are commonly disregarded. The free verse of Stevens, Williams, and H.D. is usually a strict metre having a certain number of stresses to the line—a stress being a heavy beat so that not every accent is a stress—but they wrote by ear and never systematized their method. This was accomplished in the verse of the succeeding generation, particularly by Yvor Winters who has very accurately analyzed the free verse metres. The Imagists also used a cadenced verse whose principle, briefly, is the repetition of phrase groups having similar rhythms. Pound, also, and Eliot, usually, wrote a loose blank verse which is called free verse. Under one of these three principles every good poem of the movement may be scanned, if anyone thinks it necessary. Since the poets themselves wrote by ear, not by rule of thumb, the methods occasionally shade off one into the other. Much of the free verse that Miss Monroe printed or herself wrote, however, justifies Mrs. Henderson's remark that the primers of the next generation will be made up of the free verse of this. Many of the famous poems of the movement *are* formless or badly written, and their fame obscures the real accomplishments.

Besides offering an exhibition-gallery for current work, a magazine may develop a continuous contemporary tradition which lends a certain excellence even to mediocre talents. For a time during its second phase, 1919 to 1922, Poetry seemed to be encouraging such a tradition. The direct outcome of free verse and imagism can be seen in the very early work of Maurine Smith, Janet Lewis, Pearl Andelson, Malcolm Cowley, Ernest Walsh, Yvor Winters, and Glenway Wescott, whose *Ominous Concord* (Sept. 1921), never to my knowledge reprinted, is probably the best of these early poems. These young poets are the most interesting feature of the phase, but the best work, of course, was by established figures, H.D. and W. C. Williams, and, also, three poets

who received major awards during these years—Wallace Stevens, Robert Frost, and E. A. Robinson. Miss Monroe recognized these three poets early and has praised them adequately, but she neither made their reputations nor became excited about them, as she did about Masters, Lindsay and Sandburg. She will never know that the publication of Stevens' *Sunday Morning* was an event in the history of poetry, and the publication of *General Booth*, a genuinely amusing poem, was an event in the history of college yells—and as the poet of the college yell, Lindsay wished to be remembered.

Tediousness forbids a detailed criticism of the poetry published in the succeeding years; the contributors who occupied much of the space, Marion Strobel, Margery Swett Mansfield, Jessica Nelson North, Eunice Tietjens, Amanda Benjamin Hall, George Dillon, Leonora Spreyer, Marjorie Allen Seiffert, Mark Turbyfill, Hazel Hall, Helen Hoyt, will sink to oblivion unassisted. How low the magazine stooped or sank, however, can be illustrated by the first half of a poem by an energetic young critic to *Villon*:

> He found life harsh and cold
> To a poet in a ragged cloak!
> With a wry smile he sold
> Gentility, and broke
> Virtue on a wheel of lust—
> Took a harlot for his wife,
> Stooped lower, wallowed in the dust,
> Sipped the very dregs of life.

This is in the January 1927 issue, but you will find one or two of like quality in every issue.

Mr. Morton Dauwen Zabel, who has a more accurate knowledge of real poetic reputations than Miss Monroe, has been associate editor since 1929. In these last few years talent was sought out which had previously been ignored, and prizes were awarded to the late Hart Crane, to Louise Bogan, and, seventeen years late, to William Carlos Williams. Their poetry and groups of poems by Allen Tate and Marianne Moore appeared. If Miss Moore's group were the sleepy afterthoughts of genius, if Miss Bogan's poems were not of her best, if Mr. Tate's groups contain none of his best and a few of his poorest poems, if two poems by Hart Crane were reprinted from *transition* and a third, *Indiana*, is probably the worst poem a man of genius ever wrote, nevertheless Miss Monroe and Mr. Zabel meant well; they had the right

names, the right house numbers, only they called too late in the evening. Again, the review section has recently read like a critical roll-of-honor—R. P. Blackmur, Allen Tate, Yvor Winters—but, except for Winters on Crane and Jeffers, none of the more important criticism of the time has appeared there. These reflections indicate that Mr. Zabel is a man of excellent opinions and no discrimination.

They indicate also that the central idea of popular support was being abandoned, for none of the above writers could be or cared to be popular. Indeed Mr. Zabel openly repudiated the idea in a leading editorial: "Art must always have her crusaders," he said, "but their tragedy lies not in the failure of their cause but in its success. They cry their gospel valiantly across a world of stupidity and indifference, unaware of the fact that suddenly the sleeping giant, Popular Support, will waken and, in the fury of his enthusiasm, crush the life out of art and crusader alike." This is both accurate epitaph on *Poetry's* original ideals and an illustration of Mr. Zabel's critical style. In literary history Miss Monroe and *Poetry* will deservedly receive high praise. We have tried to establish the grounds for this praise, and to suggest some few qualifications. Marianne Moore said, long ago: "the blemishes stand up and shout when the object

> in view was a
> renaissance; shall I say
> the contrary?"

J. V. Cunningham

MUSIC CHRONICLE

THE VIENNA FESTIVAL

THE Tenth Festival of Modern Music dispersed in mid June among the faded and shabby charms of Vienna was on the whole a disappointing exhibition of unworthy music. A few new names are remembered with pleasure: Beck and Gerhard achieved real successes, Francaix and Fitelberg exhibited real promise. Of the older living names only Schönberg came off unscotched, and by a piece of consummate irony the only real triumph of the entire week was the scarcely contemporary Second Symphony of Mahler. The rest of the festival was an endlessly exasperating ruck of mediocrity. For this Schönberg is largely responsible. His influence has produced a school of aspiring atonalists scarcely to be distinguished one from the other and whose efforts are only equalled in dullness by the sophisticated Franco-Russian school for whom it is to be feared Stravinsky and Prokoffief are largely responsible. Modern music on the continent has fallen into two or three deep and distressing ruts, and a cataclysm of the first order is needed to shatter the grooves and produce any sort of new and vigorous life.

At the first orchestral concert Mr. Conrad Beck in his Innominata for orchestra made excellent arrangements of sonorous shapes. Strings gave curiously a crispness to a roaring complicated mass of wind that might otherwise have lacked contour. This was clever orchestration, for the usual procedure is to point the softness of strings with the precision of wind. Mr. Beck on the other hand outlined large mathematically irregular colored shapes of wind with the sharp black pencil of exceptionally bitter and insistent strings. After a few introductory spaces, large rounded masses began pushing up against a lid of E flat with a feeling of tension that broke off suddenly at precisely the correct instant into a phrase of perfectly conceived inconsequence. Following this was a middle hollow of haphazard calm, presenting a disarming care-

lessness tossed off with a sure instinct for shape and continuity but not of consummate interest. This was enclosed at the other end by a reversion to the procedures of the opening, that again worked themselves up to a tension of grinding, converging planes effectively embedded and laboring in a shining mass that slowly stilled to an open fifth and ceased with convincing finality.

Lopatnikoff's Second Piano Concerto was hollow dusty music of the desert. Its tired metallic face twitched occasionally into a wry drawn grin as an iron irony was uttered. And the slow movement contained a small number of beautiful noises when the piano lubricated the dry rustling noises of the plucked strings like clear water flowing over sand. But the rest was a waste of sophisticated futility like many others of its school.

Mr. Ponc's Prelude to an Old Greek Tragedy in Quarter Tone System was a curious study in ineffectiveness. A large apparatus was summoned including a quarter tone harmonium and an augmented corpus of strings halved and tuned a quarter tone apart. An interesting and impressive piece was played that seemed to expand from a single note and contract to it again. The thematic substance was clear and bare in outline, considerably pentatonic, well shaped and pointed, reminiscent of Knossos and Mycenae. But never once was a quarter tone heard or felt. The most attentive ear, listening till it questioned its own sanity, could not discern the shadow of a ghost of one. It was not the fault of the ear, for the experimental Concerto by Carillo played two years ago by the Philadelphia Orchestra was registered and understood by the same tympanum. The diagnosis of Mr. Ponc's sad case seems to be: imperfect comprehension and usage of his difficult medium.

One of the very best things at the festival, possibly second to the Mahler, were the six little Catalan songs of Robert Gerhard. They were completely simple and completely charming. An environment was made perceptible by few and interesting sounds full of a distinct and personal quality. The tutelage of Schönberg has never fallen on such inappropriate soil or produced more unexpectedly engaging crops.

The chamber-orchestra concert began with Eduard Erdmann's Serenade for Small Orchestra Opus 16, containing a little abortive humor: approximately one part in several thousand. Norbert von Hannenheim's Second Piano Concerto with small orchestra was hard as diamonds, cold as liquid air, and twice as unsatisfying. After these the irrelevance and irreverence of Jerzy Fitelberg's Violin Concerto were extremely refreshing. The amusingly simple

Café Concert tunes did not fit together at all—were like pieces cut from *Le Sourire* and the Police Gazette pasted together with some bits of cork and steel wool and a few tram tickets in the best post-war Schwitters manner. Fitelberg has assimilated all the modern idioms and uses them with charm, humor and promise —though a conditional promise dependent upon the quality of that which will replace his juvenile buoyance.

The Second Chamber Music Concert was still less satisfying. Leopold Spinner's String Trio was a haphazard collection of fibres that did not cling together to form a complete fabric. After this the madness and great amusement of Jean Francaix's Bagatelles for Piano Quintet was most pleasant. This twenty year old Frenchman is worth hearing for his intense simplicity. Juvenile thoroughness has stripped his music down to the naked skeleton, and though the articulation is never faulty, a little flesh must now be stretched upon the slightly glaring bones. The sixth bagatelle, a dialogue between 'cello and piano, left hand alone, is as touching as anything heard at the festival and justifies entirely his procedures.

The Second Orchestral Concert seemed to have been planned for a Schönberg fest: two works by the Master, one by his star pupil, and his second best pupil waving a stick over the proceedings. Into this happy family party it was a great mistake to intrude the ghost of Gustav Mahler, for it is a lively ghost, clanking its unbelievably numerous chains with quenchless vigor, and singing lustily but at times a little out of tune the same songs that the great have sung forever.

Mr. Schönberg came off far better than Mr. Berg. There is no need to discuss *Friede auf Erden*, his early essay in a cappella form: interesting but ineffective as only bad choral writing can be. The *Begleitmusik zu einer Lichtspielszene* was a different story. Here is a prime specimen of the latter manner in which he is an unquestioned master, and here he has found a perfect subject for his efforts. No other sort of music could express Premonition, Fear and Catastrophe quite as well. Violin and xylophone together shriek genuine fright, the bouncing bows of the 'celli design disorganization with impeccable accuracy, and the whole is sucked down to an abyss of pure terror by the final snarling flatterzunge of the wind. This music might have been conceived and created for the single purpose of expressing such moods, and Schönberg by his previous choice of subjects (witness *Erwartung* and *Die Glückliche Hand*) has shown that he is not unaware of that fact.

(Mr. Berg too was fortunate in finding *Wozzeck*.) Also in spite of its comparative blinding originality and eccentricity, this sort of music has lost the bite it once had, and touches much less deeply what it once incised with searing acids. It is now only tolerable in its pure source-form and even such skillful dilutions of it as Berg's *Der Wein* are scarcely to be listened to with any patience.

The excellent performance of Mahler's Second Symphony that succeeded as finale to the program, almost dismissed all thought of the Bergs, plain and fancy. They seemed mere intellectual fripperies unworthy of place in the same evening. To a novice listener, following carefully with score in hand, the impression is so overwhelming that the end of the fifth movement loses force. But the recollecting mind, piecing the picture together from the printed page, refines out the dross of overstatement and bombast and remembers only greatness. The opening is breathless: its scuffling and stalking noises create a mad dark terror that the oboes strive to tether down with long cold sounds. "Danger. High voltage." might well be written over the staves, for the whole first movement is stretched to an almost unbelievable tension that only ends with the final downward plunge and the bare plucked C's that echo the heart's last beats. After this the mind can scarcely tune down its strings to the completely naïve beauty of the second movement. The strict critical barriers would deny the validity of so simple and folkish a tune juxtaposed with the terrific first movement, but its serene and unruffled charm is indisputable. Mahler never conceived anything lovelier than the echt Deutsch melody and its variants. It is an entirely separate entity having no reference to what has gone before, or to the stroke of doom on the timpani that sets in motion the rushing figures of the scherzo. The flowing contours of this movement are Mahler at his best, music shaped as if on a potter's wheel, lifting and expanding to a huge climax and ending, perhaps a trifle late, with the strings sucked spiralling down a dark tube to the deep, strangled sound of harp and tamtam. From this abyss rise the small still notes of the alto, like globes of white slowly breaking the surface of a black well. Quietly the voice intones *"O Röschen roth"*, at the words *"Der Mensch liegt in grösster Noth"* cuts a small straight path through the forest of pain, and at *"wird leuchten mir bis in das ewig selig Leben"* tears the heart, comes to a close. Suddenly the bubble bursts, a miniature reflected world is wrenched apart into cold, roaring actuality and day. It

is difficult to write soberly about the fifth movement even after the lapse of months. The excitement persists even on the bare white page. In spite of all the romantic machinery of off-stage horns and trilling birds, in spite of the excessive protraction and the moments of bathos, the final effect of the festival was a wish that someone might strive after the grandeur, the power and glory that seems to have departed from music, might attempt creation no matter how unsuccessfully on a scale that has too long been forgotten.

ROBERT H. PITNEY

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editors,
The Hound and Horn.

Sirs:

Referring to Mr. Lawrence Leighton's very interesting and revealing autopsy on Mr. Dos Passos, Mr. Fitzgerald and myself, may I take exception to one sentence:

"One feels behind Radiguet, Mme. de Lafayette, Benjamin Constant, Proust, even Racine."

Surely this should read "Radiguet behind Mme. de Lafayette." The rest of the sentence might stand although it would be more just to place Cocteau behind Radiguet and give Racine the benefit of the doubt. But perhaps Mr. Leighton has a feeling for Racine and would not wish to deprive him of his place.

Yours very truly,

ERNEST HEMINGWAY.

Cooke, Montana,
August 27, 1932.

BOOK REVIEWS

CAPITAL

Crisis of American Capitalism. *By M. J. Bonn. John Day. New York.* 1932. $2.50.

BOOKS about capitalism tend to prove either its workability or its unworkability. They also view the institution as moral, immoral or unmoral. A long line of economists, up to the late war always an unorthodox minority, from Malthus down through Sismondi, Marx and Rosa Luxembourg to Keynes, have adduced evidence and reasoning from which the conclusion emerges that capitalism, because of certain inevitable characteristics, cannot work over the long run. The socialists have, of course, written with the acknowledged purpose of convincing people of the unworkability as well as the immorality of private capitalism. Professor Bonn, somewhat like Sir Arthur Salter in "Recovery," tries to avoid moral appraisal of capitalism, but, without avowing any such intent, he demonstrates that the survival of capitalism is doubtful. His express undertaking is merely to state with as much seeming objectivity as possible the salient facts about the depression in America, as he sees them. And, it must be said, that he sees them more clearly than most popular American writers on this topic.

The orthodox majority of economists since Adam Smith have taken for granted the rightness and, especially, the inevitability of capitalism. Accordingly, they have argued that, inasmuch as the system has worked thus far, even though badly, it will al-

ways work, the more optimistic economists promising the progressive elimination of most of the present frictions of capitalistic institutions. Professor Bonn is not of this orthodox majority, nor, for that matter, are, any longer, most of our younger economists. Disillusionment has come to the economists as well as the novelists.

Whenever a competent economist, other than a fanatical believer in the eternal inevitability of private capitalism, takes stock of its present plight and future prospects, his discussion is likely to revolve around the question whether the industrial revolution and the opening up of new territories by migrant peoples and capital are processes now, practically speaking, at end. There can be little doubt that these processes have been mainly responsible for recoveries from past depressions during the comparatively brief history of capitalism. The socially tolerable working of private capitalism seems to require just what the United States has had plenty of, namely, growth. Likewise, England and Germany were distinguished up to the War by the agreeable phenomena of industrial and imperial growth. The doom of private capitalism as a world system will probably be sealed if and when the limits of industrial expansion and territorial settlement are reached and a new era of virtually static world economy becomes inevitable. A final world war—final for capitalism—breeding revolutionary factors, should mark the transition from private capitalism to whatever may come next. Professor Bonn recognizes the possibility of such an epochmaking turn in the larger tide of human affairs but does not commit himself as to whether expansion has slowed down too much or will slow down too much for the survival of capitalism. In other words he avoids prophesy.

As long as industrial expansion and territorial settlement are in rapid progress, the demand for capital goods assures heavy investment spending by capitalists, facilitated largely by the credit devices. Once such expansion slows down, theory and present observation show that adequate demand to keep workers and machines employed and to avert an indefinite lowering of the standard of living must be assured by government spending. Such spending, if not made for the patriotic and respectable purpose of war, is, in large part affected with the deadly taint of socialism and therefore opposed by the dominant classes. Without revolutionary industrial changes, without the settlement of vast new areas, without war, or without socialism, then, it would

seem that the replacement of worn out capital goods combined with current expenditures by consumers will not suffice to keep the economic machine running at a requisite velocity to avert unemployment and depression. This is true because it so happens, under capitalism, that after everybody has got head over heels in debt buying enough to keep the machine running at a proper speed, a credit crash must ensue, followed by a long depression which only revolutionary industrial or colonization developments or war can thaw out. During this depression the exigencies of capitalism force down indefinitely the standard of living of the debtors (who are over 90% of the people), of the workers and eventually of the capitalists themselves. It must be remembered that the size of the capitalist's income on invested capital is mainly determined by the quantity of goods consumed by the debtors and wage earners. It then happens during the depression, because of waning profits, that capital goods are not replaced as fast as consumed. Needless to say, under these conditions of bad business, further expansion of the partly idle productive plant is out of the question. Lower wages and smaller incomes on invested capital enforce reduced consumption as well as dictate reduced new investments. Some people who have moved from expensive to cheap apartments or given up an automobile for the street car, may, without undue cerebration, be able to grasp the now frequently denied fact that everything at present in existence or use does not have to be replaced when worn out.

In the light of the foregoing abbreviated and simplified explanations, it will be seen with what general ideas a competent German economist like Professor Bonn has been able to break it gently to the American people that their future under capitalism may not be as rosy as their exuberant and growing past. Professor Bonn nowhere summarizes these basic ideas quite as definitely as I have just done. Cautiously he leaves conclusions and synthesis for the thoughtful reader. This, in my opinion, is a defect in any economic book and particularly in this one, because its readers will need nothing so much as an integrated set of ideas about the facts stated. Few readers capable of drawing conclusions and working out a synthesis appropriate to this book will deem it worth their while reading it through.

The book is essentially a piece of descriptive economics. It purports to explain interestingly and popularly what every one knows as a fact of daily experience, namely, the depression. Inadequacy rather than inaccuracy is the chief fault of the ex-

planations given. They explain descriptively how, rather than analytically why, consumption and new investments are failing to keep our workers and machines busy. This big fact, however, is no longer news, a consideration which detracts somewhat from the merits of the book as a piece of economic journalism.

It was somewhat different when Karl Marx predicted (1848-1876) during the halcyon days of capitalistic youth the inevitable downfall of the institution. He then made a series of impressive, even if largely dialectical, contributions to social thought. That these contributions contained some erroneous interpretations and forecasts now seems less important than the general rightness of the major theses, which are today receiving historical confirmation. It is probably fair to say that any analysis of economic conditions which undertakes more than journalism must, like Marx's Capital, Hoover's Acceptance Speech, or one of Stalin's calls to the faithful, be a social tract, expressing deep convictions and validating important human ideals, as well as affording a few glimpses of the obvious. Any such inspired utterance, whatever its underlying doctrine, is a significant economic document, an article of dynamic faith, and worth reading.

Mere economic reporting about so vast a subject as the depression in America in trying times like these, excellent as the journalism may be, hardly merits book form. All of us read the daily papers and from them surely derive an abundance of economic news, which has the supreme advantage over Professor Bonn's book of being more up to date. Informative or analytical research monographs, if confined to some small field of economic phenomena, may have value as additions to the sum of available knowledge. Journalistic writing on vast subjects like the depression adds nothing to the economist's knowledge of facts or methods of thought and gives little assistance to the uninstructed in interpreting usefully such known facts as these pot-boilers popularly outline. For administering low amperage shocks to the tender minded and radiating sweetness and light, these books, of course, are not without value.

We learn from such books that "The War was the final and determining cause of the stupendous boom in the United States." After the War, abnormal constructional activities, plus heavy exports to meet war caused deficiencies abroad, all facilitated by credit expansion, which, in turn, was made possible by an unprecedented stock of war gotten gold,—these were the dynamic factors generating our post war prosperity up to the crash. Such

obvious and fundamental notions can be expanded by any journeyman economist into any desired volume or type of writing. When the author feels moved to philosophize we read statements which sound well but often mean little, such as the following: "Three causes, natural resources, revolutionary temperament and deliberate technical aspiration have shaped the economic life of the United States of the past."

Well, of course, natural resources shape the life of every people. As for our revolutionary temperament, it would seem that Europe has done far more social and revolutionary experimentation during the past seventy years than the United States. We have copied many important European experiments like civil service reform, the initiative, referendum and recall, the budget system (1921), old age pensions, workmen's compensation, the English corporate device, central banking, (the Reserve Bank Act of 1913), the investment trust, (1920-1932), foreign acceptance financing, (1920), colonizing the tropics (1900 to date) and so on ad infinitum. As for technical aspirations, it is difficult to see wherein ours differ from those of Germans, Belgians, Japanese or any other highly industrialized people, except in so far as the dictates of our natural resources differ. Professor Bonn is on surer ground when he chronicles the differences between American and European economic histories than when he strives after vulgar rationalization of these differences. Will European scholars writing for popular consumption ever recognize that Americans are just folks, mostly of European origin and culture, whose economic history differs less from that of Germany than the recent economic history of Portugal or Denmark?

"The End of Permanent Prosperity" was an easy chapter to write of a period during which prosperity consisted largely in selling to consumers, governmental and private, on credit, more than they could have bought out of income. Professor Bonn then finds that because there has been a very small percentage of loss (to lenders) on installment sale credits, "The theory of financing consumers was, therefore, in this form both just and fruitful." The fact that his entire analysis shows that consumptive credit uses have resulted in an unbearable public and mortgage debt burden, unemployment, reduced consumption and other sequels common to every prior credit boom, does not appear to have suggested to Professor Bonn the thought that there may, after all, be something wrong with a system under which adequate spending has to be financed by the incurring of debts which later lead

to inadequate spending. The fact that greed for profits led business men to use credit to create factories for whose output there is now no demand, or that an unwillingness to tax sufficiently the rich when their incomes were largest caused state and city governments to assume obligations that cannot now be met, with the taxpaying power of the rich at its lowest point, does not move Professor Bonn to question the fundamental premises of profits and money lending for consumption purposes.

Apparently he considers the capitalistic institutions satisfactory enough, but that they have been abused. All that is needed is more wisdom in their use. The keen thinker, were he to reach the final chapter, might ask whether a wiser people would make a better use of capitalism or replace it with some other system. To this fundamental inquiry the book gives no serious attention.

Let it not be thought, however, that Professor Bonn feels altogether easy about the future of capitalism. "The crisis of a policy may very easily become the crisis of a system." But he fails to examine the question whether crisis-making policies like war and credit expansion industrial booms are not inevitable features of the capitalistic system. He also fails to grasp the idea that there must always be a fundamental conflict between the humane demands of public conscience or social necessity and the unmoral dictates of economic necessity or of a competitive economic system. In any competitive system, the losers or the less successful must perish if the system is to work. Our tories are more consistent in their opposition to the dole than our tender minded liberals in their endeavors to saddle capitalism with socialistic charges which, as in Great Britain and Germany, must eventually make capitalism unworkable. The unemployed may be prevented by strong police measures from disturbing the peace and menacing our institutions. The natural processes of undernourishment and inadequate facilities for healthful living, aided by disease, should gradually eliminate the unsuccessful or, at least, keep them in check by the successful. The fact that millions will suffer and prematurely perish in this depression constitutes no evidence that there is anything wrong with the mechanics of capitalism, any more than similar experiences among the members of any cannibalistic species prove that there is anything wrong with the natural processes prevailing among these animals. The crisis of American capitalism is, in reality, a crisis in social ethics and this point Professor Bonn does not make.

The book closes with the standard patter of the liberals about

the beauties of international cooperation and the need for more of it. The rich and powerful United States ought to cooperate more generously with the less favored nations of Europe, all of which the now rueful buyers of German bonds have imagined we were doing. One wonders just how cooperation should work as between the successful and the unemployed within the United States. Cooperation apparently means practising the golden rule, and realists wonder why this notion is confused with practising competition.

Professor Bonn belongs to that large school of liberals who, for some obscure reason, possibly of mixed theological and pathological origin, insist on seeing in cooperation the crowning beauty of a system which is manifestly competitive and individualistic. It is all a matter of terminology. Possibly two armies may be said to cooperate by coming into range of each other's guns and otherwise making possible the fulfillment of their common function, namely, the fighting out of a decisive battle. Many people, however, will find it more sensible to say that two armies ought to go in and fight it out than to announce unctuously that they should cooperate with each other towards the happy consummation of an appropriate military termination of the conflict. Unsatisfactory military operations may be attributed to a lack of proper battle-making cooperation between the contestants, but it seems more logical to say that the reason is poor fighting.

Whenever the liberal economists observe anything wrong under our economic system, their most usual prescription is more cooperation among the competitors. With this counsel of absurdity, Professor Bonn concludes an excellent piece of economic journalism on a high note of constructive optimism,—whatever that may mean.

Lawrence Dennis

TWO WORLDS

LIVING MY LIFE. *By Emma Goldman. 2 vols. Alfred A. Knopf. New York.* 1931. $7.50.

MY LIFE. AN ATTEMPT AT AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. *By Leon Trotsky. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York.* 1930. $5.00.

REBELS AND RENEGADES. *By Max Nomad. The Macmillan Company. New York.* 1932. $3.00.

A PROFOUND paradox underlies the career of Emma Goldman. She seemed to herself and to the society in which for thirty years she played a prominent part, something different from what she was. To herself she was the pioneer of a new order, to the bourgeois world which flattered her with its fear she was a social menace. She was actually neither, but she has an importance as a symbol which she only seemed to have as a person. Viewed as a personality, or as the dramatic victim of her own misconceptions of the historic drama and her part in it, she is interesting and appealing, even great in character and spirit and in the irony of her fate which permitted her to enter the promised land, an experience given to few prophets and which few could support any better than she did. She was great too as a popularizer of those humanitarian ideals that were the flower of 19th Century liberalism in its furthest development, an exhorter and evangelist of passionate sincerity and courage with a zeal only to free, never to persecute. Her moral courage, no doubt, cost her little, for to a woman of her type moral courage is both a necessity and an indulgence. Her physical courage—which in her had a moral basis—was, in her frequent encounters with police, soldiers and vigilantes, unfailing. But as a historic figure she is not great, because though she felt ardently, she did not think greatly or effec-

tively. She had a great passion for justice, but she contributed nothing to social theory or understanding. She neither changed nor initiated anything. Feeling is not enough.

The intense need of a highly emotional nature grasping compensation for a brutal father and a loveless childhood, a strong will reacting violently against suppression moulded her personal life and her social vision. Naïve, idealistic and sensuous, ardently responsive to pleasure and pain she needed vehemently to give and to receive emotion and to affirm herself. The early repressions had made her a passionate individualist, the early brutalities had given her an ideal of harmonious and loving relationships functioning in freedom. Freedom was to her almost an absolute. She could not bear the thought of any external authority. She kept through life her adolescent ideals, her idealistic sensuality and her complete unreserve. Everything came to her through emotion—"people were always more to me than theories"—and in the great crises of her life the emotion was excessive, tempestuous.

It swallowed up her reason. But in smaller matter she had much practical sense and the independence to follow it even away from emotional preoccupations. The first great crisis was her conversion to anarchism through the fate of the Chicago anarchists. She came from Rochester to New York, filled with the new gospel, and met Berkman and Most. Berkman became her first lover. He fascinated and awed her by a fanaticism of which she was incapable, for she loved conviviality and music and even to buy a flower now and then, and he thought it wrong to alienate a penny from the Cause. Most, an older man, fascinated her too by his famous eloquence and crude power. He pushed her into public life and her first speeches were modelled on his and expressed his ideas. But she quickly found that her own were different. In defiance of Most, the great man who had sent her on tour—she was only twenty and utterly inexperienced—she began to agitate for the eight hour day, which he considered too opportunistic for an anarchist to bother with. But she was always alive to the value of immediate economic measures that would increase the leisure and freedom of the masses. This act of independence was the beginning of her break with Most which later came to a violent climax—in fact she struck him with a whip at a public meeting—when he repudiated Berkman's "act," the attack on Frick.

Emma's attitude toward political assassination was as vehement as it was confused. Deeply shaken by the suffering of the steel workers at Homestead, she had been all in favor of the shooting of Frick, and had in fact wanted to identify herself with it. Later her love and loyalty for Berkman, the horror of his long ordeal and perhaps a feeling of guilt because she had let him persuade her not to accompany him—they had actually not money enough for both to go—made her uphold political murder in general in a rather ambiguous way. She always explained the psychology of it, felt the greatest admiration for the perpetrator and wanted him to be treated with kindness as a person too sensitive to bear the ills of this world, but she insisted that anarchism not only did not imply violence but was opposed to it and that she herself was opposed to it. At the same time she thought such isolated deeds, because of their motivation, beautiful and noble. Her defense of Czolgosz was one of the bravest gestures of her career though entirely futile. But she saw such acts always through the medium of Berkman's consecration and suffering. Her horror was great and expressed in violent emotion when Berkman failed to see any significance or beauty in Czolgosz's act. His own, he felt, had been entirely different.

Now began the attempt to connect her with the assassination of McKinley, the hounding by the police, the brutal suppression and breaking up of meetings, the arrests, the jail sentences, the legend of "Red Emma," the sinister enemy of society. She continued fearlessly to support labor and other unpopular causes, often to the embarrassment of less radical groups already in action. She gloried in the attention the government paid her, the trouble it took and the large sums it spent on harassing her. She read widely—the best social literature of Europe and America. She was never a cultured woman—the ability to absorb culture is something inborn—but she found and used what she needed. She had begun with a purely Russian heritage, the "attentat" against Frick was the transplanting of a Russian phenomenon rooted in an entirely different social soil. As she grew more experienced she saw that another approach was needed to American life. She learned English, acquired a background of American liberal and radical tradition, addressed American audiences from coast to coast, sprinkling her talks with appeals to the spirit of John Brown, Wendell Phillips, Garrison, Emerson and Whitman. She rose quickly from the obscure provincialism of a foreign

agitator to the position of a national figure, a triumph of her "drive" and her personality. She even disseminated culture of a sort in her lectures on *The Social Significance of the Drama*, with which, in part, she financed herself and *Mother Earth*. No other radical foreigner of the period became, as she did, an integral part of American life.

In the great liberal literature of Europe and America she found what really appealed to her, what she actually stood for. She felt herself the heir of all the great social movements that fostered individual development. Ibsen and Emerson were her teachers even more than Kropotkin, whom she considered her teacher *par excellence*. Ibsen's individualism, Emerson's "anarchism" inspired her. In her Lenin's dictum that "Anarchist philosophy is an inverted bourgeois philosophy" was perfectly illustrated. Her ideal was classless. She pitied but did not idealize the people as Berkman and Kropotkin did: "Not the handful of parasites but the mass itself is responsible for this horrible state of affairs. It clings to its masters, loves the whip and is the first to cry crucify! the moment a protesting voice is raised. . . . A compact mass has never stood for justice or equality. It has oppressed the human voice, subdued the human spirit, chained the human body . . . as a mass it will always be the annihilator of individuality, of free initiative, of originality." With Emerson she did "not wish any mass at all but honest men only, lovely sweet accomplished women only . . . the living vital truth of economic and social well being will become a reality only through the zeal, courage and non-compromising determination of intelligent minorities." Anarchism was to be "a natural and voluntary grouping of energies to secure results beneficial to humanity . . . an organization without discipline, fear or punishment, without the pressure of poverty . . . based on the unity of life, not merely in nature but in man. There is no conflict between the individual and the social instincts. . . . Anarchism has declared war on the pernicious influences which have so far prevented . . . [their] . . . harmonious blending."

As to methods she was determinedly vague. The physical interference of the unenlightened mass with the ultimate revolutionary activities of the intelligent minority was a problem that she did not deal with or even formulate. The exalted perfectionism and hopefulness of this attitude was typical of the most advanced pre-war liberals and socialist-liberals. In her feminism, her agi-

tation for birth control, her free speech fights, her labor activities she was thoroughly of her time and place in the best sense—but in a perfectly bourgeois liberal sense—her vocabulary and her theory, if she can be said to have had a theory, always far more radical than her specific aim, but there was indeed no other sense in which one could be radical except on this tide that had gathered force for generations through the eighteenth century enlightenment, the French revolution, the industrial revolution, the romantic movement. This was a climax, not something new. The wave was at the crest, soon to be broken. No one realized this then. It is only a little while ago but it now seems infinitely remote. There is nothing more sadly futile than a dated idealism and a social passion that survives its day.

Morally, too, there was an early Christian naïveté about her. She was full of charity and motherliness. In the various flats she successively inhabited one was always stumbling over homeless comrades whom she fed and housed. She had a perfectly old fashioned truthfulness and prided herself on keeping promises even to representatives of government: "A pledge is a pledge," even if given to enemies and jailers. It is clear that she was no revolutionist as we have since learned to understand the word, but she thought she was working for the revolution, though she never expected to see it and had no clear idea of how it was to come about.

But in Russia it came, and she felt herself fulfilled. With her usual energy she rushed to defend it against hostile opinion, wrote—oh, irony!—*The Truth about the Bolsheviki,* before she knew it. Through the ignominy and misery of the deportation proceedings she was upheld by a radiant faith. And she went to Russia with the exaltation of a devout Catholic on her way to Heaven, only to find that St. Peter was the Grand Inquisitor and she a heretic. And again with her irrepressible courage she rose to the challenge and tried to reform this Heaven which had turned out to be Hell. She comes out supremely well in this tragic episode of her life which lasted two years. She remained true to herself. Like all the best of the old dispensation she was one of the soft and, as Lenin had seen long before, it takes the hard and the super-hard to make the revolution and still more to hold on to it. She was there in 1920-22 in the midst of the Terror. The air was thick with rumor, suspicion and fear. The all pervasive spying, the nightmarish red tape and inefficiency,

the monstrous misery and brutality which made even a kindly action to a neighbor suspect, the crushing of every freedom of speech and action, could these bloody convulsions be the birthplace of something great? Or did they, as she became convinced, denote the most hideous betrayal and crucifixion of humanity the world had known? She could not grasp it at first, felt her way cautiously among the uncomprehended horrors, ran to this one and that to find out the truth and perhaps to tell it to those who ought to know. For she could not believe that they did know, Lenin, Trotsky, the great figures that she had idealized. There is something ludicrous amidst the profoundly tragic elements on every side of this situation, in her urgent efforts to let the Revolution know it was having a Terror, to apply her heart and her simple, mundane common sense to the small needs of every day life, to sweep away the monstrous obstacles to the most trivial necessary actions. But she found that nothing was simple and that nothing was trivial, for everything had acquired portentous meanings and relationships, that had nothing to do with and were in fact the destruction, for the time at least, of individual human values and of all human values that meant anything to her. Ideologically she had been plunged into a new dimension. A new way of thinking and feeling, a new faith with a fervor as great as hers but incommensurable, drawn from other depths and breathing another air, with alien disciplines and exactions and values antipodal to all she held sacred was being realized. To enter into it a long training and a new conversion would have been necessary. This faith had already a history of world significant deeds, of actual battles lost and won, not merely words, hopes and prophecies. To her horror at its realities it opposed a cool contempt for her unreality. It was in the saddle, she was nowhere. It knew, it understood, it had the arrogant consciousness of representing and manipulating historic destiny. History was being made before her eyes in a way in which history had never been made before (for no previous revolution had been so profoundly self-conscious, so elaborately self-documenting, so rigorously rooted in theory, so sophisticated in strategy, so pedantic even in its violence, so free of romantic and atavistic idealisms). History, which to her was simply the "ever recurring struggle for freedom against every form of might" (so she had defined it in *Mother Earth*) was her being "given a push" (the words of Lenin) by men who saw it as a long evolution of strug-

gles between economic classes, in which life, thought, feeling, morality had no universal significance, were based on class only, were valid only within the frame of class, until such time as the proletariat should fulfill its historic mission and establish a classless society, as it was now beginning to do and could only do by the most extreme and calculated ruthlessness.

Trotsky was now at the height of his prestige and power as the strategist of the October revolution, the keen magnetic statesman and tribune, second only to Lenin, most of all as the creator and general in chief of the Red Army which defended the revolution on fifteen fronts. The story of the military train in which, for two and a half years, he lived with his staff and travelled constantly from front to front (covering a distance of some six times the circumference of the earth) is one of the great epics of history.

In his autobiography it is far more difficult to trace motivation than in the simple and spontaneous self—revelations of Emma Goldman. She had lived a freer and fuller life than most women with ardor and self-approval, and she enjoyed telling about it almost as much as she had enjoyed living it. She had fought the good fight without making a fuss, been much loved, hated, persecuted and honored. She tells all and when one has read one knows all. *Living My Life* is a fascinating book, partly because Emma seen thus in complete retrospect is a fascinating personality—which does not necessarily mean that she was a fascinating woman—but it does mean an extremely likable one, and because the sap, the crude vigor and emotional intensity of that person as well as the fact that she was often "difficult" pervade its pages with an extraordinary vitality. It is perhaps one of the great autobiographies.

Emma Goldman wrote her life in exile from the two countries that had been hers. It was a retrospect, the last vital act of her career. "Anarchism is a dying creed" as Max Nomad remarks in *Rebels and Renegades*. She is finished. There is nothing more for her to do. "This is what I was" she seems to say, bent lovingly over the past.

Trotsky, too, wrote his life in exile, not from two countries only, but from every country in the civilized world but one, with his name and his achievements blotted out of the tradition that is being imposed on Russia today, but . . . "this is a book of polemics," he says in the Foreword. . . . "In these pages I

continue the struggle to which my whole life was devoted" and one believes him, even if he never comes back. He has never ceased to be a world figure and this figure grows more impressive with each succeeding book by the great journalist, pamphleteer and historian and the great man of action uniquely blended into one person, with a genius for organizing masses of material as once he showed a genius for organizing masses of men and a powerful style in writing and doing. Nothing about him is simple, everything is extraordinary. His appeal to the imagination lies partly in the extreme contrasts inherent in his personality and his career. In *My Life* he tells, with a sort of effortless virtuosity which covers both an instinctive and a self-conscious skill, the story of his association with the great movement in which he played a leading part. He tells not so much what he was as how he became what he was to be. This is no reminiscence. The strong wind of the future blows through this book. The writer seems always to be coming toward you with a dynamic drive toward the goal which he partly realized and which now continues to be realized by his opponents from the impetus he gave toward it and with many of the ideas he furnished. Objective, yet analytical, concerned more with events than with persons, it yet leaves us with a sharply etched picture of himself as well as of certain aspects of many of the revolutionary personages with whom he was associated.

What made him a revolutionist?

His childhood was spent on a farm in southern Russia, which his father owned and worked under fairly primitive conditions. There were a grain mill and a machine shop on the grounds. Farm laborers worked for them, peasants brought their grain to be milled. The farm was the boy's world. In the mill he kept the books for his father. He saw the relation of master and man at close range. Something in him, he says, revolted at the indignities of peasant life, the miserable condition of the workers. In every controversy with the masters they were beaten in advance. Once he wept bitterly because of an old peasant whose cow he thought would be taken, but when his mother, divining the cause of his grief, reassured him, he denied furiously that this was his reason for crying. For already he had an intense pride and a sense of personal dignity and this, far more than emotions of pity, of which one is never convinced in him, was to mould him. Pride, but an intellectual pride forged him, a nervous irascible passion

for a knowledge that would be order, for an impeccable system, a steely infatuation with excellence. Even as a child loose thinking and sentimentality enraged him. He could not bear people who were superstitious, who believed foolish things. "I felt that my intelligence had been insulted and was ready to do any mad thing to make them abandon their shameless superstitions. . . . People refused to see the light of reason and this drove me to despair." It is significant that in this story of his life, in which the account of personal relations is reduced to a minimum, it is only in regard to intellectual matters and especially in recounting his own intellectual development that he uses the language of strong emotion.

His pride expressed itself in a tense desire to excel, in a stubborn almost perverse reserve and defensiveness. To every surrender he came fighting. As an adolescent he was rude to girls because he liked them so well, in the radical student group to which he belonged in his late teens he was still energetically opposing Marxism long after the others had accepted it, he had dialectic quarrels with the Marxian young woman who was to become his first wife, for many years he resisted Lenin and Bolshevism. He felt later, however, that this made him all the more valuable as an adherent who brought a rich revolutionary experience and a practised critical intelligence to his allegiance, who had learned how to reach independently, and often did so reach, many of the same conclusions as the one man he was ever willing to call master.

At nine he left the farm to go to school at Odessa where he stayed seven years. Almost at once he responded to the city, felt himself urban, and this feeling became more definite and self-conscious as he grew older. He began to devour books and to love words. He sees himself as a schoolboy, ambitious, quick tempered and difficult, a leader in his studies and among the boys who became his friends, stung by a self criticism that was "close to vanity. . . . Fiercely he would catch himself in the act of telling a lie; or he would taunt himself because he had not read all the books that the others mentioned so casually. . . . The thought that he must become better and more intelligent than the rest weighed constantly on his mind."

But, precocious in egotism, he was also precocious in the need for an intellectual discipline. The two dominant tendencies sometimes interacted in a peculiar manner. "My striving for a sys-

tem became tense, almost savage" (here again we have the rare language of passion). "At the same time I would be repelled by Marxism because it seemed a completed system"; in other words because it then appeared to him to offer no further worlds to conquer. However he soon realized that the exact opposite was true, that here lay the foundation of his truth and his opportunity. Throughout his youth individuals meant less to him than books and ideas "For a long time people passed through my mind like shadows. I looked into myself and into books . . . to find myself and my future. . . ."

"The feeling of the supremacy of general over particular, of law over fact, of theory over personal experience took root in my mind at an early age and gained increasing strength. . . . Beyond the facts I looked for laws. . . . I could act only when I held in my hand the thread of the general. The social-revolutionary radicalism which has become the pivot for my whole inner life grew out of this intellectual enmity toward the striving for petty ends, toward out and out pragmatism and toward all that is ideologically without form and theoretically ungeneralized."

But along with this devotion to ultimates, went a boundless capacity for work of the most practical kind, patience and daring, strategic and organizing ability. His life as a revolutionist actually began at fifteen in a group of young radicals whose first childish and groping efforts matured with such speed that within a year they were in touch with industrial workers, among whom they secretly circulated literature, had organized many circles of the South Russian Workers' Union and gotten themselves arrested. In all their activities, Trotsky, then still called by his own name, Bronstein, played a dominant part. He edited their magazine, wrote most of it, spent nights neatly printing it with a pen, travelled among the factories, organized workers' groups. He had broken with his father and was genuinely poor. He and six others lived a communal life in a borrowed cottage, surrounded by a garden, wearing blue smocks and living on stews which they cooked themselves. The atmosphere of boyish adventure, quickly merges into reality, however, with the first prison sentence and exile to Siberia for four years. In Siberia he wrote sketches of peasant life for a review, his first essays in the craft he was to pursue so brilliantly all his life as an accompaniment to his revolutionary activity. "There was nothing Hamletish about us" he remarks somewhere in reference to the leading Bolshevists

of the revolution. There was not, they were men of action, with a strong contempt for introspection and subjective judgments. Their profound erudition, their grasp of world conditions, their ceaseless theorizing was all in the service of the objective which always conquers the subjective and which it was their aim to speed up and direct. But in Trotsky, nevertheless, the extraordinary revolutionary theorist was doubled by a literary personality no less remarkable. He acted, but he always saw himself in action, always felt himself profoundly as a historic personality, was intuitive and analytical both in a literary and historic sense. His brilliant, caustic, richly informed style seems to have needed very little developing. It was at his command almost from the beginning of his activities, as well as the strangely blended magnetism of intellectual fastidiousness and arrogance that was in itself a sort of moral fervor, the splendid efficiency of his polemics that made him invaluable as a writer and speaker to the *Iskra* group which he joined in 1903 shortly after his escape from his first Siberian exile. His quality was recognized at once by Lenin who made great efforts to bind him to himself. In 1905 Trotsky was at the head of the Petrograd Soviet, the dominant figure in that shortlived revolution, then in exile again for twelve years, an exile full of purpose and activity in many countries as a revolutionary journalist and conspirator, preparing the way for the great revolutions of February and October 1917.

Events favored him, for, as he remarks in *Whither England* "Ideas of any kind may be effective only when they are based on material conditions of social evolution" and in Russia these conditions had long made a revolution inevitable. The war precipitated it. The Bolsheviks snatched it away from the parliamentarians, the bourgeois liberals and the social democratic groups by the superior strategy, determination and political insight of their leaders, favored by the complete moral and economic bankruptcy of all existing social and political institutions. In his book on Lenin Trotsky describes him as "the real revolutionary leader who is moulded out of bold pitiless mind and hard unyielding will."

To this leader the revolution was unthinkable without the Terror. Lenin's main fear was that the terror would not be rigorous enough, that the "unheard of difficulties" would not be met with a sufficiently "unheard of energy." Trotsky quotes him as saying, "And there are, pardon the expression, 'revolutionaries'

who imagine that we should complete the revolution with love and kindness. Yes? Where did they go to school? What do they understand by dictatorship? What will become of a dictatorship if we are weaklings?" He expended himself in scorn of "inadmissible weakness . . . pacifist illusion."

Emma had honestly believed that in the revolution, love and kindness would play an important part. This also had been the hope of another remarkable woman in another revolution, Olympe de Gouges, a pioneer feminist in 1789. She had wanted "a bloodless revolution, worthy of sacred philosophy." She thought Louis Capet should be imprisoned but not executed. Less fortunate than Emma she expiated on the scaffold her "pacifist illusion."

But Emma saw her own friends among the anarchists disappear only to hear that they had been executed. She saw the carts rumbling by with those who were to be shot lying face down with tied hands and feet. She stole to prescribed meetings, had breathless tales of horror poured into her ears, collected and distributed food illicitly, sheltered and nursed the hunted in her poor quarters, a sort of Florence Nightingale with a huge steaming coffee pot instead of a lamp. She exposed herself so recklessly that one feels she was spared by the authorities not through "love and kindness" or through ignorance of her activities, but from motives of policy, just as they spared Kropotkin.

The last straw was the wiping out of the Kronstadt mutineers "the flower of the revolution" as Trotsky had earlier called them, whose crime was that they believed in the revolution too literally. After this she could not bear to remain in Russia. She left to tell her story to the world. She could not understand the new mysticism of proletarian historic destiny but the Revolution understood her idealism perfectly and had nothing but contempt for it. Two worlds faced each other in travail and mutual hatred "two worlds, one dying [perhaps] the other powerless to be born," perhaps also, for it is not even questionable that the revolution today is not what the revolution started out to be.

In 1920 Lenin recognized the fact that Russia had not yet "a worker's republic," but rather "a worker's republic with bureaucratic distortions." Under Lenin and Trotsky and still more under Stalin, whether veering to right or left, bureaucracy increased, always supported by interpretations of Marxist and Leninist texts to prove that every step was an inevitable step, a necessary strategy on the road to communism. According to Max

Nomad, whose brilliant book *Rebels and Renegades* analyzes the life histories of revolutionists and revolutions, what is taking place is indeed the logical development of the next historic world stage, which will not be communism, however, but state capitalism, though in Russia and perhaps elsewhere it will be a state capitalism with a communist vocabulary and a communist metaphysics.

Nomad's view of the origin of Trotsky's radicalism exemplifies his approach to revolutionary characters. "In his autobiography," he writes, "Leon Trotsky says frankly 'racial discrimination has probably given a subconscious stimulus to my dissatisfaction with the existing régime' though he denies that this was a determining factor. There is hardly a doubt that the racial humiliations of his school years have contributed more than he realizes, in stimulating his spirit of revolt, his ambition and his will to power.

"While Trotsky was still in his teens, the radical spirit of general dissatisfaction with the tsarist régime that pervaded all educated classes merged with his Jewish woe into what he believes to be a 'sympathy for the down trodden and indignation against injustice.' That it was in the main sympathy with an indignation over his own hopeless situation as a budding middle class intellectual, with scant prospects in a world of mediaevalism and privilege, he has never realized."

This is the application to Trotsky of Nomad's theory of the rise and fall, the genesis and exodus of the social rebel or revolutionary in action. A disciple of Waclaw Machajski, one of the earliest revolutionary Marxists of Poland, he holds that all the socialist movements of the nineteenth century were started by and in the interest of a new rising class seeking privilege and stability—not the proletariat, however, whose needs furnished the slogans and the support of the new battle, but the intellectual workers, whose only capital—their higher education—was seeking to wrest opportunity for investment and expansion from the dominant classes of land owners and capitalists. Here, according to Machajski and Nomad, lies the explanation of the ultimate practical failure and spiritual bankruptcy of revolutionary movements and leaders. They gain the support of the manual workers by championing their demand for higher wages and promising them a future of equality and power. In the meanwhile they create jobs for themselves within their movements and when, as they did

in Germany and more recently in England, they achieve political power, even though only as an opposition, their personal interests become so entangled with the maintenance of the status quo, that they always oppose and betray the real revolution of the workers. This happened when the social-democratic parties of Europe supported the world war, again in the great coal strike in England, and in Italy when after the war the workers were already occupying the factories, and on many other occasions. Trotsky applies a similar analysis to the German situation, and in his book *Whither England* to the British Labor Party, but it is mainly for the purpose of showing how different are the Communists. To Nomad, however, all political revolutions, inevitably engineered and dominated by a radical intelligentsia, tend not toward socialism and equality but toward state capitalism, "a system of government ownership under which private capitalists would have yielded to office holders, managers, engineers; the coming form of exploitation in which the intellectual workers receiving higher salaries than those paid for manual labor would constitute the new and only ruling class, absorbing into their ranks, the former capitalists and the self taught ex-workers," and to this process, the Russian revolution is, in his eyes, no exception.

If this is true—and Max Nomad's argument is persuasive—the thought suggests itself that no revolution will ever be *the* revolution its prophets and makers willed, that exploitation and inequality are inherent in social organizations, that the forces that subtly balk or caricature all human efforts to rebuild society are eternal. The flight from one set of illusions leads merely to another and the latest and most sophisticated revolutionists who understand so well the economic basis of idealisms are perhaps the victims of a more complicated and massive illusion than any others. It is the "scientific" illusion carried over from physical and biological science into the realm of social philosophy and engineering. In every science there is a basis of faith. In this case it is the historic mission of the proletariat of which the proletariat often needs a good deal of persuading and of which history itself perhaps knows nothing. There is nothing to prove that there is any such mission. Yet the men who believed it seem actually to have initiated a new culture. The word has Spenglerian sound and when one views revolutions with the unsentimental eye of a Nomad a Spenglerian doom seems to brood over the

world. One can only will what history wills. The Faustian soul of private capitalism is being succeeded by the mass soul of state capitalism.

It should be stated, however, that Max Nomad draws no Spenglerian conclusions. He believes that the fight for real economic equality will go on, that "the continuous struggle for higher and higher wages will remain an accompaniment of state capitalism . . . as it is of private capitalism. Discontented groups of intellectuals will continue to embrace the cause of the manual workers and to assist them in their struggles, prompted either by an heroic urge to the good fight, or by their own ambition for leadership.

"With the eventual equalization of wages for manual and mental workers, the apparent goal of such struggle, higher education becomes accessible to all alike. The rest is a new page in human history."

On such a page it would seem the Emma Goldmans as well as the Trotskys will again have a chance to express themselves.

Clara Gruening Stillman

THE OBJECTIVISTS

AN "OBJECTIVISTS" ANTHOLOGY. *Edited by Louis Zukofsky. To Publishers. Le Beausset, Var, France. New York, P.O. Box 3, Station F.*

THIS anthology is of clinical rather than of literary interest. Its chief literary virtue resides in its reprinting from obscure sources several of the best poems of Dr. W. C. Williams, though one of his best poems (*Full Moon*, from the Dial) is ruined by being cut in half. It contains also Mr. Eliot's *Marina*, a loosely written affair with several charming lines, and some facile twaddle by Mr. Pound. The other contributors are Basil Bunting, Mary Butts, Frances Fletcher, Robert McAlmon, George Oppen, Carl Rakosi, Kenneth Rexroth, Charles Reznikoff, R. B. N. Warriston, and Louis Zukofsky.

Mr. Zukofsky's preface is so badly written that it is next to impossible to disentangle more than a few intelligible remarks. I offer two isolated examples of the style: "A poet finds the continuously present analysis of his work preferable to criticism so-called." And: "Tho perhaps gratifying to the poet whose poem is under observation—this prose, with all its poetic direction and impetus, should, to the critic himself with his merely poetically charged mentality, seem secondary even tertiary and less. i.e. compared with that act which is a poem, not, of course, compared with 'critical' backsidebeforeness." Let these sentences be my apology if I misrepresent their author. They are selected at random. The context throws no light on them.

There seem to be in the preface two principles that can stand as principles, independent of personal taste. Both are quoted from Mr. Pound, and they contradict each other: (1) "Emotion is the organizer of poetic form." And: (2) "Words . . . are organic, they interpenetrate and tangle with life, you cannot detach

them as pieces of an anatomical figure." The objection to these two statements is that the contributors to this volume interpret the second in terms of the first: they are unaware that the rational intelligence should (and in this modern age of chaos, etc., still can) play as great a part as emotion in the organization of poetic form, that it plays, or should play, a greater part than emotion in human life. This unawareness results in a narrow limitation of subject matter in the work of so fine a stylist as Dr. Williams: half or more of an intelligent man's experience is unintelligible to him and is ruled out of his poetry, and when he meets it in the poetry of other writers he regards it as affectation, as a literary hangover. In Mr. Pound's best work the same unawareness leads to the aimless progression, the endless expansion, of a shifting mood. In most of Mr. Eliot it leads to a kind of psychic impressionism. Mr. Eliot, unlike the other contributors to this collection, has one of the finest minds extant, but the intellect practically never provides any part of the structure of his poems —he moves from the feeling attendant upon one thought to the feeling attendant upon another as the feeling alone demands, and he achieves no more coherence than Mr. Pound achieves while wandering through history in some of his second-best *Cantos*. Mr. Eliot, despite his critical writing, remains as typical a poet of his own generation as Mr. Pound or Miss Moore.

The younger contributors to the anthology display the weakness of their elders, without their virtues of style. Mr. Rexroth, the best of a bad lot, employs a method of construction similar to that which I have just described in connection with Mr. Eliot, but his thought is less original and appears ill-digested. The others are sensory impressionists of the usual sort, and know nothing of writing.

The rest of Mr. Zukofsky's preface appears to be an awkward struggle to define the principles of good taste. As far as I can follow him, I agree with him, but that does not mean that I shall like the same poems. Mr. Zukofsky does not say what he means by "particulars," nor does it occur to him that every poet writes with an "objective," that any critic finds the attainment of an objective in any poem he admires. This kind of chatter is mere childishness. It is even less coherent than the criticism of Mr. Pound or Dr. Williams. One is left merely with the possibility that Zukofsky may have good taste. I have quoted from his prose. Let me quote a few lines from his poetry:

The reason we're not further along (But this is a swell sun, brother
comrade,)
Ask Faust aquaplaning, Go-ethe, his spiritual (whew)! MacFadden,
(Hu!) he-er vent Hel-ee-na squat from our Sidewalks . . .

The passage illustrates the quality of Mr. Zukofsky's irony, rhythm. and carefully modulated phrasing, in short, of his general objectivism. It exemplifies the taste which has brought the present collection together.

It is a curious commentary on recent editing that Mr. Zukofsky has filled more space in the four or five leading British and American literary journals than almost any other writer of his generation. It is symptomatic of the intellectual bankruptcy of the middle generation that Mr. Pound will actively back such a man, that Mr. Eliot, Dr. Williams, and Miss Moore have been willing to put up with him. The book, however, is encouraging in one respect: none of the talented writers of Mr. Zukofsky's generation are included, and the theories that Mr. Zukofsky struggles hopelessly to express, the methods of composition that he and his friends have debauched till they no longer deserve even ridicule, seem to be sinking rapidly to lower and lower literary levels; they should be in a few more years no serious cause of consternation.

Yvor Winters

THE A-MINUS MIND

CHALLENGE TO DEFEAT. *By William Harlan Hale. Harcourt, Brace. New York.* 1932. $2.50.

A COLLEGE education is still considered a perfunctory requirement, in affairs at least, but it is no more a real grace than frequent haircuts or a clean collar. The American college man has the loyal numerals of his class for the rest of his life, but if he has any education beyond a general haze of historic or categorical tendencies he got it either in the graduate schools or from his private research. The colleges neither provide a background of referential information, nor a technique for obtaining such information when desirable, nor to any extent do they form manners or opinions. They merely continue the parcelling out of those facts, most of which should have been acquired in the secondary schools. Probably the only concrete things four years at an American college offer above an absence, is the chance for some boys to get away from home, instruction in mathematics, and contacts considered useful later in business. That the American college should offer more must have been the aim even of Mr. Harkness, Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Baker and Mr. Eastman. That it offers less is excused by President Angell, Lowell, Hibben and Hopkins, by the fact that the first period enjoying an adequate endowment has been occupied by building, by obtaining equipment, by reorganizing the curriculum. Whoever's fault it is, it is nevertheless true that the United States of America has not, unlike England and to a more important degree the Continent, a student class. That is, a student class keen and actively intelligent, which does not await the moment of its temporal majority to influence the vote, a class occupied with national affairs, with the doctrines and quarrels of the world of art and letters.

It would be interesting to know, in the frames of the last three decades, what the typical intelligent young college graduate has represented by the choice of a profession. In the years before the War many went to the Law Schools and exerted their fire in the various branches accessible to the bar, from practice itself, to cor-

poration control, to politics. Later they were bond salesmen. Not only did each hand point to Wall Street for the open-faced charmer of the football-field but many less gifted found their careers inevitably indicated downtown. Now, in the years of the great shadow, where are they going? "Challenge to Defeat" by William Harlan Hale, a recent product of Yale, defines in considerable implied detail this very question.

At New Haven Mr. Hale helped to found "The Harkness Hoot" by far the most lively of any undergraduate periodical since the best days of the "Harvard Monthly". "The Hoot", as pert in its contents as it is gay in format, attacked with seemly bad manners the Gothic disguise of the New Yale, the educational system as it stood, published intercollegiate creative writing and reproduced photographs from the Jarves Collection. "The Hoot" continues to prosper and improve. It is not with Mr. Hale of "The Hoot" that one differs. The above remarks, concerning American education, modified and compacted might even have appeared in its editorial columns. It is with Mr. Hale of "Challenge to Defeat".

Such institutions as Yale exist in order that such young men as Mr. Hale may issue "The Harkness Hoot". Though hardly a loyal son of Eli, he should never forget the great service it has done him as first opponent. The Gothic greyness set off his rebellion in active relief. His bolts could be hurled at its patient Philistia with all the assurance that a considerable audience of alumnae and students would appreciate his efforts. And Yale, only too quickly, has had its revenge. It provided him with an opponent, an audience, and also with a living model. To risk the indiscretion of quoting the conversation of our greatest American prose writer, and the cruelty of inscribing an epitaph on the quick, "The William Harlan Hales of today are the William Lyon Phelps of tomorrow".

Professor Phelps is known as the most conspicuous book-endorser of his day. In *Scribner's* he controls nation-wide societies whose membership qualifies those who maintain they have read all of the "Faerie Queen". Only Hugh Walpole in England is a more valuable symbol of endowed mediocrity, the touchstone of book-club taste. Yet once Professor Phelps was a young man, one of the youngest ever to hold a full professorship at the university, and he is still remembered as a brilliant and exciting instructor in English who made Shakespeare live for the 1890's.

At the age of twenty-one, a year out of college Mr. Hale has

published "Challenge to Defeat". Its sub-title is "Modern Man in Goethe's World and Spengler's Century." To dispose of its contents as a more or less adequate abstract of the opinions of certain contemporary critics would be less than its due. Mr. Hale has synthesized the ideas concerning world-history of the first volumes of Friedell and Spengler, the morals of Wyndham Lewis and Bertrand Russell, the aesthetics of Edmund Wilson, Joseph Wood Krutch and Lewis Mumford into a competent thesis, in itself harmless enough, but as an exhibit the perfect picture of the A-minus mind. "Challenge to Defeat" as the A-Minus Mind represents what the graduate of 1931 thinks it knows. It is a mind energetic if untrained, courageous in the sweep of its generalization, intrepid in its ignorance, and fresh in its surprise at the initial revelation of every surface truth. It is a mind whose manner has the inevitable urge to lecture, which cannot presuppose its information, which considers categories of fact as wisdom. It is a mind which makes itself patent in a prose style of alarming frankness, which assumes the reader is as eager as the author, and as obtuse.

"Faust . . . came to rest as the complete yea-saying, or affirmation, of man to world. Today, a hundred years later, we have arrived at a complete nay-saying, or negation."

"The fashion of a man's thought may pass away; his knowledge and his ideas may lose their stamp, either because they prove to be false or because they become universally current."

"Sometimes indeed, as in Keats 'Ode to Autumn', there is pure natural description, an objective sight, but far more often nature resolves itself into 'blue flowers', and nightingale, symbols of the poet's nostalgia or isolation."

"He is not only sincere, he is truthful—by which I mean that he not only wishes to tell the truth but succeeds in doing so."

The first and third paragraphs are by William Harlan Hale; the second and fourth, by William Lyon Phelps.

The structure of "Challenge to Defeat" has the sturdy architecture of a thesis outline. Its logic proceeds with the consecutive disposal of historic tendencies up to the present hour. Mr. Hale has been the victim of his text books. He writes as if his "periods", the various symptoms of "decline", exist in the decades with their labels around their necks, waiting for him to call the roll, at which they disappear into their niche in history's vault. The words "classical", "romantic", "escape", "introvert", "extravert", "objectiv-

ism" and "subjectivism" are exhausted as veterans called out of an old soldier's home for their last muster. Mr. Hale is a minor master of the topic sentence and the memorizable phrase and his healthy indignation at the diseases of the West is increased by a touching faith in the simple development and logical causality of "movements". To him every ten years carries the convenient symptoms of its illness, whether it is symbolism, futurism, cubism or surrealism. How well he comprehends the manifestations of a poet is best shown by a translation he has seen fit to put alongside Baudelaire's "Corpse". Cubism he considers as "something approaching a pathological condition" which eliminates Braque as one of the great decorative innovators of any time—a talent as wholesome as Chardin's, and as sunny. As for music, he seems to have gone as far as the "Sacré du Printemps". "The enthronement of dissonance has led only to its vulgarization and debasement", which sounds like the "Musical Courier" for September, 1914. A fair example of his categorical disposals is shown in his history of the last seventy-five years—"Form was lost under Wagner, harmony was lost under the 'atonal' composers, and the whole development of musical rhythm was abandoned (sic) by such men as Strawinsky and Ravel in favor of primitive beat and ritual". Which lets out Petrouchka, Apollon Musagète and the Marienleben. Mr. Hale is quick to find paralysis in the poets—Eliot he finds "safe in the seventeenth century", Aiken and MacLeish are minor disorders of the introvert's soliloquy. His willingness to see death, and every manifestation of the creative spirit as terminal is merely a proof of a premature intellectual inertia. Death is not so easy. Dissolution, however devoutly to be desired, so that a blank slate can be bound into a book, is more complex, illusive and precise than he is ready to imagine.

Mr. Hale has cauterized our poetry, our painting, our music—even our philosophy. To a lesser degree our policy—our economics not at all. Marx he dispenses with as an affectation. Nevertheless had he considered the second volume of Spengler with the fury he had spent on the first, his own mind at least might be more open to the implications of economic determinism as it affects the arts. Mr. Hale's last chapter points the way out by the utilization of courage, integrity, beauty and humanity. What he needs is not courage but information, perception and the humility to develop a technical weapon that is something more than verbal heroics.

There are, perhaps, three categories of critics. In the first we

find such poets as Dryden, Coleridge, Arnold and Eliot. Their criticism is never an attempt to convince themselves, to clear their own minds. Their analysis and appreciation are only less directly illuminating than their verses. In the second order we find G. K. Chesterton, Joseph Wood Krutch, and Edmund Wilson. Their work is a painful, often studious attempt at direct perception. By naming each fragment of the carcass under dissection they think to galvanize the patient corpse. Failing this they seize the crutch of any absolute system of synthetic values to bolster up their reference, whether it is Behaviorism or Marx. The third category includes Professor Phelps and Mr. Hale. Its method lacks the order and information of the second but it apes their academic assurance. Needless to say it is the most popular and is essentially right for the pages of the "Cosmopolitan", "Scribner's" and "Vanity Fair".

"Challenge to Defeat" needs no contradiction. It does that for itself. But the case of Mr. Hale, thought of as the hopeful college product of our time, is an important one. Mr. Hale asks "what shall the young men do?"—a question except for the recommendation of the sovereign salts of faith, hope and charity, he does not attempt to answer.

For Mr. Hale there stretches out the inevitable purgatory of success. He will be remembered as having written a book on Goethe at twenty-one. He may well be the new authority on The American Youth Movement. But at forty he will still be a book-endorser if Yale has not claimed him as William Lyon Phelps Professor of English Literature. For his less ambitious classmates considerable careers abound. They will make of themselves technicians. They may use the handle of the law as a wedge to power in politics. At first their college education may be a handicap, but if surmounted a valuable barrier to have leapt and a good background in convention and expedience. Or as economists investigating the laws of the figures that their fathers failed to find, they may create the proper formulae for distribution and production which will be as powerful a control on our moneys as the solution of the split atom on our physical lives. And happily, should they be artists, their material is on every hand demanding only a submersion in it to yield great harvests of excitement. They will be too busy to rehash exhumations and too inquisitive to consider the necessity for courage.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

TWO AGRARIAN PHILOSOPHERS: JEFFERSON AND DU PONT DE NEMOURS

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF JEFFERSON AND DU PONT DE NEMOURS *with an introduction on Jefferson and the Physiocrats. By Gilbert Chinard. Baltimore, Maryland: The Johns Hopkins Press.* 1931. $7.50.
CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THOMAS JEFFERSON AND PIERRE SAMUEL DU PONT DE NEMOURS. *Edited by Dumas Malone. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin and Co.* 1930. $4.00.
THE EDUCATIONAL WORK OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. *By Roy J. Honeywell. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.* 1931. $3.00.

FOR the first time since Jefferson's death we are beginning to have an opportunity of knowing him as he was. It would be a labor worth undertaking to find out how and why the figure of a man who towered like a colossus in his day became obscured or distorted. Until recently the biographies of this great man were almost few enough to count on the fingers of a hand. None was really authentic. It is a symptom of a great change in American life and attitudes that Jefferson has been deliberately thrust into oblivion. Perhaps the East found his agrarian philosophy unpalatable. The West found, undoubtedly, more satisfactory gods in Jackson and Lincoln who adopted a pseudo-Jeffersonianism. Why the South chose to inter his memory with his bones is

less comprehensible than the forgetfulness of the other sections. I will discuss this attitude of the South in connection with Jefferson's educational work.

The resuscitation of Thomas Jefferson can be only a good omen. And many prophets and others are now watching the skies for a sign. Professor Gilbert Chinard, without question, is doing as much as any other writer to restore the forgotten Jefferson. Chinard is a native of France and has a close spiritual kinship with the eighteenth century French philosophers. He seems to have approached Jefferson through the study of these savants. In 1925 he published *Jefferson et les Idealogues*. Before that time he had written numerous essays of a similar type. In 1929 he brought out *Thomas Jefferson, the Apostle of Americanism,* in English. Then followed in rapid succession *The Commonplace Book of Thomas Jefferson, Jefferson's Literary Bible,* and *The Correspondence of Jefferson and Du Pont de Nemours 1789-1817*. M. Chinard has a thesis—well substantiated—which runs through all his writings on Thomas Jefferson: that Jefferson owes very little to the French philosophers of the eighteenth century, and that his ideas on government, education and political economy are largely the creations of his environment and his own thought processes.

It is a noteworthy coincidence that Mr. Dumas Malone published *The Correspondence between Thomas Jefferson and Pierre Samuel Du Pont de Nemours* almost simultaneously with M. Chinard's edition of the same letters. Mr. Malone includes only the letters written between 1798 and 1817 while M. Chinard's edition incorporates two letters of Jefferson written in 1789. Mr. Malone omits a few letters and obscure passages; M. Chinard appears to have omitted nothing. The former has translated the letters of Du Pont into English while the latter has left them in the original French. Malone has seen fit to correct the peculiar capitalization, spelling and abbreviations of Jefferson.

Mr. Roy Honeywell's essay, *The Educational Work of Thomas Jefferson,* is a compact, well documented and well written monograph which brings together for the first time the story of Jefferson's half century struggle to establish a public school system in Virginia. There is one serious fault in an otherwise excellent essay: the author missed a great opportunity of discovering why Virginia and the South failed to accept Jefferson's school system.

The correspondence of Jefferson and Du Pont, aside from the

information it affords as to the political, economic and social views of the Physiocrats and the American philosopher has a personal and literary charm. The affection, the profound devotion, of Du Pont for Jefferson is very touching. Jefferson was more than a man to Du Pont, he was a super being who embodied every high principle to which the Frenchman subscribed. Jefferson's affection for Du Pont was strong and his admiration was great, but Jefferson was restrained and not given to demonstration.

Du Pont had a fairly long public career in France during which he held office under Turgot and Calonne and wrote numerous books on the new political economy to which he gave the name *Physiocratie*. He came to America with his family in 1800. Jefferson had known Du Pont since he was American minister in France and he welcomed the arrival of the philosopher. Du Pont was not slow in offering advice to the newly elected president nor was the president slow in explaining that much of Du Pont's advice would not fit the special case as it existed in America. Yet they agreed on fundamentals. They were both agrarians, they both believed with the most profound conviction that the only secure foundation for a state was a land owning agrarian population. They were fearful of the effects of industrialization upon free government and upon society. Jefferson was willing to have the United States "stand to Europe on the footing of China" in its commercial relations; in fact, he regretted that the Atlantic was not an Ocean of fire. Du Pont was in emphatic agreement with Jefferson that the industrialization of America would mean the destruction of political and economic democracy, and most important of all, the final degradation of the mass of people whose elevation had been the thing which had set the America of the eighteenth century apart from Europe. With prophetic insight he described to Jefferson the evils of an industrialized state. "One must admit," he wrote Jefferson, "that this perfection of industry [division of labor] this manner to earn and deserve a salary is a very valuable thing, but at the same time, one must remember that it is compensated by the misfortune of creating a class of men weak, unhealthy, condemned to become machines by operating other machines, constantly exposed to misery every time there is a war. . . . I bewail the fact that Americans are dragged by political circumstances into turning their capital and industries towards enterprises of the sort which . . . do not create wealth, but permit the acquisition of wealth

and make it possible for a few capitalists to get hold of it, with the sad consequence that we have destitute people whom one can help, whose infirmities can be alleviated by savings banks, but to whom we cannot procure as much intelligence, health, comfort, morality and happiness as to a land owner, a farmer or a scientist [scholar]. That class of people who work in factories where work is divided as much as possible, do not contribute any happiness, nor any power and constitute an evil for a nation. They are unable to oppose any resistance to conquerors. It is because of them and often through them that tyrants dictate laws." Du Pont might have substituted for "tyrants" the phrase "political bosses".

Jefferson did not share with Du Pont the Physiocratic doctrine that land was the only source of wealth and consequently the only legitimate source of tax. They clashed also over the theory of suffrage. Du Pont earnestly contended that only those who owned land should have the right of suffrage. Jefferson, basing his reasoning upon the social compact theory, contended that the right to vote was an inalienable right. Yet, in fact, if not in theory, Jefferson and the Physiocrat were in practical agreement. Jefferson, in theory, a believer in universal suffrage, was, in practice, willing to place restrictions on the right to vote. He did not believe the negro could qualify for the suffrage, he approved educational qualification for voting in Spain and South America and could find little objection to the clause in the Columbian Constitution, which Du Pont had drafted, restricting the suffrage to property owners. Du Pont, opposing universal suffrage in theory, desired that land ownership should be so widely diffused that universal suffrage would be established in fact. Both men believed that only educated and trained leaders should hold office.

Public education to prepare the people for intelligent citizenship and gifted young men for leadership was a basic principle in the political and social philosophy of Jefferson and Du Pont. Jefferson believed that "the people of every country are the only safe guardians of their own rights, and are the only instruments which can be used for their own destruction. And certainly they would never consent to be used were they not deceived. To avoid this they should be instructed to a degree." No nation can be ignorant and free. Jefferson's plan of public education, which was embodied in his bill presented to the Virginia Legislature in 1779, proposed to establish elementary and grammar schools

with a state University at the top. A system of selection was to be used so as to bring the superior students from the elementary into the grammar schools and thence into the University. Such students should be educated at public expense, and should become the nucleus of an intellectual aristocracy which would supply the leadership to the state and nation. Jefferson did not propose more than an elementary education for any except the more gifted persons. The notion that every young man and woman must have a college education is most distinctly not Jeffersonian. Jefferson's long fight for public education was partly in vain. It resulted only in the establishment of the University of Virginia. It was many years after his death before public elementary and grammar schools were established in Virginia.

Jefferson probably overestimated the efficacy of education in preserving free government. He could not foresee how organized propaganda, skillfully directed, would render useless even University training in aiding the citizen to form an intelligent opinion on public questions. Jefferson's reply to any such criticism, could he make one, would most likely be that no such organized propaganda could have been carried on in an agrarian state such as he expected America to remain.

Jefferson's first conception of the University of Virginia for which he strove so long was magnificent. He planned to make the University the best in America and equal to any in the world. He would have all the useful branches of human knowledge taught there by the finest scholars to be found in Europe or America. He desired the establishment of a University where neither politics, religion nor sectionalism would cramp the spirit. Such Eastern Universities as Harvard, Yale and Princeton, he regarded as suffering greatly from these influences as well as from provincialism. But in his proposed University the mind and spirit of those who should come there would be free. As late as 1820 Jefferson could still think of "the University of Virginia as the future bulwark of the human mind in this hemisphere."

Jefferson's broad nationalism, his opposition to slavery and his equalitarian political doctrines all fit in with this high purpose for his University. In 1820 the South was in fair agreement with Jefferson; even Calhoun, who has come to epitomize the South in the period from 1830 to 1860, subscribed heartily to all of Jefferson's principles at this time. But after the bitter attack of Garrison and his followers upon slavery and the Southern people, the South dropped all these principles of broad nationalism and de-

veloped a new political and social philosophy. It is my belief that in making this change the South felt it necessary to forget Jefferson. Yet, had that section but known it, Jefferson's whole national outlook changed after the Missouri controversy. He had foreseen the coming sectional attack of the Industrial East upon the agricultural South foreshadowed in the controversy over the admission of Missouri. Had he been ten years younger it seems certain that Jefferson would have reentered public life at this time in order to combat the aggressions of the East as he had done in 1798 when he hurled the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions at the Alien and Sedition laws and the sectional Federalist party. Jefferson and not Calhoun would have been the first leader of the counter attack of the South against the militant industrialism of the East.

This belief that Jefferson was misjudged by the South and discarded, when as a matter of fact he would have become their leader again had he been younger, is based upon the sudden change in his conception of the University after the agitation over the Missouri question had arisen. Before 1821 he strove to create a University untrammelled by sectionalism—a real national University. After that time he strove successfully to make the University of Virginia, not a national bulwark of intellectual freedom, but the bulwark of the South where true Southern principles should be taught by a faculty picked out and carefully but discreetly watched by the sage of Monticello or his trusted lieutenants. Harvard, Princeton and Yale, he wrote John Taylor of Caroline in 1821, "are no longer proper for Southern or Western students. The signs of the times admonish us to call them home." On the following day he wrote General Breckenridge: "We are trusting to those who are against us in position and principle to fashion to their own form the mind and affections of our youth." Our young men in Eastern Universities are "imbibing opinions and principles in discord with their own country. This canker is eating on the vitals of our existence." He did not know, he wrote another, how many Virginia youths were in these Universities, "learning the lessons of anti-Missourianism," but he had it directly from a friend who had recently visited Princeton that half the students there were Virginians who "will return home, no doubt, deeply impressed with the sacred principles of our holy alliance of Restrictionists" [those who were demanding that slavery should not be carried into the territories]. Southern Youth must be trained in Southern institutions. Let the sister states of the South "bring hither their genius to be kindled at our fire!"

They will "carry back the fraternal affections, which, nourished by the same Alma Mater, will knit us to them by indissoluble bonds of early personal friendships." And it is hardly to be doubted that the influence of Jefferson did as much through the University of Virginia in building up the new political and social philosophy as did Calhoun, Rhett and others.

Yet Jefferson had changed none of his fundamental principles. He still deplored slavery, but was forced like many Southerners to defend it because of his fear of the freed negro. He was the same strict constructionist that he had been in 1798, and was an even more convinced agrarian than he had been in 1800. It was, according to his views, to save the agrarian South and West from being eventually crushed by the Industrialized East that he took up arms as a sectionalist in 1821 and proposed to use the University of Virginia as a center of propaganda.

Frank L. Owsley

HUMANISM AND CREATION

On Being Creative: And Other Essays. *By Irving Babbitt. 266 pp. Boston and New York. Houghton Mifflin Company.* 1932. $2.50.

Confucius: Tsze-Kung, you think, I suppose, that I am one who learns many things and keeps them in memory.
Tsze-Kung: Yes, but perhaps it is not so.
Confucius: No. I seek unity, all pervading.

Theology, the Queen of the Sciences, is dead,—or moribund. Not one of our theologians has had the virility or comprehensiveness of intellect to give unity to the efforts of influential and sensitive minds or to inject new vitality into institutions of religion. On the contrary, many of our "leaders" are still pleading outlaw-wise for the joys of labyrinthine ways. It is their "philosophy" that has cut the throat of theology.

And that is why many American students have had to turn to a literary critic and a man avowedly outside all religious traditions, theological or institutional, for a philosophy of values. That is why the worldlings of our generation have had to vent their spleen on a Professor of French literature. That is why Professor Babbitt is one of the few men in this country who have been able to work up a fight in which there were opponents bent on killing.

What we need perhaps is a modern Thomas Aquinas, someone

who can co-relate art, science, sociology, and religion into a hierarchy of values, someone who can suggest standards which may at the same time furnish a stimulus and a corrective. "Stimulus or correction"; as Walter Pater said, "One hardly knows which to ask for first." And one might add: We shall have neither rightly until we get both. Or, as Aristotle might have put it, we are rightly stimulated only when we are drawn to our true end.

Professor Babbitt has not tried to furnish a synthesis of Thomistic dimensions, but he has at least begun with Aristotelian aims. The connecting theme of these essays is expressed in the Aristotelian dictum which is taken as the epigraph of the book: Τὸ πρῶτον οὐ σπέρμα ἐστὶν ἀλλὰ τὸ τέλειον, which Professor Babbitt renders literally: The first is not the seed but the perfect, "with its implied disapproval of what we should term nowadays the genetic method" and its implied approval of formative standards.

. . . . . .

The title essay of this volume recalls not only in title, but also in thought, the essay "On Being Original", in Professor Babbitt's first volume, *Literature and the American College*. Just as that essay puts the modern notion of originality on the witness stand for the purpose of exposing its fallacies and of presenting the case for the new humanism, this one cross-examines the modern ideas about creativeness.

There are few questions of greater importance than this one of being creative. The Age and the art of Horace, for example, may in large measure be distinguished from the Age and the art of Dreiser simply on the basis of the varying conceptions of creativeness. But the problem is not only significant; it is also, as Professor Babbitt says, "extremely elusive". Such an elusive mystery as this one of creation must be subjected to much solicitation before it will permit itself to be unveiled. Professor Babbitt's method is a very good one, but it is only one. It is the method of definition.

To define a word like "creative" in the Babbittean manner requires not only a wealth of distinctions, but also a history of literary criticism. Indeed, if the passages in the works of Professor Babbitt dealing only with the definition of terms were gathered together, they would form a fairly comprehensive commentary on the concepts of literary criticism. Add to Professor Babbitt's craving for distinctions his ability to connect all of the main concepts of

literary criticism into a related whole and you have the secret of his fascination for many readers. You may also have the secret of his influence in literary criticism.

Following the suggestion of the Aristotelian epigraph, he shows in this study how ideas about being creative may be distinguished according to their affinities with humanism or with primitivism. The difference between the two notions of creation depends upon the question whether the viewpoint is teleological or genetic. Originally, he maintains, the idea of creation was associated with a divine act. "The very epithet 'creative' was once reserved for what is above nature—as, for example, in the old Latin hymn *Veni Creator Spiritus*." The change in meaning came with the growth of the naturalistic temper and its new emphasis upon original genius, spontaneity, and self-expression. Using the *Poetics* as his guide and the doctrines of humanism as a point of reference, Professor Babbitt attempts to give back to the term its older meaning. This involves connecting it with the now familiar Babbittean interpretations of high seriousness, sublimity, universality, and imitation. These interpretations have already exercised a salutary influence sufficient to justify themselves. If Professor Babbitt's interpretations are sound, and so far as they go I see little to quarrel with in them, one's ideas on being creative depend upon one's whole philosophy of life and art.

But other attacks are possible, and necessary. One example will suffice to show why. The reader would naturally assume that Wordsworth's theories would qualify him thoroughly as a believer in primitivistic spontaneity and unconsciousness. In fact, one entire essay in this volume is devoted to a study of "The Primitivism of Wordsworth." But, in that essay we find the following note apropos of the word spontaneity: "Wordsworth himself put great emphasis, not only on spontaneity, but also on conscious art. See his *Letter to a Friend,* Nov. 22, 1831." Referring to this letter we read: ". . . Again and again I must repeat, that the composition of verse is infinitely more of an art than men are prepared to believe, and absolute success in it depends upon innumerable *minutiae*, which it grieves me you should stoop to acquire a knowledge of. Milton says of pouring "easy his (sic) unpremeditated verse". It would be harsh, untrue, and odious to say there is anything like cant in this; but it is not *true* to the letter, and tends to mislead". This comes strangely from the man who as much as any other set up what Professor Babbitt thinks of as the fatal opposition be-

tween creation and culture. But it shows that conclusions about creation ought not to be based wholly on the history of systematic discussion of the idea, or even on the history of general trends. The question arises as to how much the primitivists practiced what they preached. Certainly a number of the English novelists in the nineteenth century would lie very uncomfortably in the vernal bed of primitivism. A complete study of creation can be written only after the psychological study of the processes of creation and the materials available in letters, diaries, and varying editions of great poems, have been gathered and correlated. A study of the theories about creation will never alone be sufficient. It must be supplemented by an examination of the practice of poets. To definition we must add description.

Although the essay "On Being Creative" was written ostensibly as an exercise in the criticism of ideas, it will be taken by many as an answer, or perhaps as no answer, to the common charge made against the new humanists, recently repeated by Miss Rebecca West, that they are creatively impotent in comparison with the ultra-modernists. Miss West would probably be satisfied with no less than a list of poets, novelists, and playwrights who have been influenced by the new humanists. This list Professor Babbitt would probably not furnish even if he could. What he does instead is to tell her what she should mean by her question. He claims, moreover, that some of the greatest creative artists of the past have been humanists. Substantially, his reply to the question is a definition of the word creative in such a way as to show that not until there are again poets, novelists, playwrights, and critics who are humanists will there be a truly creative literature. He does not, of course, expect that Miss West will be satisfied with this reply. Nor can he expect that she will be content with the implication of this rejoinder: "Mr. More, one is led to infer is less creative in the five volumes of *The Greek Tradition* (which Miss West seems nevertheless to admire) than, let us say, Mr. James Joyce in his *Work in Progress*." Since Mr. Joyce as a creative artist is still *persona non grata* with Professor Babbitt, one might wish that he had named here some contemporary writer more acceptable to him in order to avoid giving the impression of evading the issue. For whether Miss West accepts the humanist notion of creation or not, her question is importunate and pertinent.

Professor Babbitt has been teaching at Harvard for over thirty years now. He has influenced literally thousands of students dur-

ing those years. Miss West and those who have been asking her question are justified in expecting that a few of his many students would have produced some acceptable poetry, drama, or fiction, as well as criticism. Professor Babbitt's silence in this matter, however, need not be taken as dumbfoundedness. His ideas have in some measure permeated the minds of many of the present day writers who read and think. Nevertheless, it would be impossible to name any important writers in America, excepting critics, who would recognize themselves as humanists. There are several possible reasons for this. The artists may be impervious to the ideas of Professor Babbitt; or perhaps they accept his ideas but do not find them formative. In case either of these explanations is correct, Professor Babbitt is not entirely to blame. He is rowing against the stream. This fact suggests another reason. It is natural that the philosophy of expression should bear fruits instantaneously, for anything apparently may count as creativeness. On the other hand, a type of creativeness such as that of Professor Babbitt's description which demands of the creator that he be a man before he becomes an artist, cannot be of sudden growth.[1]

Yet, those who have studied under him cannot but think that the general failure of humanism to influence practicing artists in some recognizable way is partly the result of a certain academic aloofness to contemporary artistic activity and partly the result of his method of teaching, which involves vigorous discussion of *ideas* but relatively little detailed consideration of works of art, past or present. It should be added, however, that a number of the critics and teachers who look upon themselves as exponents of humanism are exhibiting a keen interest in contemporary production and are naturally also employing their own varying methods of teaching.

One cannot, however, leave Professor Babbitt's discussion of

[1] As with other terms which are key words in Aristotelian terminology, the word τέλειον of the epigraph was associated with religious ceremonies: "The name τέλος, which we translate 'accomplishment', meant originally 'growing up', 'becoming a man'; ἀνὴρ τέλειος is a full grown man". Cf. art. "Fan", by Miss J. E. Harrison, Hastings Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics, v. 756. Aesthetes who suppose themselves to be in the tradition of Walter Pater would do well to recall in this connection his lines: "For us of the modern world, with its conflicting claims, its entangled interests, distracted by so many sorrows, with many preoccupations, so bewildering an experience, the problem of unity with ourselves, in blitheness and repose, is far harder than it was for the Greek within the simple terms of antique life. Yet, no less than ever, the intellect demands completeness, centrality."

"being creative" without heartily agreeing with him that "it is absurd to disparage a good critic as compared with some inferior poet or novelist on the ground that he is less creative". There is, of course, opportunity for difference of opinion as to what constitutes a good critic, but the idea more relevant for the moment is that Professor Babbitt is not willing to leave all of the creativeness to the poets and novelists. As we shall see, some of the followers of humanism, critics like Stuart Pratt Sherman, T. S. Eliot, and some of the contributors to *Humanism and America*, are in Professor Babbitt's meaning of the term, creative.

When he comes to the discussion of creative criticism the sparks begin to fly. Professor Babbitt who has spent most of his life thinking about general terms is not the man to leave undisturbed a good word appropriated by an opponent. In fact, the most effective part of his method of argument has been his redefinition of general terms that have been adopted and, in his opinion, perverted by primitivists, utilitarians, and humanitarians. And this is the way he deals with Messrs. Croce and Spingarn. He traces "creative criticism" to the older romantics who "set up gusto as a substitute for taste". But there were brave men before Agammemnon and there were creative critics before Croce. Although Professor Babbitt does not appeal to Arnold here, we may recall that Arnold conceived of the critic as being creative. The function of criticism in his view was "to create a current of true and fresh ideas". But Professor Babbitt, in line with the Aristotelian epigraph, would go beyond Arnold. He would have criticism give direction to literary activity. In Goethe he finds a suggestion for a more purposive conception of creative criticism and, therefore, a corrective not only for Arnoldean but also for Crocean creative criticism:

> According to Goethe, as cited by Spingarn, the critic should ask himself the following questions: "What has the writer proposed to himself to do? and how far has he succeeded in carrying out his own plan?" . . . But before attributing any such absurdity to Goethe let us verify Mr. Spingarn's quotation. We then discover that Goethe would have the critic ask a third question: "Was the author's plan reasonable and sensible?" Mr. Spingarn owes the public an explanation of how he came to reduce Goethe's three questions to two, with the result of transforming him from an Aristotelian humanist into a Crocean aesthete."[1]

[1] The essay "On Being Creative" now under discussion appeared originally in the Bookman. Recently Professor Spingarn has republished *Creative Criticism*. No explanation of the "reduction" is to be found there.

And in order to judge, the critic must have standards. If criticism is to be rightly creative, then, "there is need of a type of critic who will essay the task, especially difficult under existing circumstances, of creating standards". Whether this conception of creative criticism is sound or not, we must admit that Professor Babbitt must be praised as a creative critic of this kind. If he has not created the standards which have prevailed recently or shall prevail in the future, he has been at least a major force in making American critics admit the need of standards and the need of the critic who can create them. We may go further: there is little doubt that the quality of much of the current literary criticism, even that written by people who are avowedly hostile to humanism, has been improved because of the special creativeness of Professor Babbitt. Even those who are hostile to humanism or who have gone beyond it into religion owe to the good offices of Professor Babbitt (and Paul Elmer More) many of the distinctions in literary criticism and in the philosophy of religion which they have made a part of their own intellectual equipment.

It may be doubted, however, whether all of the hostility which Professor Babbitt has aroused must be attributed to his anxiety to create standards and make distinctions. The simplest way for us to explain his unpopularity in certain quarters is to charge his opponents with a sort of tranquil consciousness of effortless superiority,—they think they can be more creative without talk of standards and all that "Puritanical" rubbish. This does no doubt explain a great deal. But there is more to the hostility than this. The cause of the trouble is discernible in Professor Babbitt's own account of the ideal critic:

> "The truth is, the critic worthy of the name must judge; the counter-truth is that he should base his judgment on the widest comprehension and sympathy. The humanistic critic does not cultivate either the truth or the counter-truth, but mediates between them; only, according to the special conditions with which he has to deal, he may lean to one side or the other. Goethe leaned very strongly to the side of comprehension and sympathy as a corrective of the dogmatic narrowness of many of the critics of his time."

We take it that Professor Babbitt is here offering the *apologia pro judicio suo*. He has decided that under the "special conditions with which he has to deal", he should lean to the side of judgment rather than the side of comprehension and sympathy. Consequently he has not made a great effort in his published writings to find points of agreement with contemporary artists who, though

perhaps not avowed dualists or humanists, are in many ways working towards ends similar to his own. But Professor Babbitt has found himself in an age of multiplicity; there are plenty of people who are doing nothing but comprehending all and forgiving all. Like another great humanist, Montaigne, he sees that the need of the time is the education of judgment. Like Montaigne, again, he believes that the attempt to become truly critical must "extend beyond the bounds of literature to various aspects of our national life" and must "converge finally on our higher education". Montaigne only says it differently: To judge well is to think rightly and to be able and ready to act well.

There is another way, however, of considering Professor Babbitt's practice as a critic. He has himself suggested in this volume that the critic who creates standards is only one type of critic. He believes there is need of a type of critic who makes rounded estimates and also of a type that aids in forming concrete judgments on works of art. He has not practiced the latter types of criticism. Some people think that he would have performed his chosen function better if he had.

His major interest has been in the creating of standards. In so far as judgments have been made by Professor Babbitt they have had reference to some special aspect of a writer or of a work of art. They have only occasionally applied to a writer or a work of art, as a whole. (Exception must be made here for the "rounded estimates" of critics in *Masters of Modern French Criticism*). His real aim has been to explicate the doctrines of the new humanism. The implications of these doctrines furnish some of the standards with reference to which judgments may be made.

The reason for this interest in standards may be seen if we consider a distinction that he has made in this volume between the inner and outer form of literature. "Inner form requires the conscious imitation of a model built up from certain constant factors in human experience. . . . At its best, form in the human sense may be defined as the imposition on the raw material of experience of some pattern that has been apprehended with the aid of the imagination. . . . It is felt as an element of vital repose." Outer form involves technique. In this he has had little interest, although he does believe that "literature is largely a matter of technique." Now it is significant and characteristic that in his definition of inner form he emphasizes the constant factors. He is searching for unity, all pervading. Or, as he would put it, he is interested in the

problem of the One and the Many. We must admit that he is in this respect in the exceedingly good company of Confucius and Plato. And yet the problem is that of the One *and* the Many. In other words, the critic must ask himself, How much of the One and how much of the Many? Professor Babbitt has made statements from time to time, though not in this volume, to the same effect. He is not unaware of the need for novelty in a work of art. But when we consider his definition of inner form as "built up from certain constant factors" and when we recall his lack of interest in technique, we wonder if he has not been over-weening in his search for the One, and that at the neglect of the Many. Is "inner form" any more than "outer form" built up of absolutely constant factors? Should not the standards of true criticism give a greater significance to novelty and to nuance than humanistic criticism allows? Surely the humanist should be able to enjoy the nuances of art without losing his own "centrality of vision" and without running a great risk of becoming a relativist. Professor Babbitt has, I know, been well aware of the difficulties here suggested, but his main interest nevertheless has been in the One, and not in the One *and* the Many. This may be due partly to his interest in the doctrines to be found in works of art and his tendency to neglect the distinctly aesthetic aspects.

. . . . . .

Besides the title essay and one on "The Critic and American Life", there is a study of "The Primitivism of Wordsworth", two essays on "The Problem of the Imagination", with special reference to Dr. Johnson and Coleridge, one on "Schiller as Aesthetic Theorist", one on "Romanticism and the Orient", and the (reprinted) introduction to the translation of M. Julien Benda's *Belphégor*. All except the essay on Schiller and part of the essay on Wordsworth have appeared in print before.

Everyone who has heard Professor Babbitt's lectures at Harvard will be glad to have in print these discussions of Dr. Johnson, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Schiller. The essay on the Orient gives the reader an indication of what may be expected in his forthcoming introduction to and translation of the Dhammapada. In the essays on the four writers just mentioned, he sums up much that he has said before on neo-classicism and its successor, primitivism, particularly with regard to communion with nature, original genius, imagination, and intuition.

In the essay on Coleridge a new turn is given to the Aristotelian epigraph. The main part of the essay is devoted to the argument that Coleridge's theory of the imagination was perverted by its primitivistic assumptions and implications, but he opens the essay by connecting primitivism and a certain type of scholarship popular today. The opening sentences of the essay indicate so well some of the basic ideas of this volume that they should be quoted at length:

"A striking feature of the whole modern movement has been its passion for origins. Tendencies that in other respects diverge widely agree in the assumption that, not the end as Aristotle asserts, but the beginning is the 'chief thing of all'. One may detect at least this likeness between the man of science who scoffs at the very idea of final causes and seeks to get back to electrons or chromosomes, and the primitivist who has a predilection for 'art's spring-birth so dim and dewy' and sets 'the budding rose above the rose full blown'. We no longer believe in the nobility of the savage, but still hope, under the obsession of evolutionary theory, to derive our enlightenment regarding the human race itself from an endless prying into pre-history. Similarly, in dealing with the individual, we delve in the depths of the subliminal self and incline to interpret maturity in terms of childhood. Here again the backward glance is a bond between points of view that, at first sight, seem utterly dissimilar. At the very age, for example, when the child is hailed by Wordsworth as 'mighty prophet, seer blest', he is most likely, according to Freud, developing an 'Œdipus complex'. This passion for origins has been especially conspicuous for several generations past in both the creation and the critical study of art and literature. It has at last made possible a work like the recent important volume on Coleridge by Professor John Livingston Lowes."

Professor Babbitt admits the prodigious industry of Professor Lowes in his studies of the sources of *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* and *Kubla Khan*. "He has claims to be regarded as the most accomplished literary sleuth. . . . One may grant that Professor Lowes's account of the 'ways of the imagination' is relevant to the two poems he has studied and yet ask if he has not exaggerated its general relevancy." The critical question, Professor Babbitt insists, is not as to the 'ways' of the imagination but as to the quality of imagination. He points out that Professor Lowes does not keep the promise made in his preface that he will not consider whether *The Ancient Mariner* is romantic or classic or whether it meets the Aristotelian test of high seriousness. "Actually, he has answered these very questions by implication in the body of the book when he mentions the poetical Coleridge

in the same breath with Homer, Dante, and Milton and uses the phrase 'supreme imaginative vision' in connection with *The Ancient Mariner*. My own endeavor will be to show that the imagination displayed in *The Ancient Mariner* is qualitatively different from that displayed in poetry that may rightly be regarded as highly serious". He then analyzes the poem from the point of view of the doctrine of imitation, universality, high seriousness, ethical imagination, the higher and lower immediacy. Naturally, he finds little in the poem to recommend it as highly serious. It is instead vitiated by "sham spirituality". Among the high spots in the essay is the brilliant discussion of Coleridge's theory of the distinction between imagination and fancy, in which Professor Babbitt shows how that distinction "breaks down at the center". Professor Babbitt may not estimate at its true value Professor Lowes's study of the processes of imagination; nevertheless, in the Aristotelian tradition of criticism the essays on Johnson and Coleridge are among the most comprehensive in their grasp of the principles of the Poetics.

In the essays on Wordsworth and Schiller, Professor Babbitt develops the case against primitivism, especially with reference to the "grace of nature" or what he calls the "subrational parody of grace". This aspect of primitivism is, he asserts, directly opposed to the central tenets of Christianity and humanism, especially in the attitude towards reason and intuition. Since I shall deal with these questions later in this review, I will not discuss them here. It would be impossible to give here an adequate impression of the many ideas discussed in the fifty page essay on Schiller with its references to no less than seventy-five authors and theorists.

Of special interest in the essay on Schiller is the discussion of the so-called play theory of art. There are as many theories as to the meaning of this theory as there are theorists. Professor Babbitt concedes the claim that Schiller does not use the word 'play' in its ordinary sense, and yet he shows that the whole context of ideas with which it was associated in Schiller's mind was naturalistic. As he sees it, the whole history of aesthetics after Schiller has been dominated by the romantic ideas of freedom, emotional expansion, and "creative imagination".[1] The result is that the problem of

[1] Schiller associates liberty with "striving for the infinite". Here he is wrong only in his interpretation of the infinite. The true infinite of religion is associated with "a taking on" rather than "a throwing off of limitations". It is not antipathetic to proportionateness and the law of measure. See Note below for further implications of this point.

dualism, with which Schiller was very much concerned, has been solved "aesthetically and emotionally" rather than by means of superrational and supersensuous insight. The main distinction that has been overlooked, Professor Babbitt maintains, is that between play and inner work. Consequently there has resulted "a failure to find any middle term between mere moralism and aesthetic irresponsibility", the doctrine of art for art's sake, and an interest in aesthetics as an independent science.

Many readers will agree with Professor Babbitt in his claim that "*pure* beauty, beauty divorced from the total symmetry of life and pursued *in vacuo* is, as Flaubert himself exclaimed on one occasion, a phantom". Professor Babbitt believes the actual practice of art shows art for art's sake to be an impossibility or a delusion. "Art that is not in the service of the supersensuous is likely to become, not an end in itself, but a mere servant of the senses". And yet, there are many readers who will not be able to go all the way with him in his repudiation of aesthetics as an independent discipline.

It may be that Professor Babbitt has himself been too much influenced by an interest in origins. He insists that etymologically the word "aesthetics" is associated with feeling (a term in need of dichotomy and precise definition) and he tends to stress the absurdities and confused or inadequate assertions that have proceeded from the lunatic fringe of the aestheticians. Aesthetics, like psychology, developed as a separate science in a period when naturalism was dominant, but one should not assume that the "object" which the science studies can therefore have its existence in only a naturalistic scheme of things. If we focus attention on the aim of aesthetics, we find that its "end" is to distinguish the aesthetic aspect of experience from other aspects, and to determine its norm or norms. We may agree with Professor Babbitt that "roughly speaking, one's notion of beauty will tend to vary according as one's total attitude towards life is naturalistic, humanistic, or religious". We may also agree with Goethe that " the Muse is a good accompanist but a poor leader". But given all of the human or religious qualities that contribute to "inner form" and given even the ethical imagination, we do not yet have all of the elements necessary for a work of art. Something that adds to these qualities a communicable beauty is still wanting. Professor A. C. Bradley in his *Oxford Lectures on Poetry* makes this point convincingly:

"Shakespeare's knowledge or his moral insight, Milton's greatness of soul, Shelley's 'hate of hate' and 'love of love', and that desire to help men or make them happier which may have influenced a poet in hours of meditation—all these have, as such, no poetical worth; they have that worth only when, passing through the unity of the poet's being, they reappear as qualities of imagination and then are indeed mighty powers in the world of poetry."

It would seem that "poetical worth" is more than mere feeling and that it does have its own "essence". The discovery of the implications of some of Professor Babbitt's own statements will be useful here.

Professor Babbitt is in the habit of speaking of three types of poetry: naturalistic, humanistic, and religious. All three of these types are, evidently, admitted to be poetry. With reference to even naturalistic poetry, he says: "Some of the best of the world's poetry has been less concerned with a deeper interpretation of the facts of life than with an escape from them. Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale* is an especially exquisite poem of escape." In speaking of the appreciation of outer nature, he also says that "one should surely not be indifferent to beauty of this type." Although there may be different kinds of beauty here, how can one avoid the implication that there is a more or less common aesthetic element in all of these sources of beauty? And cannot this more or less common element constitute the "object" of a science? Even if this is agreed to, however, there is no reason why one's preferences in art may not be justified partially on humanistic or religious grounds. But the point is, aesthetics is not opposed to humanism as play is to work. The distinction to be made is not that between play (or "aesthetic irresponsibility") and work (or "inner form"). It is rather that between different types of work, the work that produces "inner form" and the work that creates beauty.

. . . . . .

Professor Babbitt is a mystic. The basis of his humanism is superrational insight. His final appeal is neither to reason nor to the wisdom of the ages. Granted, his study of the history of humanism and of the romantic movement convinced him of the need for mysticism. Granted, his experience, his own habits of living and thinking have contributed to his understanding of human nature. But mysticism is the real source of his authority. And like all mystics he is in a tradition, the tradition of Christian human-

ism. Let us recount the stages by which he has arrived at his new humanism.

The modern man finds himself in a world in which the controls of traditional Christianity have to a great extent disappeared. How shall he replace these controls and still remain positive and critical? Naturally he cannot accept a dogmatic and revealed religion. He turns to the older humanism.

"The aim of the humanist, and that from the time of the ancient Greeks, has been the avoidance of excess. Anyone who sets out to live temperately and proportionately will find that he will need to impose upon himself a difficult discipline. His attitude towards life will necessarily be dualistic. It will be dualistic in the sense that he recognizes in man a 'self' that is capable of exercising control and another 'self' that needs controlling. The opposition between the two selves is well put by Cicero, one of the most influential of occidental humanists. 'The natural constitution of the human mind', he says, 'is twofold. One part consists in appetite, by the Greeks termed *hormé* ("impulse"), which hurries a man hither and thither; the other is reason, which instructs and makes clear what is to be done or avoided; thus it follows that reason fitly commands and appetite obeys'. . . . This more or less stoical humanism has entered as an element, often as the dominant element, into many noble lives."

But there have been so many revolts against the reason, so many attempts to get rid of this dualism between reason and appetite, that reason in the Ciceronian sense would seem to be inadequate. If the humanistic ideal is to prevail there is a need for some new element which will guarantee the continuance of an effective dualism.

The second stage in the way to the new humanism is the discovery of the new element. The experience of Christianity and Confucianism, Professor Babbitt appeals to here. A study of these traditions convinces him that "there has been a serious omission in our modern attempts to construct sound philosophies of life. Behind the problem of the reason, there lurks a far more formidable problem—that of the will. The reason that has the support of the higher will, that is, in Confucian phrase, submissive to 'the will of heaven', would seem better able to exercise control over the natural man than a reason that is purely self-reliant." Christianity has offered this necessary control in the doctrine of grace, but not without supernatural and authoritative sanctions. The question that faces the modern man is, then, how to find with the positive and critical method a support for a philosophy of life in

something higher than the reason which can take the place of Christian grace and save him from revolt against the reason and from the anarchy of private judgment. This support is found in the immediate intuition of a higher will.

"My own somewhat limited programme—for I am not setting up humanism as a substitute for religion—is to meet those who profess to be positive and critical on their own ground and to undertake to show them that in an essential respect they have not been positive and critical enough. The point may perhaps be best illustrated in connection with contemporary psychology. On the pretext of being fully experimental the psychologist has come to be almost entirely concerned with the subrational and animal sides of human nature. It seems, indeed, to be taken as self-evident that psychology is a purely naturalistic subject; so much so that in some institutions of learning, it has been divorced from the department of philosophy and annexed to that of biology. It is possible, however, to conceive of a humanistic or even a religious psychology that is in its own way experimental and experimental. Though the higher will in man is not amenable to the methods of the laboratory, it may nevertheless be asserted as a primordial fact—*something of which one is immediately aware* (italics mine). This awareness, to be sure, exists in very different degrees in different individuals, so that one encounters in purely psychological form the equivalent of the mystery of grace."

It is because this immediate awareness is made the basis for the difference between the old humanism and the new and because it constitutes in the new humanism "the keystone of the arch" that I call Professor Babbitt a mystic. I take almost at random this definition of mysticism which gives, so to speak, the lowest common denominator of all mysticisms: "Mysticism, if it means anything, means immediacy of knowledge as distinct from mediacy or knowledge at second hand; and second hand here includes knowledge by reasoning, by observation, by deduction, by, in fact, every progressive method known." Now there are, of course, many types of mystics. Certainly, some mystics in the Christian tradition would be very incompletely described by the above definition, for their immediacy of knowledge brought them ineffable joy and peace. And yet, there is no reason why the term mystic should be confined to this small group of men who have been raised to a state of superconsciousness, or who have enjoyed the beatific vision only a few times in a whole life.

Professor Babbitt is not unaware of the differences between these various experiences of immediacy of knowledge. He is mainly interested, however, in distinguishing between the true and the

false immediacy, or what he calls the higher and the lower immediacy. His interest in this distinction grows out of his conviction, deepened by the study of the craving for immediacy in both Christianity and Romanticism, that it is futile to attempt an adequate philosophy of life without satisfying the desire for immediacy. Indeed, he thinks that the important problem is that of discovering the proper way of satisfying that desire.

It is on this point that Professor Babbitt makes one of the most fundamental distinctions in his whole system. Perhaps his distinction between the true and the false mysticism may turn out to be one of the most significant contributions to present-day thought on the subject of mysticism. Unfortunately, there has been surprisingly little *thought* expended on the subject. Witness the popularity of Maeterlinck, Tagore, and Sadhu Sundar Singh as mystics.

And now for the distinction between the lower and the higher immediacy. The first is the immediacy of the primitivist, e.g., Wordsworth, who is " 'well pleased to recognize in nature and the language of the sense' the 'guide' and 'guardian' of all his 'moral being.' " The other is the immediacy of the saint, e.g., Saint Bonaventura, who "though ready on occasion to interpret religiously natural appearances, yet affirms finally that 'the soul knows God without the support of the outer senses.' " Beginning with this initial distinction between the lower and the higher immediacy, Professor Babbitt proceeds to develop the principal differences between humanism and primitivism. It is understood, however, that the new humanism and primitivism agree in affirming that a craving for immediacy is legitimate and indispensable. The disagreement arises in the definition of that immediacy. There is "here, if anywhere, a clash of first principles. If there is to be any recovery of the truths of the inner life it may be necessary to work out some positive psychological equivalent of the form of immediacy implied in the utterance of Saint Bonaventura, and then oppose it to the Wordsworthian immediacy."

Assuming, then, that both primitivist and humanist may have an experience of immediate awareness, how does the modern man, lacking the supports of revealed religion, test the knowledge of which he has an immediate awareness? According to Professor Babbitt, there are three principal tests: First, the immediacy should be "supersensuous", that is, it does not need the support of the outer senses. Second, it should be "superrational", that is, it utilizes the distinctions which the analytical reason alone can pro-

vide. Third, it should be followed by the "fruits of the spirit". The true immediacy is not conducive to "cosmic loafing", but rather to ethical work, *energeia*. Its characteristic virtue is humility, that is, submission to the higher will and the law for man. Romanticism, Professor Babbitt believes, can pass none of these tests. It usually involves the sensuous, the subrational, and "passiveness". Indeed, most of the heresies, ancient and modern, are the result of "certain enormous repudiations" of intuition, reason, or will. Although Professor Babbitt has used these tests with extreme effectiveness in his studies of the romantics, one can imagine very difficult questions which orthodox Christian mystics might ask concerning the first test. For example, do not the senses play a part in the mystical appreciation of nature and in the linking of sight and insight that takes place in the sacraments? Rationalists may also conceivably be perplexed as to how one decides whether an immediate awareness is superrational or subrational. In any case, humanism is a philosophy of intuition, of rational analysis, and of strenuous purpose. Whether all comers are satisfied as to the nature of intuition or not, (they might not be satisfied with the primitivist or the religious account of it either), the important thing is that one's philosophy of life be based on a belief in the higher will and upon a belief in the value of rational analysis.

One further question that might be asked of the humanist may be considered briefly. Where does the man who has no immediate awareness of the higher will get effective control for carrying on "the war in the cave"? If we refer to Professor Babbitt's own words, we discover that "this awareness exists in very different degrees in different individuals, so that one encounters in purely psychological form the equivalent of the mystery of grace." Something of paradox, a paradox to be found in Christianity itself, is encountered here. He answers our question in the spirit of St. John (He that doeth the will shall know of the doctrine):

> "One may well come to agree with certain great Asiatics, in contrast at this point with the European intellectual, that the good life is not primarily something to be *known*, but something to be *willed*. There is warrant for the belief that if a man *acts* on the light he already has the light will grow. As for the final stages of the path that thus opens progressively, I for one should be content to say with Cardinal Newman, though not perhaps in quite the sense he intended:
>
> 'I do not ask to see
> The distant scene—one step enough for me.'"

We have seen, now, what the first two stages in the building up of the doctrines of the new humanism are. The first is the turning to the older humanism. The second is the addition of the "immediate awareness of a higher will". We come now to the third and last stage. Professor Babbitt would add to this experience of immediate awareness, a wise eclecticism, "a mobilization of the sages". Although "wisdom is finally a matter of insight", "the individual needs to assimilate the best of the teaching of the past lest what he takes to be his insight may turn out to be only conceit and vain imagining". Thus, for Professor Babbitt, culture is a preparation for the experience of "immediate awareness" and also its complement. We have now outlined the stages by which Professor Babbitt discovers "unity all pervading": rational study of the past, acceptance of dualism, discovery of an immediate awareness of a higher will, and study of the past as a corrective. Here we have the ideas which constitute the principles of unity whereby he interprets human nature and human history, whereby he distinguishes between humanist and primitivist.

We have now seen what is meant by the claim that humanism depends upon a positive and critical method. It is critical because it utilizes the distinctions of the reason. It is positive because it depends upon the experience of "psychological observation", "an immediate awareness of the higher will". Humanism is, then, positive because it admits various types of experience, scientific and mystical. It insists that the supersensuously perceived is valid experience, the unseen is not unreal. Humanism claims to be positive because it attempts to know the real. The positive and critical method is, in effect, the method of a superrational mysticism. With this understanding of the meaning of the humanistic methodology, we are now prepared to raise a very important question.

In what sense is this philosophy of life really humanistic? The answer to this question may be secured by considering one of the charges brought, even by its friends, against the new humanism. Some orthodox Christians have argued that "orthodoxy can alone supply our modern life with the central purpose it so plainly lacks". Professor Babbitt's answer to this question is not, in the opinion of the present reviewer, entirely consistent, nor does he take advantage of his own position as a mystic, that is, as a believer in superrational insight. He replies that it does not seem "necessary in order to restore the teleological element to life, to start with

dogmatic assertions about God and the soul rather than with psychological observation". In proof of this claim he points to the effectiveness of Buddhism in bringing forth the "fruits of the spirit" without "making a place for God in its discipline and without affirming the existence of the soul in the sense that has usually been given to that term in both East and West".

A man must take his courage in both hands if he is to mention to one of America's greatest authorities a different interpretation of Buddhism. It must be admitted that Buddha was unwilling to discuss the existence or nature of God. He claimed to be indifferent to such questions. But Monier-Williams in *Indian Wisdom* (p. 57) says: "The Buddha recognized no supreme deity. . . . Practically, however, Buddhists are subject to a formidable god in Karma, 'act'." In other words, there is a supreme power operating in the world. It is the "law of the deed", an inescapable, impersonal, principle of justice and moral retribution. Furthermore, it is perhaps of some significance that Buddha, as quoted by Professor Babbitt, speaks of his illumination as "supernatural knowledge". Hence, Buddhism is not entirely without dogmatic assertion.[1]

And what of humanism itself? Well, it, too, has dogmatic and quasi-theological affirmations. We have already seen that the ultimate authority for the new humanism is in the immediate awareness of the higher will. This higher will is the basis for the humanistic standards which are, when imaginatively represented, an imitation of an unchanging model supersensuously perceived. Now, before we can determine in what sense humanism is humanistic, one important question must be understood and answered. Does the higher will or does it not transcend human nature? The higher will must be above human nature, as well as in human nature, or there can be no real equivalent of the doctrine of grace or of humility. To affirm that man depends upon a grace which emanates from his own higher self is, paraphrasing Professor Babbitt's statement about the Wordsworthian "subrational parody of grace", to be guilty of a humanist parody of grace. Likewise, if a humanist is humble only before his own higher self, he is guilty of a humanist parody of humility. Furthermore, if the humanist is immediately aware of the higher will only within himself, then his standards must be only relative. His standards can be universally

[1] For a similar point of view, see also article by Louis de la Vallée Poussin, *Atheism* (*Buddhist*), Hastings Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics, ii, 183-4.

valid as a norm only if they represent a law above man. The humanist must decide, then, as to whether he believes in a *real presence* or a *real absence* of something universal which transcends human nature. In other words, he must decide whether he believes in the One or not. His decision on this question will determine the extent to which his humanism is humanistic.

It may be confidently asserted that Professor Babbitt believes in the real presence of something which is in human nature and transcends human nature. He writes in his essay in *Humanism and America* (p. 32) that "the measure of the modern man is the perception of the something in himself that is set above the flux and that he possesses in common with other men",[1] and then in the same essay he says: "for my own part, I range myself unhesitatingly on the side of the supernaturalists." Also in *Rousseau and Romanticism* (p. 380) he says, "the honest thinker, whatever his own preference, must begin by admitting that, though religion can get along without humanism, humanism cannot get along without religion". In answer to our question, In what sense is Professor Babbitt's philosophy humanism?, we must say it is a humanistic and secular ethics with a religious background. It is not strictly humanism but superhumanism. Professor Babbitt's humanism, then, is not, as M. Mercier has called it, the half way house to religion. It is already religion. Thus, in answer to Mr. More's question, "Is *telos* attainable, is it even approachable, without religion?," we must say that Professor Babbitt long ago asked himself the same question and answered, "No". Likewise, in answer to Mr. Eliot's question, What does the humanist control himself for?, we must say that it is for the same thing as that for which a religious man controls himself, namely, for the One, for the abiding, for that which is "set above the flux". Recalling Professor Babbitt's familiar statement that there are three levels of experience, the natural, the human, and the religious, we are forced to conclude that his humanism is compounded of both religious and human elements.

Professor Babbitt's appeal is essentially religious. The humanist's point of reference is an "immortal essence", the proper relation to which develops humility. The immediate awareness of it

[1] The theological implications of this view are worked out by C. C. J. Webb in *Problems in the Relations of God and Man*, pp. 277 ff.

furnishes him a "psychological equivalent" of the doctrine of grace and of the doctrine of original sin. I should be willing to venture the opinion that it is precisely because Professor Babbitt's appeal is essentially religious and because his humanism involves only a higher will rather than a complicated theology that he has attracted so many of the serious-minded young men of the past two generations. His claim is, to be sure, that he has not attempted "to formulate what must ever transcend formulation". But if he has not formulated it, he has named it the higher will. Moreover, he has attempted to formulate the standards which the higher will imposes. In spite of his inability to accept a dogmatic and revealed religion, he has worked out a religious view which is based on an irreducible minimum of dogmatic assertion, revealed by the inner light. Does not such a view have affinities with dogmatic and revealed religion?[1] In other words, his affinities are with liberal Protestant theology, with theologians like Rashdall, Inge, Turner, Webb, Oman, and Otto. It should be pointed out also that there is in these men nothing antipathetic to humanism, for all of them are well versed in the humanities.

If these interpretations are sound, it will be inevitable that Professor Babbitt be judged at least in part as a religious thinker. He, of course, disclaims any interest in working out the "unprofitable subtleties" of the doctrine of grace or the higher will. He believes the realities these phrases represent "must simply be accepted as a mystery that may be studied in its practical effects". But we may raise the question as to whether any philosophy of values can long continue effective without an examination of its implications. The implications *will* out, no less than murder. F. H. Bradley once remarked that "the modern Christian really worships Jesus Christ, not the Father". One might say that humanism at its present stage of development is based on a belief in a fragment of the Holy Spirit. That is, Professor Babbitt sees the Abiding, the One, only in its relation to man, and not in its

[1] Professor Babbitt is in a peculiar position in this respect. He has argued against the naturalists that one should be able to create standards even though one refuses to become immured in dogma. But in his new humanism he has not found standards without final appeal to mysticism and the dogma of the higher will. Perhaps there is justification for Sir Alfred Lyall's claim that "mysticism has been in all ages the ultimate refuge of the religious mind confronted by insoluble mysteries".

relation to the whole.[1] And as to his doctrine of grace, a Catholic theologian would say that it is a very much whittled down doctrine. His immediate intuition of a higher will might be equated with the illuminating grace of the intellect (gratia illuminationis). But where is the "strengthening grace" of the will (gratia inspirationis)? Christian grace saves by illumining the intellect *and* reinforcing the resident and autonomous powers of human nature. Professor Babbitt's grace illumines the intellect by revealing the higher will, but it does not *transmit* energy. A Catholic theologian "hot for certainties" would probably present a bill of particulars asking, "Where is actual grace, or preventing grace, or cooperating grace, or efficacious grace or sufficient grace"? The point is, Professor Babbitt in claiming to have a psychological equivalent of grace is claiming a great deal more than seems warranted, when we compare his "equivalent" and the Christian doctrine. At best, he can claim to have a psychological equivalent of only illuminating grace. One ought, nevertheless, to be grateful to Professor Babbitt for raising the question of the necessity and nature of grace for many who would not otherwise have recognized it as a fundamental problem.[2] He is helping theology to come alive again.

. . . . . .

The present reviewer believes that humanism has within it the germs of a permanent cultural and religious movement. But if it is to realize its potentialities, it must develop.

---

[1] One might make a plausible Babbittean argument to the effect that because of the neglect in which the older humanism left theology, superstition was always at the door of the golden mean; that just as Christianity and Romanticism have in common a craving for the immediate which must be satisfied by a positive and critical method, so Christianity and Romanticism, the one in God, the other in *Unendlichkeitstreben*, have a craving for the infinite which must also be satisfied in a positive and critical way. (*Quia fecisti nos ad te et inquietum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in te*). The craving for the infinite, as well as the craving for the immediate, may be unconquerable and also legitimate. The new humanism, as we have seen, has already driven its wedge into the superhuman sphere. To justify and satisfy the craving for the infinite would constitute only a difference in degree and not in kind. Cannot the craving for the infinite as a further expression of the craving for unity be satisfied on humanistic principles through the help of reason, the wisdom of the ages, and intuition?

[2] For stimulating discussions of the problem of grace from a liberal point of view, see John Oman, *Grace and Personality*, and also a volume just published by the Student Christian Movement, *The Doctrine of Grace*, edited by W. T. Whitley.

First, it must develop a metaphysics. To depend upon an immediate awareness and a wise eclecticism alone will force humanism to rely too much upon the accidental temperaments of its expounders. Besides furnishing a corrective, a metaphysics would seem in the long run to have more persuasive power among intellectual leaders. As Baron von Hügel would say: "No amount of Ought-ness can be made to take the place of one Is-ness." Moreover, not until humanism works out a metaphysics can it lay claim to being fully critical, for its implications are now ignored. An unexamined metaphysics is not worth having. The task will involve, among other things, coming to terms with modern liberal theology. There and not with the Catholics is where the elective affinities of humanism lie. I say this because a positive and critical humanism as such can never accept authoritarianism.

Second, humanism must develop a casuistry. It must discover what the "next step" in the important fields of national life are. Humanists must write influential and practical books on secondary education as well as on university education;[1] they must think and write about practical politics; they must assimilate and utilize the best that has been thought and said by the psychologists and sociologists. Up to the present their attitude towards some of these disciplines seems to have been somewhat similar to that attributed to Calif Omar before the Alexandrian library. The humanist casuistry must also include a technique for meditation and thus put as much emphasis on practicing humanism as on knowing its doctrines. It may be that in the last analysis, this will involve the problem of institutions, cultural and religious. Professor Babbitt agrees not only with Aristotle but also with the modern psychologists that the good life of a nation is determined by the habits formed in the early youth of its citizens. Humanism must provide some medium for the spreading of the discipline and doctrine other than the occasional professor or editor.

But whether humanism develops exactly in the ways here suggested or not, its influence has already become enduring. Even so unfriendly a critic of the humanists as Ludwig Lewisohn writes that "in the history of American civilization there is no more important event than the rise of the critical spirit during that quarter

[1] I understand that the new School of Letters at the University of Iowa is making an attempt to apply humanist standards to both graduate and undergraduate study; the program includes definite encouragement of and credit for creative writing.

of a century between the publication of the first volume of Paul Elmer More's *Shelburne Essays* in 1904 and that of Joseph Wood Krutch's *The Modern Temper* in 1929." But Professor Babbitt has not only helped to develop a truly critical spirit. When we recall the paucity of ideas in American letters at the beginning of this century and when we remember also how much writing since that time has achieved what Professor Babbitt calls "the worm's eye view", we must credit the humanists with having in a great measure brought American criticism from a provincial variety to something almost cosmopolitan. Professor Babbitt has also, through his amazingly effective method of teaching ideas and expounding a point of view, exercised a somewhat analagous influence upon the minds of hundreds of his students. A man who has exercised such an influence may speak from experience about being creative.

Humanism has now passed through its period of concentration. If it is to live on as a vital force in American life, its next period must be one of expansion. Mr. Orage in his essay on Leonardo da Vinci tells of "a glorious sentence in one of the Upanishads which is attributed to the Creator on the morrow of His completion of the creation of the whole manifested universe. 'Having pervaded all this,' he says, 'I remain.' Not even the creation of the world had exhausted His powers or even so much as diminished His self-existence. When that greatest of works of art had been accomplished, He, the Creator, 'remained'. Leonardo was, if I may use the expression, a chip of the original block in this respect."

Can as much be said of the humanists? Will they go on being creative?

James Luther Adams

MAGAZINE REVIEW

THE MODERN QUARTERLY

When Karl Marx evolved his big four working hypotheses, he gave inferior minds a faith that precluded the necessity for reason. *The Modern Quarterly* is dedicated to the class struggle, the materialist interpretation of history, the theory of surplus value and the dictatorship of the proletariat. Reading the Summer 1932 issue of *The Modern Quarterly* is like listening to a band playing given themes badly out of tune. The editors and their writers are profoundly worried about the struggle between individualism and communism, philosophically, aesthetically, economically and politically. One of the highlights of this issue is the questionnaire called "Whither the American Writer" in which assorted writers are asked their opinions of just when capitalism will decay and what they are going to do about it. John Dos Passos leads all the rest with a vernacular confession, filled with "pretty darn" "guys" "hell-of-a-lots" and other attempts to show that he is in tune with his public. In the course of his answer he reveals that: "The writer's business is to justify God's ways to man as Milton said. For God read society or history." One suspected while reading *1919* and *The 42nd Parallel* that Dos Passos, in spite of his romantic yearnings to roll down to Rio on the rods of the I.W.W. is really in love with the present regime, for fear that he might have something he liked instead and be utterly unable to express himself. He himself remarks in his answers to the questionnaire: "I

personally belong to the scavenger and campfollower section." One is impressed by the feeble response of those answering this questionnaire. Many of them know not what they think and prefer to wait for a benevolent communism to tell them what they ought to believe. Most of the questions, however, are so commonplace, that the writers cannot be blamed except for having attempted to answer at all.

In an article called "Leftward Ho!" V. F. Calverton sees the triumphant march of the American intelligentsia towards communism. He urges American intellectuals to find in Marxian communism "that faith in the potentialities of the proletariat which Emerson and Whitman possessed in the masses of the nineteenth century. It was Emerson, we should remember, who was so enthusiastic about the civilization which was being created in the West by men in shirt sleeves, men of unexalted station and plebian origin, and who looked to that civilization with its democratic spirit to transform the country." Mr. Calverton should shed his lyricism and recall that it was those men in shirt sleeves of unexalted station and plebian origin who transformed the country into the bourgeois industrialism which Mr. Calverton hates much more than he understands. When he urges us to grasp the masses with the communist hand of faith, he ought to inquire whither the dictatorship of the proletariat intends to lead the intellectual. Besides, the masses will go where they please, and more's the pity of the intellect if the intellectuals are compelled to follow willy-nilly.

In an academic article "From Hegel to Marx" Sidney Hook tries to establish that individuals acquire their individuality from society instead of vice versa: "From it they receive an atmosphere for their short flight, and through the social memory funded in tradition, an opportunity for immortality."

Granville Hicks has a petty article, "Literary Criticism and the Marxian Method" on Michael Gold's review of Thornton Wilder and Henry Hazlitt's review of Michael Gold, in which he defends the application of Marxist principles to literary criticism as a means of philosophical strength. Robert Briffault in an article called "Fellow-Travellers", written in a more vigorous style of Menckenism than Mencken, promises to be on the barricades whenever they are ready, though he cannot accept much of the philosophy of communism as formulated by Marx and applied in Soviet Russia.

One of the most revealing as well as one of the most deluded contributions to this issue of *The Modern Quarterly* is that of Samuel D. Schmalhausen called "Psycho-Analysis and Communism." In it he takes the traditional stand of the behaviorists as opposed to the psycho-analysts. In short, he is firmly convinced that it is all done with mirrors, and he possesses in his communist faith all the blind spots of which he accuses psycho-analysts. He also makes the serious error of calling economics and sociology sciences and berates the analysts for not using them as they do anthropology, art, literature, mythology and philosophy. But no one, including Father Marx, has ever succeeded in turning economics into anything more than an interpretative description of the movement of commodities in the hands of men, and this is far from a science useful for more fundamental purposes.

For the rest there is an analysis by Lewis Corey, "Monopolistic Capitalism and Imperialism", of the development of industry in the United States, and a feeble open letter by V. F. Calverton to William Z. Foster protesting in girlish tones because Mr. Foster, his old friend Bill, called him a fascist.

M. R. Werner